

Your Guide to Cult Movies, Arthouse Oddities, Drive-In Swill, and Underground Obscurities!

SHOCK

CINEMA

NUMBER 12

\$ 5.00

Reviewed in this issue:
The Werewolf of Woodstock
Strawberries Need Rain
The Gong Show Movie
Violent Playground
Mama's Dirty Girls
The Burning Hell
Forgotten Silver
Cover Me Babe
Eden and After
Jefftowne
Rosebud
Trekies
and many more!

Plus books, 'zines,
indie dementia,
and readers'
recommendations!

SPECIAL FEATURE:
An Interview with
Cult Movie Superstar
WILLIAM SMITH

*There
comes
a time
in
every
girl's
life...*



*American
Premiere
Today*

RADLEY METZGER
presents

"THE LIBERTINE"

starring
Catherine Spaak and Jean-Louis Trintignant
Produced by Silvio Clementelli • Directed by Pasquale Festa-Campanile

EASTMANCOLOR

Released through  AUDUBON FILMS

PERSONS UNDER 17 CAN NOT BE ADMITTED



VIDEO JUNKIE'S

IMPORTS & ODDITIES

#1 WORLD-WIDE IN SERVICE AND SELECTION

Uncut
Unrated
Uncensored
Rare
Obscure
Unreleased
Inexpensive
Horror
Gore
Monster
Sci-Fi
Fantasy
Action
Martial Arts
Exploitation
Sleaze



Dario Argento
Lucio Fulci
Mario Bava
L. Bava
Luigi Cozzi
R. Deodato
Umberto Lenzi
Paul Naschy
Hammer
Gamera
Godzilla
Jackie Chan
John Woo
Danny Lee
Peter Jackson
Sam Raimi

FAST, RELIABLE SERVICE ✕ HUGE SELECTION ✕ UPDATED MONTHLY

LOWEST PRICES ✕ HIGHEST QUALITY ✕ NO BULLSHIT

YEARS IN THE BUSINESS ✕ MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED

EXTENSIVE, ILLUSTRATED CATALOG ONLY \$3

P.O. Box 903, SAN JOSE, CA 95106



VIDEO JUNKIE MAGAZINE #3 COMING SOON!!

Issue #2 of the hottest magazine since the invention of the cult movie!
This issue: Jackie Chan's Mr. Nice Guy, On the Celluloid Chopping Block:
The Return of the Living Dead, The Blind Terrors of Amando De
Ossorio, Dario Argento's Stendahl Syndrome, the final interview with
David Warbeck, Phantasm in Retrospect, and as usual, tons of re-
views of the latest on domestic and
import tapes and discs and much
more! 64 pages, full color covers, on
high-quality paper!

Single Issues: \$5 + \$2 First Class
4 Issues: \$25 First Class*

*Overseas add \$2 for Single Issues and \$6 for Subscriptions

Welcome to another dose of SHOCK CINEMA, and if you're new to this opinionated li'l mag, you can expect a glimpse into some of the most bizarre, illusive films ever made—from cheapjack classics which have inexplicably survived the test of time, to new releases which give us hope that not all current filmmaking sucks. As usual, SHOCK CINEMA is continually mutating, and this issue includes our first feature interview. Better still, there's no other star that I'd rather have grace our premiere cover-photo than William Smith, the undisputed king of the cult movies. Appearing in everything from biker pics, to drive-in classics, to films by the likes of Coppola and Cronenberg, he truly represents the brain-damaging diversity that *is* SHOCK CINEMA...Of course, there's also plenty of room for all of the usual reviews, from older obscurities to underground fare that won't be showing up at your local Blockbuster in your lifetime.

NEW SUBSCRIPTION PRICES / BACK ISSUES: Single issues are \$5 apiece and the NEW four-issue subscription price is \$18 (with all checks made out to Steve Puchalski, dammit). Yes, that's a slight increase per issue, but the extra cash isn't lining my pockets, folks. Instead, it's a response to complaints I've received about my old Fourth-Class mailing rate. Therefore, in order to insure that issues get to you in one piece (or get to you at all), I'll be sending all future copies at the First-Class rate (which is nearly two bucks per issue). No surprise, I'm passing the extra cost onto the consumer, and I hope it doesn't piss you off too much. As usual, subscribers can keep track of when to renew by checking the upper right corner of their mailing label...For overseas readers, single issues are \$8 apiece...In addition, if you're hot for back issues, # 6 - 11 are still lingering about. 6 and 7 are \$4 apiece, while # 8 through 11 are \$5 each.

As usual, things have been pretty crazy for myself recently. But much of that is thanks to a long-overdue move out of the roach-infested, East Village apartment that your editor has been dealing with for the past six-plus years (and which longtime readers have been hearing about since SC #4). Yes, it was finally time to do something about that increasingly-cramped cesspool, which had to be swept clean of all the broken crack vials the day I moved in. Most recently, the place became even-more-unliveable thanks to a neighbor who (1) couldn't grasp the notion of taking his dog out for a piss before disappearing for the day—which had the poor, bladder-strained pet barking non-stop. And (2) had his flaming-queer pals ringing our doorbell at all hours, coming-and-going with all of the frequency of a crack den. Mind you, I've got nothing against the gay lifestyle (just check out all of the lesbian scenes I've admired in the past), but this asswipe would give *any* group a bad name. Of course, there were plenty of other obstacles about NYC living, including floods from the upstairs bathrooms, screams from the downstairs psycho, summer blackouts when the Super was conveniently out of town, and all of the usual dementia that comes with renting a shithole East Village apartment. Sure, this type of cramped, skanky atmosphere sounds perfect if you plan to be a drunken, angry, dysfunctional writer—but that type of lifestyle gets old, rather quickly...Instead, the main reason that I (and more recently, we) stuck through all of this nonsense was the fact our apartment cost a measly \$745 a month, which anyone who lives in the East Village will agree is (sad to say) a friggin' bargain. After perusing the classifieds for a place slightly bigger than this embellished studio, Anna and I quickly realized that it was

nowadays impossible to find a simple one-bedroom apartment in our area for less than \$1200 per month (and that's including areas of Alphabet City which, only 15 years ago, they'd pay *you* to live in).

The end result? Anna and I have relocated across the Hudson to New Jersey, just a quick (Path) train ride from NYC. And for *less* cash than we were paying for our old shoebox on East 13th Street, we've got a three-bedroom pad, an honest-to-goodness eat-in kitchen (which only the trust-fund-endowed can afford in NYC) and a living room large enough to store all of my videos. So, will this relocation turn SHOCK CINEMA into a 'kinder, gentler, less acerbic' magazine? Not if I can help it, despite the fact that I actually have room to wander about when I'm at my deadline pace and forget to leave the apartment for several days. Plus, the place actually has character, since it's a big Civil War-era house, broken into apartments, and we've got the entire attic (as in "that weird couple who live in the *attic*") to ourselves. (Of course, note that the SHOCK CINEMA mailing address is staying the same for the time being, to keep confusion to a minimum.)

Since I'm new to New Jersey, several things are immediately evident. Food is cheaper, beer is cheaper, commuting is more of a bitch, yet the only truly relevant change to my lifestyle is the video store situation. Unlike Manhattan, which has a Blockbuster every ten blocks, plus legitimately subversive fare available at TLA, Tower, Kim's and REC Video, there's nothing but grimy li'l Mom 'n' Pop video stores on this side of the Hudson. The video equivalent of a NYC bodega, they can fit about five customers, have a couple video games in the back corner, as well as owners who don't know a damned thing about movies (much less, English). Still, I was initially pleased to see that all of these stores had EVERY New Release, including all of the most disposable, direct-to-video slop which even the NYC chains won't touch. Looking closer at the video covers, I realized why their selection is so complete. It turns out that *every* store in my neighborhood stocks nothing but bootleg videos, with hazey covers, badly-printed labels, and second-generation quality...Sure, I'm the last person who should complain about bootlegs (considering some of my advertisers), but still, there's something genuinely bogus about boots of studio movies that are readily available at any legit venue.

As an epilogue to this intro, longtime readers probably recall how I used to spend these editorials spewing the type of general angst which comes with drinking too much, watching too many lousy movies, and living on an island freakshow like Manhattan. Well, even though current (so-called-) filmmaking primarily sucks, I'm pretty fucking content nowadays, since I never could've imagined I'd someday pay my rent by writing about movies I would normally watch for free. For that privilege, I've got to thank all of the obsessive, often brain-damaged, drunk-off-their-ass readers who've spent their hard-earned bucks on this rag (instead of beer) over the years and made it a success...But before I get all sentimental here (sniff sniff), I'd also like to send out an enormous FUCK YOU to the shitworms at Fine Print Distributors in Austin, Texas, who recently went bankrupt, thus screwing over magazines both big and small (including myself). May they all get cancer of the testicles and die...On a more upbeat note, for everyone holding this issue in your sweaty li'l hands, enjoy! 4/1/98

Editor / Publisher: Steve Puchalski

Design: Steve Puchalski

Artwork: Anna Puchalski

Unless noted, all material written by Steve Puchalski.

SHOCK CINEMA, c/o Steve Puchalski, P.O. Box 518, Peter Stuyvesant Station, New York, NY 10009 is published twice a year, in April and October. **Copies are \$5 apiece in the U.S. and Canada, and \$8 elsewhere. A four-issue subscription is \$18 (sorry, no overseas subs), with all checks-money orders payable to Steve Puchalski.** When requesting info, please include a S.A.S.E. Or use our e-mail address: **ShockCin@aol.com**

The deadline for SC#13 advertising is **August 10, 1998**, and since space is severely limited, be sure to reserve it ASAP. Ad rates are:

Quarter page (3.5" W x 4.5" H):	\$50
Half page (7.5" W x 4.5" H):	\$90
Full page (7.5" W x 9.5" H):	\$170

Ads must be camera-ready, and all checks made out to Steve Puchalski.

Copyright © 1998 by Steven Puchalski. No material may be reproduced without previous consent. Special thanks to: Peter Burmeister, Eric Brummer, Mike Vraney, Lisa Petrucci, Michael Gingold, Ed Halter, Gary Huggins, Mike Decker, Colin Geddes, Tom Simmons, Shawn Smith, Kevin Clement, Alex Patterson, Ed Grant, Luminous Film and Video Works, Video Search of Miami, Alpha Blue Archives, Salt City Home Video, and everyone else who supplied me with stuff for review.

Check out the Shock Cinema Website at: <http://members.aol.com/shockcin>



**FOR A CATALOGUE SEND \$3 TO
EUROPEAN TRASH CINEMA,
P.O. BOX 5367, KINGWOOD, TX
77325**

SHOCK CINEMA TALKS WITH THE LEGENDARY WILLIAM SMITH

Interview by Chris Poggiali

Any longtime SHOCK CINEMA reader is fully aware of the scope of William Smith's career, since almost every issue has included at least one film in which he's appeared. A true legend in the business, Smith has acted in a mind-boggling array of movies and TV-shows, spanning every imaginable genre—including horror, action, sci-fi, blaxploitation, you name it—while always leaving his distinctive mark. First coming to the attention of drive-in auds with biker flicks such as *RUN, ANGEL, RUN* and *C.C. AND COMPANY*, Smith has starred in Late Show favorites *INVASION OF THE BEE GIRLS* and *GRAVE OF THE VAMPIRE*, took screen villainy to new heights in *THE ULTIMATE WARRIOR*, *DARKER THAN AMBER*, *HAMMER*, and *RICH MAN, POOR MAN*, and lent his unstoppable presence to big studio fare like *THE FRISCO KID*, *RUMBLE FISH* and *RED DAWN*. As big 'n' bad as he ever was, Smith was gracious enough to spend some of his free time with intrepid SHOCK CINEMA correspondent Chris Poggiali, regaling him with his never-ending wealth of anecdotes. --Steve Puchalski

SHOCK CINEMA: I'm from Syracuse, New York, and SHOCK CINEMA has roots there as well. I noticed in your bio that you attended Syracuse University.

Smith: Yes, when I was in the Army I went through there. I was a Russian interrogator, attached to the 69-12th radio mobile, and they had an interrogation and interceptor operator school there for us. I was there fourteen months, and I loved it. Coming from Burbank, I'd never been in cold like that. God, it really gets cold in Syracuse! We lived in an area where the athletes used to live, in barracks a quarter-mile from the campus itself. I used to go down to New York, hitchhike down 9W, past West Point, Newburgh, all those places.

SC: You also studied at UCLA, the University of Paris, and the University of Munich.

Smith: And I worked for the CIA, too, during the Korean War, because I was a Russian Interceptor Operator. When I got out of the service, I

was actually going to go work for the CIA — but then I married a French lady and they wouldn't give me a security clearance, so I had to find something else to do. At that time, my sister was under contract with MGM. She took me out there, I had a screen test, and they put me under contract. I think it was from 1958 to 1961 or '62. The biggest thing I did at MGM was a series called *THE ASPHALT JUNGLE*, with Jack Warden and Arch Johnson. They also sent me to England to do a series called *ZERO-1*, with Nigel Patrick. There were just two of us on that. It was about airport security. I never even saw it play here.



When the U.S. Army turns over their guns to five burly motorcycle leaders the action begins and William Smith, who plays Link, is the center of action in "The Losers," Fanfare Film Productions' release opening at the Theatre.

SC: After two years on the western series *LAREDO* (1965-1967), you traded in your horse for a motorcycle.

Smith: That's very well put. Yeah, I must've done about six or seven of those outlaw motorcycle movies. The first one was *RUN, ANGEL, RUN*. We shot that movie in 13 days, I think it was \$85,000. 13 days we shot that whole god-damn thing. Jack Starrett was a good director, though. For the amount of money he had on that and everything, I think he did a hell of a job. And that was his wife, Valerie Starrett, who played my wife in the movie. Then we did *THE LOSERS*. That was the only other one I did with him.

SC: But he directed *HOLLYWOOD MAN*, didn't he?

Smith: Oh, right! How could I forget that disaster. That was originally a script I wrote called *STOKER*, and we got the financing because I ran into this guy [name deleted], and his brother put up the money — and they were Mafia guys.

SC: But that's the plot of the movie!

Smith: Exactly! The guy who gave us the money for that film was [name deleted], and he had done eight years hard time for some Mafia guy, for a murder he didn't commit. But they rewarded him. They gave him two discotheques in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, and a steamship line of three ships — and you know what they carried? *Cement*. I am not kidding you. (Laughing) Is that unbelievable? But hey, if you put that in, don't use their names.

SC: OK, I'll wipe that out.

Smith: Or I'll be wiped out! [in an Italian accent] *Hey, wadda you meana you put this shit in the paper, man, I'm a crook? I'm a nice-a man!*

SC: Watch it — my last name is Poggiali.

Smith: Oh...that's right. Are you connected?

SC: Not at all! (Laughing) But I like *HOLLYWOOD MAN*, I think it's a pretty good movie.

Smith: Well, I had a lot of good friends on it: Don Stroud, Clay Tanner, Tom Simcox, Jennifer

Billingsley, Mary Woronov — people I knew for years. And the stunt guys were all buddies of mine: Paul Nuckles, Bud Davis. Ray Girardin played Harvey, he was really good. In fact, he and I wrote *STOKER* together. The actors on it were great, and they were worked very hard — but it was the doggone producers, the friggin' Mafia guys up your ass every day.

SC: At the beginning, you're talking to a producer. Is that supposed to be Joe Solomon? [producer of *RUN, ANGEL, RUN* and *THE LOSERS*]

Smith: Uh, no... (Laughing) Good idea, though.

SC: Because you call him Joe...

Smith: As a matter of fact, I didn't even think of Joe — I wish it *had* been Joe Solomon instead of those assholes. They were terrible.

SC: I get a kick out of that scene in THE LOSERS where John Garwood is showing Houston Savage how to use a machine gun — and Savage was a Green Beret in real life!

Smith: Yes, he was. That was funny. Yeah, Garwood's a nice guy, I did a movie for him called THE BEAST, over in the Philippines again. He changed the title to A TASTE OF HELL. It was a pretty good little movie.

SC: You did one biker movie with Joe Namath [C.C. AND COMPANY] and another one with Marvin Gaye [CHROME AND HOT LEATHER]. Great casting!

Smith: Y'know, all Marvin Gaye wanted to do was be a football player. He didn't want to sing, he just wanted to play football. We had to throw him the football all day long on the set, that's all he wanted to do. (Laughing) He wasn't coordinated, he couldn't catch, he couldn't run — but boy, could he sing!

SC: Did you have any run-ins with Hell's Angels because of the biker movies?

Smith: No, I had a run-in with the Satan's Slaves, a bike club down in Santa Monica, when we were shooting RUN, ANGEL, RUN. There was a guy named Gene Cornelius, who was one of the guys after me (in the movie), and we got into a hassle. The Slaves really owned the town at that time. We went into an outdoor hamburger joint — I've forgotten what the name of our club was in the movie — but these guys thought we were real guys, y'know? We tried to explain it, but we got into a fight with three or four of them. (Pause) They weren't as tough as they thought.

SC: I read somewhere that Jack Starrett had helped you shoot an audition film for KUNG FU.

Smith: We shot about a six minute movie that was *unbelievable*, man. Even David Carradine saw it — I showed it to him when I was doing a KUNG FU ["The Chalice," 1973], and he said "God, you shoulda gotten that role, Bill." It really was a fantastic piece of film. I wrote the thing, and Jack directed it. We shot it as if this guy was working on building railroads, because that's what most of the Chinese did in those days. It was a terrific thing, and they really liked it, but I don't know — for whatever



reason, they went for David. I was really working out a lot, and Jack had me in this...almost like a Judo suit, but with no sleeves on it. David said he thought my arms were too big. People out here seem to have the idea that if you have 18-inch arms, you're a dummy or something, y'know? And I got my Masters cum laude from UCLA, so I think that makes it sort of irrelevant.

SC: But you know martial arts, don't you?

Smith: Well, I studied kung fu for eight years. As a matter of fact, Bruce Lee flew all the way down to Charlotte, North Carolina — I was doing THE LAST AMERICAN HERO down there with Jeff Bridges — and he flew down there and interviewed me for the role that John Saxon played in ENTER THE DRAGON. He was going to take me, but then I went over two weeks and couldn't do it, so John got it.

SC: That's interesting, because I know you worked with [ENTER THE DRAGON director] Robert Clouse a few times.

Smith: Yeah, I loved Robert. We did DARKER THAN AMBER and THE ULTIMATE WARRIOR.

SC: DARKER THAN AMBER was a crazy role for you. That fight with Rod Taylor...

Smith: A lot of stunt guys think that's the best fight ever done. The version that comes on television doesn't have the whole fight in it, I mean, it was really a bloody fight. I broke Rod's nose, he broke three of my ribs — it was a lot of fun. (Laughing) My kind of movie!

SC: I always liked the ending of BLACK SAMSON, where all that furniture and junk is raining down on you, and you're fighting Rockne Tarkington.

Smith: Oh, yeah, that was a good one! That was dangerous as hell, too. Most of those

people were black, and they were trying to *hit* the white guys, throwing bedsprings on 'em — *fuck* — but Rockne's a hell of a nice guy. And of course the fight scene that Clint (Eastwood) and I did in ANY WHICH WAY YOU CAN is the longest two-man fight scene done without doubles.

SC: And I remember that being a very long fight. How long did that take to film?

Smith: We shot that fight scene in a day and a quarter. Clint doesn't mess around. We finished that movie five days early. The only thing about it was I smoked then, and we shot that in Jackson Hole, Wyo-

ming. It was 8200 feet, and I started running out of wind every now and then. Clint was nice to work for too.

SC: What about Fred Williamson? You were in two movies with him, HAMMER and BOSS NIGGER.

Smith: He's a terrific guy, too. Really a great guy. I'll tell you a story about HAMMER. When I was doing THE LAST AMERICAN HERO down in Charlotte, I hadn't seen the movie yet, and it came out down there. Charlotte, North Carolina is about 65% black, and we went to this theatre to see it — I went with a makeup lady — and there was nobody in the theatre but black people. And in that movie I kill eight different black guys. About halfway through—pardon my French—they start yellin' "Goddamn-motherfucker!—Cut-his-dick-off-and-shove-it-up-his-motherfuckin-ass, man, kill-that-motherfucker!" They were really gettin' upset. In THE LAST AMERICAN HERO I had a moustache, and I think that's the only reason we got out of there. If they'd known who I was, I think I would've been in for a bad night, man.

SC: Did that happen a lot? People starting fights in bars...

Smith: Well, playing Falconetti [in RICH MAN, POOR MAN], I got shot at twice, a woman hit me with a Coke bottle — because I killed Tom Jordache [Nick Nolte]. I got shot at onstage in South Africa! We were doing THE PETRIFIED FOREST, and I was playing Duke Mantee, the role that Humphrey Bogart played. At the end of the movie the cops come — and we had in the play the cops shooting from outside, onto the stage, and we used squibbed windows. They had wax bullets that would go through the window, and the glass would obviously come in toward me. So I had a couple of lines, howling at the cops, and all of a sudden I hear

a *bang* — I assumed it was one of our *bangs* — but a bullet went about three inches past my head and out the other way of the window! And I looked out in the audience and there's a guy out there, way in the back of the audience — there were already flashlights on him — and he fired another shot! In South Africa they have tons of security for everyone who's over there, and they grabbed the guy. It was a Saturday — we did two shows on Saturday — and they wanted me to come down to the police station between shows. So I went down there, and I said "What the hell's the matter with you, man?" He said "You killed Tom Jordache!" I said "You fuckin' asshole, it's a TV show, for Christ's sake!" "You killed Tom Jordache!" I said "He pulled out my eye! An eye for an eye, you idiot!" (Laughing) I don't know what they finally did with him, I know they put him in jail. But I went back to do the second show, and I was so terrified I never looked at the people I was acting with — I just kept looking at the audience to see if there was another guy out there gonna shoot me that night, man. Scared the shit out of me!

SC: How long after the show aired in the United States did that happen?

Smith: It was about ten months, I guess. It was the number one show over in South Africa — but that doesn't mean a lot, because they only had one channel. (Laughs) But it's a beautiful country. I went back and did a movie over there, *PLATOON LEADER*. Aaron Norris directed, and Michael Dudikoff was the lead. Dudikoff's a real nice kid. I did a movie with him last year for Andrew Stevens, called *THE SHOOTER*. I don't think it's out yet.

SC: UNCLE SAM looks good, but that hasn't come out yet either.

Smith: Originally they wanted me to play the lead in that, but then they decided to use a black guy. Bill Lustig, who I met doing *MANIAC COP* — I told him, I said you can't have this relationship between a black and a white in the second World War because they weren't integrated until 1947. So they changed it to *Desert Storm*, and I wrote that poem for him at the end of the movie — over the credits, I think it comes in. I haven't seen the movie. I saw one reel and it was *extremely* frightening, man.

SC: I thought GRAVE OF THE VAMPIRE had some scary moments.

Smith: Yeah, that wasn't bad. That was a \$50,000 movie, shot in 11 days. Mike Pataki was really good in that. He's a terrific guy.

SC: You did another movie with Pataki ...

Smith: *SWEET JESUS*, *PREACHER MAN*, with Roger E. Mosley, who is also a very nice guy. Roger and I had good parts playing prison guards in an episode of *LONGSTREET* ["The Shape of Nightmares," 1971]. I never did a *MAGNUM P.I.* though, and he did that for

years. I just saw him in a movie on television called *LEADBELLY*, about that singer/guitarist, and he was terrific in it.

SC: I remember when you were on HAWAII FIVE-O [1979-1980].

Smith: Yeah, I replaced James MacArthur, who quit the show because Jack Lord wouldn't let him have a dressing room. He had to change in the prop truck for eleven years. Bless his soul, though — Jack, he died, but he was not a nice man. I don't know what was the matter with him. He had the world by the tail, but he didn't get along with anybody. Everybody on the show would come to work saying "Another shitty day in paradise!" (Laughs) He would throw a luau at the end of each month at this big huge restaurant right on the main boulevard in Honolulu, and he would have one room for the white folks and another room for the Samoans and the Tahitians. It was totally separated, racially separated! All the Teamsters were Samoan guys, and the Samoans are all over six foot and all over 300 pounds, y'know? The Teamster captain was a guy named Earl Miller, and I asked Earl one day, "Why do you put up with that separation bullshit?" And he said "I don't step on my wallet, brah!" (Laughing) They call everyone brah. But that was the third longest running show of all time — *GUNSMOKE*, *BONANZA*, and *HAWAII FIVE-O*, in that order. I did the last *GUNSMOKE* ever done ["Hard Labor," 1975].

SC: And you were in the first ROCKFORD FILES.

Smith: Yeah, the pilot. James Garner went on Johnny Carson and said they sold the pilot because of the character I played in that — and I never worked on *THE ROCKFORD FILES* again. But when Jimmy did *MAVERICK*, he hired all us old cowboys. Doug McClure, Bobby Fuller, Leo Gordon...I think I was onscreen in that for about 45 seconds, and I worked on it for eight weeks! But James Garner's a hell of a guy, and Dick Donner was great — James Coburn was great — Mel Gibson was great. It was a lot of fun.

SC: I have to ask you about some of the other directors you worked for, like Robert Aldrich, Francis Ford Coppola...

Smith: Well, one of the best directors I worked for was Bill Bixby. He did one of the *RICH MAN*, *POOR MAN* episodes, and he was a terrific director. And Robert Aldrich was a hell of a guy, man, I really enjoyed working for him. I did a small role in *TWILIGHT'S LAST GLEAMING*, and then he gave me a nice part in *THE FRISCO KID*. Coppola, in a lot of ways, was kind of — well, he didn't come on the set. He had this thing called the Silverfish — he had about twenty

TVs inside it, and he actually directed from in there, maybe two hundred yards away. He had all of us come up a week early to rehearse, and when we finished rehearsing I asked him "How do you see this Patterson guy, Mr. Coppola?" He said "You know what a spectre is?" I said "Yeah, it's a dark, ghostlike figure." He said "Be a spectre." (Laughing) And as far as acting was concerned, he never said another word to me. But every Tuesday and Thursday night he cooked for us. He's a magnificent Italian chef.

SC: You had already worked with him on THE OUTSIDERS, right?

Smith: No, I wasn't even supposed to be in that movie. They'd already shot that. They had shot a scene in a convenience store, and they had used the guy who ran the store, but it didn't work out. I was getting ready to get on the airplane to go home (after *RUMBLE FISH*), and Coppola came to my room — "Bill, would you be kind enough to stay about two hours longer and do that scene for me?" I played the guy Matt Dillon holds up in the convenience store.



SC: I watched INVASION OF THE BEE GIRLS again recently.

Smith: Oh my God! (Laughing) That was the weirdest idea...but it was great, all these broads running around naked, shit, that part of it was nice. But them bee girls were somethin' bad, weren't they? One day on the set they had so many bees in there, the trainer had all this

equipment on him to keep from getting stung. They had this girl, and they had whip cream and sugar all over her — and there were like 300,000 bees on her eating the sugar! And the trainer got bitten fifteen times, and they had to

SC: The scene in the jail...

Smith: On my birthday, and it was a real jail. They had a big cake for me, and they locked me in the cell — wouldn't give me any cake. They thought that was funny.

"I armwrestled [Schwarzenegger] the day after he got here from Europe — and I beat him...He was so wide, he could hardly get out the front door...but he turned around and said [in German] 'I will be a movie star.'"

bring an ambulance and take him to the hospital. They couldn't get the bees out of there, man! It was in one of those labs, in the college where we were shooting. I thank God I wasn't in that scene. I did another low-budgeter that was kind of weird -- I can't think of the title. Well, DR. MINX was kind of a strange movie.

SC: That was with Edy Williams.

Smith: Yeah. What a trial she was, Jesus... Why did they think she could act at all? Everytime she said a line, it looked like the first time she read it, like she was five years old or something. A real singsong. And the guy who directed that [Hikmet Avedis] also directed a movie I did called SCORCHY, with Connie Stevens. She was very nice.

SC: He did POLICEWOMEN also.

Smith: Oh, that's right, that was his. I just finished writing a poem about Reagan, and I think I'm probably too close to him — having precursors to Alzheimer's or something.

SC: (Laughing) You were in a gym, training the policewomen...

Smith: Right, and one of them beats me up. I did one of the highest stiff-legged kicks that's ever been done on that. I was about five inches above the girl's head. I have a shot of it — Lee didn't shoot any stills, but he took a clip out of the movie and made stills for me. It's really an amazing shot.

SC: And probably more memorable than anything else in the movie.

Smith: (Laughing) I think I'm gonna have to agree with you on that. But I've done a lot of movies and TV shows, and they all kind of meld into one after a while. Particularly if you didn't star in them, if you had supporting roles — which most of the time I did. So, it gets to be like one...big...movie.

SC: Any favorites from that period?

Smith: One movie I really liked was one I half-wrote and produced and helped with the direction. It was called GENTLE SAVAGE [a.k.a. CAMPER JOHN]. Joe Flynn, Gene Evans, Barbara Luna — all those people did favors and worked for Guild minimum on that. I like that film a whole lot. We did it for \$125,000. Peter Brown produced it, and a guy named Sean MacGregor directed.

SC: You've had the opportunity to speak Russian in a few movies, like BULLETPROOF and RED DAWN.

Smith: John Milius had written me a great scene in RED DAWN, and I translated it into Russian. He lit up the whole valley, set up the scene for three or four days...and Ron O'Neal, who played the Cuban — I don't know what he was doing, but he was a little messed up. I was a colonel and he was a major, and if you speak Russian, you say "mister" before the colonel's name. All he had to say when he first walks up

to me was [speaks Russian], which means "Mister Colonel." But Ron was — I don't know, a little crazy that night. He walked up to me and said "[speaking Russian], motherfucker!" Well, Milius just went out of his mind, 'cause he had taken so long to set this thing up, and Ron was kind of staggering a little bit. So he cut the whole scene out.

SC: Milius must be an interesting director to work for.

Smith: He's a real rifleman, he belongs to the NRA and all that. On CONAN THE BARBARIAN, he wanted to shoot a Dall sheep while we were there. We were at 9000 feet, and it was cold as hell. John would go out and try to shoot a Dall sheep, and he would get to work about eleven! And when Dino De Laurentiis found out about this, he came out to straighten things up. Dino's a short little guy, and he was married to one of my favorite actresses, Silvana Mangano. She did BITTER RICE when I was a kid, and I thought she was the greatest woman I'd ever seen. We had lunch and dinner in this big tent with marvelous food, and I got to sit next to her for two days — and they were the best two days I ever had on any film in my life. She spoke fluent French, and so do I. It was just great. I had her laughing, and Dino and John were -- well, John was sitting across from Dino, who was sitting on the other side of his wife — they're screaming, and we're laughing!

SC: I heard that you armwrestled Arnold Schwarzenegger on the set of CONAN.

Smith: No, I armwrestled him the day after he got here from Europe — and I beat him. He weighed two-eighty, and I was the two hundred pound armwrestling champion of the world three years in a row at that time. And then I got some good reviews on CONAN. One review — I forgot where it was — said the movie got bad when I quit talking. I work out in a World Gym now, which Arnold owns with Joe Gold. Arnold's never hired me again, and Joe said "It's not because of the review, it's because you beat him armwrestling!" Yeah, he was not at all pleased with that. He spoke hardly any English at the time. After I beat him, he left — he was so wide, he could hardly get out the front door of this house I lived in Laurel Canyon — but he turned around and said [in German] "I will be a movie star." And he is.

SC: Bill, I could ask you questions all day! You have so many great stories.

Smith: Yeah, and they're all true. I'm really thinking about writing a book. Also, I've been writing poetry for about seven years, and I've won a couple of awards. I'm going to make a little book of poems, maybe twenty-five or thirty poems, and put a cassette in there of me reading the poems. I'll try to sell them over the Internet and through magazines. Maybe I'll put a picture of Falconetti on the cover of the book. ☺

ALWAYS ON CALL..
DAY DUTY NIGHT DUTY



A Hikmet Avedis Film
"DR. MINX"
SHE'S A VIXEN — WATCH HER OPERATE
EDY WILLIAMS • Randy Boone
Harvey Jason • Marlene Schmidt
And William Smith as audience

What they do after hours is their business!



The Swinging Barmaids
They love big tippers!
JULIE ANTONSON • LAURA WORRE • JULIE TAYLOR
TERRY RABENHORN • WILLIAM SMITH

NOW SHOWING AT A THEATRE OR DRIVE-IN NEAR YOU!

SC: THE SWINGING BARMAIDS...

Smith: That's the one I was trying to think of! Jesus Christ, that was a wild fuckin' movie! (Laughing) Yeah, that was kind of fun.

SC: You were in a few movies for Lee Frost around that time.

Smith: Well, CHROME AND HOT LEATHER, and I did a small part in THE THING WITH TWO HEADS.

OVER 74
MINUTES OF MUSIC
AND
MAYHEM!

NEW, OFFICIAL CD RELEASE!



BOTH ON
ONE CD!

Featuring:

The original soundtracks
to Umberto Lenzi's
CANNIBAL FEROX
aka
Make Them Die Slowly
and Lucio Fulci's
ZOMBIE!
Rare Radio Spots,
Trailers and
Bonus tracks

Not to be confused
with cheap, inferior
bootlegs.
These ARE NOT
from remastered old
records!

Yes, we did it!

We found the "missing" soundtrack to Fulci's classic, and the Killer soundtrack to Lenzi's cannibal masterpiece!

We have spent over two years preparing this CD for release, no expense was spared in the remastering process, absolutely beautiful production quality!

An amazing bonus track performed by Fabio Frizzi was found in the vaults of Bixio music in Rome, Italy. Its an alternate take on the ZOMBIE theme song that was never used in the film! It has been remastered for this release.

An 8 page CD booklet showcasing some beautiful, never-before-seen production stills for ZOMBIE and CANNIBAL FEROX. As well as detailed liner notes on how we tracked down the missing music to these classics during our recent pilgrimage to Italy.

SPECIAL BONUS: Two amazing cover songs by world renowned horror soundtrack musicians rokOPERA! These 10 super-talented musicians spent months in the studio recording the most amazing covers of the title tracks to ZOMBIE and CANNIBAL FEROX. rokOPERA, who many have compared to Goblin, are unlike any other band of the '90s, real musicians playing real instruments, and no SEQUENCING!

This deluxe release will be available December 31, 1997. We are now taking pre-orders. The first 200 CDs sold come with a limited edition ZOMBIE sticker! Order now, first-come, first-served...



IN U.S. send \$21.99 + \$3.00 for priority mail shipping= \$24.99
In Canada & overseas send \$21.99 + \$5.00 for airmail= \$26.99
We accept VISA, Mastercard, Cash, Check, or Money order:

BLACKEST HEART MEDIA P.O. Box 3376 Antioch, CA 94531-3376
24 hour Phone/ FAX (510) 753-0169 E-mail: oldcrow@best.com

For more info or ordering ON-LINE, check the CANNIBAL FEROX/ZOMBIE CD WEB PAGE AT:

WWW.houseofhorrors.com/cannibalferox.htm

SHOCKING VIDEOS

HORROR!

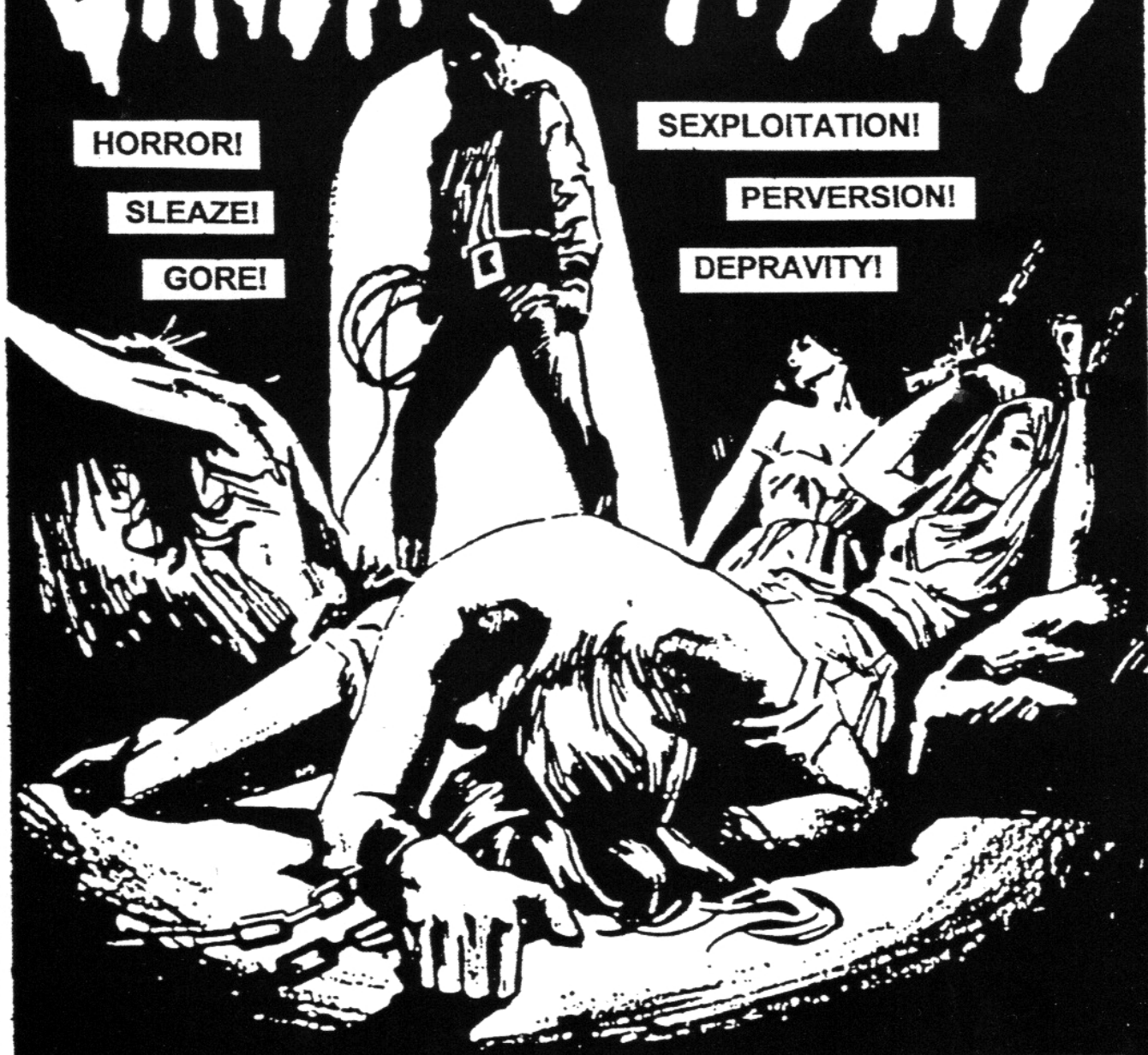
SLEAZE!

GORE!

SEXPLOITATION!

PERVERSION!

DEPRAVITY!



For a huge 100 page illustrated catalog, send \$3 and a 21+ age statement to:
MARK JOHNSTON, HC-77 BOX III, HINTON WV, 25951 USA

FILM REVIEWS

DEALING: OR THE BERKELEY-TO-BOSTON FORTY-BRICK LOST-BAG BLUES (J4HI; 1972).

Based on a long-forgotten druggie novel by "Michael Douglas" (a pseudonym for brothers Michael and Douglas Crichton, long before Mikey was raking in millions for his JURASSIC jack-offs), this college-set drama is a lovable mess, which mixes a character-driven hippie yarn, then-timely social indulgences, and a run-from-the-Fuzz subplot. Director-writer Paul Williams (no, *not* the diminutive singer-songwriter) has been fitfully churning out non-mainstream films for the last three decades—from 1970's *THE REVOLUTIONARY* (starring a young Jon Voight) to his more recent *THE NOVEMBER MEN*. In this case, the main selling point is the cast, which includes Barbara Hershey, Charles Durning, and the celluloid debut of an extremely young John Lithgow (hell, the guy has a full head of hair!).

Robert F. Lyons (*GETTING STRAIGHT*, *THE TODD KILLINGS*, but nowadays, as good as forgotten) stars as Peter, a shaggy-haired Harvard law student who rebels against his staid future by volunteering for a cross-country drug run for his dealer-pal Lithgow. But while picking up a suitcase full of grass in Berkeley (from a pre-SANFORD AND SON Desmond Wilson), he takes a liking to the fresh-faced, ever-bra-less Susan (Hershey).

Of course, since this is the groovy, early-'70s, after Peter saves her from a drug bust, she strips off her mini-skirt, they screw on a recording studio floor, and he invites her back to chilly Cambridge. But the only way she can afford the flight is to move another load of 'bricks' in the process, only to have her 40-brick-bags lost by the airline and wind up busted by dirty narc Durning (who steals half the stash for himself). And suddenly, this hippie slice-of-life spins into an over-the-top, non-linear game of wits, with Lyons and the ever-scheming Lithgow planning to set things right.

Pegging the era from the inside-out, this is a time capsule from the days when dealing and doing drugs were as much a cinematic staple as tattoos are today. But while Lithgow gets the biggest smiles for his suave Dealer McDope routine, the film also has plenty of heavy shit going down—as these amateur dealers get in wayyyy over their heads. Meanwhile, the soundtrack ranges from Otis Redding's "I Can't Turn You Loose" to the Stones' "Sympathy For the Devil"; and that's Paul Sorvino popping up as a cabbie. Most important, Williams gives it all an impromptu, gonzo air, and maintains a cynical sensibility at all times. Mixing druggie lifestyles with bloody demises and pitch-black comedy, this is a slight, but fitfully effective flick, all the more intriguing when you remember it was actually distributed by a major studio (obviously, still searching for the next *EASY RIDER*).

THE LIBERTINE [La Matriarca] (First Run; 1969).

Originally presented in the US by arthouse deviant Radley Metzger (before his Henry Paris-pseudonymed porno days, back when he was making softcore sex pics like *CAMILLE 2000*) and directed by Pasquale Festa Campanile (best known for lame sex comedies such as *WHEN WOMEN HAD TAILS* and *THE SEX MACHINE*), this Italian dip into fetishism is a surprisingly appealing romp, thanks to top-notch production values, as well as starring sexpot Catherine Spaak.

Spaak stars as a young widow named Mimi, who's just finished planting her hubbie, only to discover that her dead spouse kept a secret apartment for the last two years. And what a groovy pad it is, kids, with a plethora of mirrors, a shag bed

spread, secret panels, and the ugliest furniture in town. Labeling her late husband a "sex maniac" (thanks to a cache of home movies, with him playing doctor or screwing Mimi's best friend), this revelation fuels innocent Mimi's curiosity about fetishes. And pretty soon, she doing more than book research—she's doing every guy in sight!

Campanile keeps the eroticism at a slow boil throughout, as every subsequent experience fuels Mimi's uncontrollable desires. So when she imagines her tennis instructor in barbarian garb, taking a whip to her naked body, she's compelled to jump the guy in the shower. She also endures a mock-rape at the hands of a stranger, and gets into a jungle-themed threesome (complete with a guy in a pith-helmet) which has her tied down to a table, naked. Yes, this is just as silly as it probably sounds, but does any of it make Mimi happy? Of course not. That's because she's a bored (yet horny) li'l rich girl, with the only money she's ever earned coming from a pick-up who mistakes her for a prostitute.

Though not the most sympathetic figure, the 24-year-old Spaak is certainly lovely, and when she isn't naked, she's decked out in hilariously mod fashions and hairstyles. Spaak first garnered attention in the big-screen soap-opera *HOTEL*, and later, went onto such oddball fare as Argento's *CAT O' NINE TAILS*, *TAKE A HARD RIDE* (co-starring with Jim Brown, Jim Kelly and Fred Williamson), and the Robert Blake boxing drama *RIPPED OFF*. Still, it's difficult to tell if she's got any talent (beyond her obvious, often-undraped assets) since the English language dubbing is so foul.

Let's not forget the (usually) classy Jean-Louis Trintignant, who shows up in the last half-hour as Mimi's doctor. Of course, this nympho immediately gets the hots for him (particularly after he carries her around piggy-back), enrolls in a course that he instructs, and quickly becomes teacher's pet.

Campanile crams the story with fetishes (most of them eliciting more laughs than lust), but even for its time period, this would've been considered lightweight fare for viewers in search of film filth—with many of the sex scenes clipped off just as they get rolling. Heavy on the tease, and low on sleaze, there's still plenty to keep you amused. It's also beautifully lensed and dressed, with set design that fabulously captures that era as we can only imagine it was. The result is top-notch naughtiness from the days when filmmakers and audiences believed that sex flicks didn't have to be cheap, ugly and slapdash in order to arouse.

THE BURNING HELL (1974).

In 1971, Ron Ormond blessed the world with *IF FOOTMEN TIRE YOU, WHAT WILL HORSES DO?*, his Christian propaganda version of *RED DAWN*. Next up from Ormond was this hour-long religious diatribe, which will have you running to the fridge for a beer within the first seconds, in order to anesthetize yourself to its on-screen chorus of off-key idiots, singing the praises of God under the opening credits. Painful? You bet! Ugly? Oh, yeah! In-bred? I wouldn't be surprised.

Again presented by the Estus Pirkle Evangelistic Association, the point of this slop is to expose viewers to the horrors of Hell, often using Bible tales as examples. There's Moses (complete with a fake beard straight out of a grade school pageant) as he damns several of his pals; plus King Balthazar's trip to Hell (with bloody-faced denizens and stock shots of molten lava) and Lazarus heading to Heaven.



A Pressman Williams Production "DEALING: Or The Berkeley-To-Boston Forty-Brick Lost-Bag Blues" Starring BARBARA HERSHEY • ROBERT F. LYONS • Co-Starring CHARLES DURNING • JOY BANG JOHN LITHGOW • ELLEN BARBER • Screenplay by Paul Williams & David Odell • Produced by Edward R. Pressman • Directed by Paul Williams • Music by Michael Small • Panavision •
TECHNICOLOR • from Warner Bros., a Warner Communications company

The ever-earnest, woefully-untalented Tim Ormond also appears as a "wayward Christian" turned long-haired, gouted biker. When his more-rebellious pal is decapitated in a bloody accident, it sends Tim into one of Pirkle's sermons for help, with the ever-sympathetic Estus informing Tim that his buddy is lost to the devil, then uses it to jump-start his sermon on a "real and hot and terrible" Hell. Eventually, Tim hallucinates himself in Hell, meeting a trippy Lucifer, until he gets all drippy-eyed and pleads to be saved.

Heavy on the sermonizing, and lacking the bloodthirsty thrills which made FOOTMEN an all-time classic, this features the same level of community-theatre acting. It also takes a hard-line on Heaven, by pounding home the point that you can only be saved by the blood of Jesus (which excludes most of the world's population). Ormond then splices in snippets of over-baked sermons from old farts who should remain nameless (since, if we're lucky, they're all dead by now), while cranky old Pirkle tries to convince us that there's a literal, burning Hell—along with 'hard facts', like how over 3,000 people per hour wind up there, along with shots of "tormenting worms" crawling on sinners' faces. More likely, Hell is being forced to suffer through this amateurish production without the necessary alcoholic refreshments. And personally, if Estus and his ilk populate Heaven (complete with white robes and superimposed clouds), I wouldn't be caught dead there anyhow.

COVER ME BABE (VSoM; 1970).

Robert Forster is riding high nowadays, with his kick-ass, Oscar-nominated 'comeback' in JACKIE BROWN. Of course, SC fans have never forgotten the guy, who started his career with the acclaimed MEDIUM COOL, but continued to pay his rent with drive-in gems like ALLIGATOR, STUNTS and VIGILANTE. But if you want a look at the type of over-baked tripe which helped kill off his promising career back in the early '70s, COVER ME BABE is a prime example (along with equally obscure fare like 1970's PIECES OF DREAMS, in which Priest Forster falls for Lauren Hutton).

It starts like some tripped-out US-version of EL TOPO—complete with a vast desert, topless babes, and an overdose of hippie-dippy, avant-garde imagery that left me in awe. Too bad, this four-minute intro is only a college film project by director Tony Hall (Forster); and for this pre-BANYON gig, he plays a cynical, anti-establishment filmmaker who's always bucking The System. Of course, he's also a heartless bastard (glimpsed when he opportunistically films a beach tragedy involving a child), manipulating everyone around him and doing anything to finish his latest work.

This offers up Forster at his most callous and rebellious. I don't remember him cracking a smile once, and in his eyes, truly great cinema is Jack Ruby shooting Lee Harvey Oswald. The rest of the cast are merely pawns. A pre-Eastwood-parasite Sondra Locke plays Forster's girlfriend, who allows herself to be nearly raped in one of his sleazy, on-camera scenarios. In addition, Susanne Benton (A BOY AND HIS DOG) is another of his actresses, Sam Waterston plays his cameraman, Michael Margotta (DRIVE, HE SAID) is Hall's more-commercial student competition, while future-director Floyd Mutrux (AMERICAN HOT WAX) appears as Forster's gay friend.

Originally lensed under the equally senseless title RUN SHADOW RUN, Noel Black directs this character-driven dirge, hot on the heels of his black comic gem, PRETTY POISON. This time, he delivers a delirious free-for-all which might indeed capture that self-indulgent era, but doesn't give us any reason to give a shit about any of the characters. Sure, Forster is solid, but it's impossible to warm up to such a self-serving blowhard, who rambles uncontrollably about how unnecessary actors are, and eventually abuses (and loses) even his closest friends. The best moments involve Forster's spontaneous "filmmaking-within-a-film" moments, which have a blissfully impromptu edge and provide a relief from the heavy-handed melodrama. Sprinkled with intriguing ideas, but ultimately uneventful, it's no wonder this pic fell through the cracks (and stayed there).

LSD: FLESH OF THE DEVIL [LSD: Inferno per pochi Dollari] [a.k.a. LSD: Hell For a Few Dollars More] (1967).

This EuroTrash kicks off with a mindwarping intro, as a young-boy/assassin-wannabee named Rex Miller suddenly offs two people—one with an exploding toy car and the other with a curare-tipped blowpipe. Wow! Although the movie doesn't sustain that absurd pace, this gets points for offering up another hallucinogen-paranoid yarn that turns our old friend LSD into a tool for evil.

B-movie veteran Guy Madison stars as the adult Rex, a (long-in-the-tooth) secret agent investigating a new threat to the world. A "concentrated form of LSD" plays a part in the mystery, and we get an early look at the drug's effects thanks to some hilarious, b&w army footage, which has a platoon secretly dosed and freaking out—praying, fighting, dancing, and even throwing down their weapons! *Horrors!* And this was just a "slight" dose, mind you. From then on, we get the terrors of Acid, spliced into a spy flick, with the government worrying that the villains are going to lace the water supply of the nation. Well, all I can say is, *it's about time!*

To stop this plan, Miller has a radio transmitter surgically implanted in his neck and goes undercover as a LSD liaison. Of course, this powerful drug has to be tested along the way, with the subject flipping out, falling down, and looking like they're in the midst of an epileptic fit. Faces turn into silly masks or furry animal heads, and (as anyone knowledgeable about LSD knows) the only way to stop a bad trip is to backhand the subject and allow them to leap out of the nearest window. Meanwhile, manly Miller (despite having all the natural charisma of a snail) seduces a sexy female chemist, and finally makes his way to the head honcho, the mysterious Mr. X—who wants to use this drug to takeover the US and "create Utopia, abolishing everything that divides people" (and, putting it that way, his plan doesn't sound half bad).

Director Mike Middleton (a.k.a. Massimo Mida Puccini) lays on the campier elements with a trowel (in hopes of covering up his total incompetence behind the camera), including impromptu go-go dancing, cheapjack spy gadgets, and fab fashions galore. The dialogue is ludicrously hard-boiled and there's the occasional moment of violence (e.g. a guy fried on electric gates and burnt to a crisp), but when broken down to its secret agent essentials, this is tissue-thin stuff, with only its drug-induced dopiness providing any fun. Spy hijinx so cheap 'n' silly it makes you appreciate the comparatively high-tech subtlety of a Matt Helm movie.

DARKER THAN AMBER (VSoM; 1970).

Based on John D. MacDonald's long-ago-popular series of crime novels, Rod Taylor is Travis McGee (as the opening credits boldly proclaim). Meanwhile, the late Robert Clouse (before hitting directorial pay dirt with ENTER THE DRAGON) avoids the usual private eye niceties in order to pump up the more vicious aspects of the tale, and is aided by authentically seedy Florida and Caribbean locales. Best of all, the fourth-billed William Smith energizes every scene while playing one of the slimiest, most memorably psychotic villains in his long career.

When the leggy Suzy Kendall is unceremoniously tossed into the river by Smith, Fort Lauderdale's horniest houseboat-living detective, Travis McGee, hap-

pens to be fishing after dark. One soggy damsel later, Travis makes it his mission to figure out why this dish was dunked, and soon these two are making their own waves together. Meanwhile, Smith is on their trail, shaking the piss out of anyone in his way, and with such a mean temper that he'll even smash a sweet ol' man's ukulele (before beating him to death, of course).

The plot gets increasingly complicated as characters suddenly croak, piles of money are discovered, and the mystery gets thicker (with Kendall also turning up in a second role, armed with a disastrous Southern accent). Although the basic plot is nothing you wouldn't see in an old BANACEK episode, what you'll remember most are the jarring moments of violence, and

Camera,
in his hands it becomes an obscene instrument.



He turns the girls on, then turns on his camera.

20th Century-Fox presents

"COVER ME BABE"

starring ROBERT FORSTER, SONDRALOCKE, SUSANNE BENTON

co-starring ROBERT S. FIELDS, KEN KERCHEVAL, SAM WATERSTON, MICHAEL MARGOTTA, and MIKE KELLIN in The Devil

produced by LESTER LINX, directed by NOEL BLACK, written by GEORGE WELLS, music by FRED KARLIN, Color by DeLuxe

R

the film's highlight has Smith (who gives new meaning to the term "muscle shirt") finally getting a taste of McGee, in one of the nastiest bare knuckle brawls on record (particularly when Taylor gets his face bashed the fuck in).

Taylor is a bit bland (as usual), but the character of McGee is amoral enough to keep him likeable. In support, Kendall (and her ever-skimpy ensemble) fills the bill as the object of desire, while Theodore Bikel co-stars as McGee's pal, Meyer, and Jane Russell is glimpsed hosting a floating house party. As usual for the genre, the villains get all the best scenes and William Smith is up for the challenge. With his bleach-blonde 'do and deep tan, he looks like a deranged Beach Boy on steroids, and every time Smith turns up on screen, you know that some bad shit is gonna go down. Although Clouse never rises above his B-movie elements, he gleefully embraces them and punctuates it all with over-the-top brutality.

BENNY'S VIDEO (1992).

This Austrian production is one of the more quietly disturbing films in recent memory, but never played in the US, outside of the festival circuit. It's really no surprise, since its unflinching violence would've been too unsettling for spoon-fed American auds, while its lack of cheap, easy-to-digest thrills would've been a disappointment for fans of harder-edged fare. Written and directed by Michael Haneke (whose latest pic, *FUNNY GAMES*, is an even nastier psycho-thriller—sprinkled with deconstructive touches), he takes a potentially exploitative topic, and gives it a cold, thought-provoking treatment.

Haneke begins the film with a few violent, videotaped images (including the actual killing of a pig) to put the audience in the proper, grue-anesthetized mood. We then meet teenaged Benny (Arno Frisch), who, on the surface, seems like a typical kid who eats at McDonald's, rents Troma movies, and spends an inordinate amount of time in his bedroom, fiddling with his extensive video set-up (which allows him to peer out of his bedroom window, without ever opening the blinds). An isolated only child, with obviously well-off parents, he goes about his usual business and makes friends with a girl (Ingrid Stassner) outside his video store. Alone for the weekend, he invites her back to his home.

Suddenly, this deceptively quiet yarn shifts gears when Benny kills the girl, using a butcher's gun used to kill pigs. One shot isn't enough, of course, so he has to go back for seconds and thirds, with all of his handiwork captured by his trusty video camera. Then, unaffected by his deed, Benny returns to his normal routine, slowly cleans up the mess, and even videotapes the corpse. But the best comes when he calmly shows his parents (Angela Winkler and Ulrich Mühe) the video, and instead of going to the police, they decide to protect their obviously-screwball son.

The entire cast is exceptional, with Frisch (who also stars in *FUNNY GAMES*, as a more conventionally vicious bastard) creating a chilling portrait of alienated youth. Isolated from humanity, Benny, he's unaware of why he does what he does, and more important, seems incapable of simply caring. Despite Benny's grim actions, Haneke is careful to avoid any gratuitous violence, and while his story loses its focus a bit toward the end, Haneke pulls it together for a conclusion that's probably more real than you're comfortable admitting.

THE FRUIT IS SWELLING [Closer translation: Honey Peach Ripening Time] (1997).

Although referred to as a "Dream Come True" fairy tale in its intro, there's a good deal of deviance at work in this Category III HK pic. Just imagine a female version of *BIG*, but with enough of a pedophilic subtext to make you a little uneasy (yet never enough to make it a crime in the US).

Peach Chui is a precocious eight-year-old with a sexy older sister, Lychee, and parents who forget to take their porno videos out of the VCR. Longing to be able to go out on dates, like Lychee does, Peach wishes on a Sacred Tree (along with school pal, Fatty Girl) to grow up faster. Sure enough, the next morning, Peach has been transformed into a fully-grown 18-year-old (played by Taiwanese cutie Chung Chun), and immediately has to examine her bare breasts.

In adult form, she's united with her hand-

some, grade-school swimming instructor, Danny (informing him that his penis is "ugly", after sneaking a peek down his trunks); shocks her sister; and is hit on by every sweaty slob in sight (for some gratuitous nudity by this "8-year-old" character). Soon, she's dating Danny, who likes her "small girl" attitude, even though he's always trying to fondle her 'big girl' tits. No surprise, she's afraid to admit the truth to him, while the realities of this situation are hammered home when they go to a carnival together and the viewer continually sees Peach as her pre-pubescent self. Meanwhile, Peach's parents have to deal with their grief in the usual Category III fashion, which means bald Dad seduces a police woman and they cover themselves with whip cream. More cheap melodrama occurs when Danny's jealous Ex, Baby (Fong Shuen), convinces Peach that Danny is cheating on her.

There are lengthy sexual interludes sprinkled throughout, often for comic effect, involving nympho Lychee, ever-horny Dad, or Danny's slutty girlfriend-wannabee. But it's the underlying deviance which makes this oddly-charming comedy-drama remarkable. Director Chin Man-Kei (*SEX AND ZEN II*) must know what he's doing, since this film was the #1 boxoffice draw during its first week in HK release. And despite its subject matter, this is a bright, sunny outing which is never as sleazy as its more prurient subject matter would seem to warrant.

THE WEREWOLF OF WOODSTOCK (J4HI; 1975).

Don't let anyone tell you that television is worse than ever nowadays. If they do, they're definitely not familiar with ABC's *WIDE WORLD OF ENTERTAINMENT*, a mid-'70s Friday-late-night venue for some of the worst TV-movies and so-called "specials" to ever annoy pre-cable viewers. There were forgettable movies like *ROCK-A-DIE*, *BABY*, Playboy-hosted T&A events, and all-star comic showcases like "O.J. Simpson is Alive and Well and Getting Roasted Tonight." Still, one of the more painful presentations was this cheapshit TV-movie, which premiered on January 24, 1975.

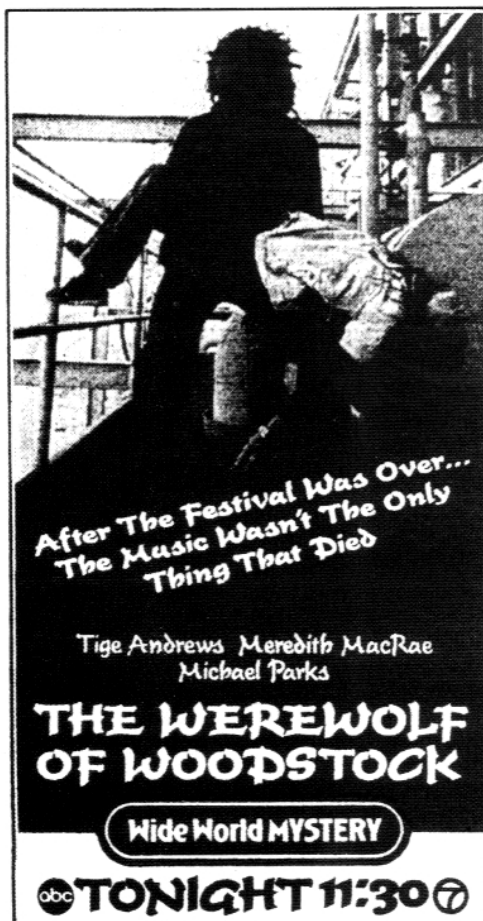
Set in the aftermath of the famed 3-day concert (with litter still strewn about), Tige Andrews (*THE MOD SQUAD*'s Captain Greer) plays Bert, a beer-swilling Woodstock local, who hates those "lousy hippies". In the midst of tearing down some leftover scaffolding, Bert is struck by lightning, and oddly enough, this electrical jolt somehow turns him into...a werewolf? Meanwhile, a fringe-jacketed rock band who look like rejects from Billy Jack's Freedom School (including 20-year-old Andrew Stevens, in one of his first

roles) decides to record their ear-ache-inducing demo at the remains of the Woodstock wreckage and camps out at a nearby crashpad.

Of course, when the police get reports of this wandering hairball, they think it's simply some high-on-whatever concert holdover (who happens to howl like a wolf, of course). Harold J. Stone plays the local cop, while swarthy, but seemingly brain-damaged Michael Parks (*THEN CAME BRONSON*) and Meredith MacRae (one of the 3 Billie Jo's on *PETTICOAT JUNCTION*) are two visiting L.A. "special youth officers."

Tige spends much of the film under facial bandages, ranting (hilariously) about these long haired kids; MacRae babbles about how electrical stimulation can cause cell transformation; Parks hides under an ugly, knitted Rasta cap for much of the movie; while this woolly wolfman (I've seen more convincing costumes on Halloween grade-school kids) kidnaps the ditziest gal in the band—whose cosmic sense of love allows her to understand his pain. Eventually, Parks comes up with a plan to lure in this rock-music-hating werewolf by using the band as bait. Best of all, it leads to wolfie stealing a dune buggy (!) during the finale. Gimme a fuckin' break!

Graced with a flat, video-veneer (so common to soap operas of the era) and plywood sets, executive producer Dick Clark should've been castrated for backing this turd, while director John Moffitt (whose other TV efforts include sloop like *VAN DYKE & COMPANY*) is so untalented that insulting him is akin to kicking a retarded dog. Never as much fun as it sounds, this excruciating, 67-minute production is aimed straight at stoned, late-night vidiots who think *Godzilla* films are difficult to fathom. Truly, one of the most inept, rock-bottom TV-artifacts of all time.



BONNIE'S KIDS (J4HI; 1972).

Often double-billed with *THE CANDY SNATCHERS* (which also starred Tiffany Bolling), this mindless romp came from the fetid brainpan of writer-director Arthur Marks, one of the unsung heroes of mid-'70s exploitation, with such low-rent gems as *THE ROOMMATES*, *DETROIT 9000* and *BUCKTOWN* under his grindhouse belt. Here he mixes standard sexploitation with a crime subplot, and while nothing special, the result is perfect drive-in fare: It's got cute babes, random violence, and is never so compelling that you'll miss anything if you wander into the nearby woods and puke for a few minutes.

The film "introduces" Robin Mattson (future co-star of *RETURN TO MACON COUNTY*, and resident of the soaps *RYAN'S HOPE* and *GENERAL HOSPITAL*) as the teenaged Myra, a sweet young thing who often forgets to close the blinds when she's taking a bath. Of course, her drunken step-dad needs to teach this tease a lesson by trying to rape her—that is, until older (but equally desirable) sister Ellie (Bolling) blows his chest full of holes and the two sexy siblings hit the road.

The pair ends up staying at the home of their wealthy Uncle Ben, who has the hots for Ellie, and involves her in a scheme with hunky Steve Sandor (playing a lunkhead private eye) to pick up some unexplained "package" and shack up in the process. But when Ellie sneaks a peek and discovers a briefcase overflowing with cash, she decides to hightail it Mexico for a life of leisure. A bright idea? Not really, since two of Uncle's cronies, Alex Rocco and 42nd Street-perennial Timothy Brown (who appeared in *DYNAMITE BROTHERS*, *SWEET SUGAR*, and here plays the ever-horny Digger) are immediately on her trail. Meanwhile, Unc's extremely-loving squeeze, Diana, shows a liking for the nubile Myra.

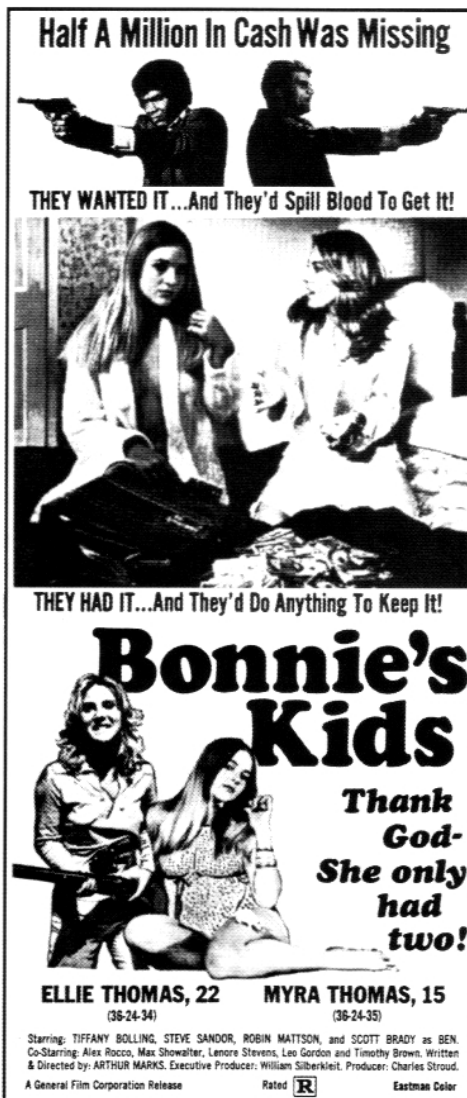
Although it begins like top-notch sexploitation, this quickly settles into a slow-paced chase yarn, and the fact there's more tease than sleaze will probably piss off more than a few viewers. Still, Marks knows how to crank up the fun during isolated moments, such as when the inept Rocco & Brown accidentally crash in on an innocent honeymoon couple and blast the shit out of them. Oops! Both Mattson and Bolling are effective, whether in or out of their clothes, and make a solidly immoral centerpiece for this too-slack script. Unfortunately, the more likable Mattson disappears for much of the movie in favor of the more devious Bolling and leaden Sandor. In supporting roles, look for character-actor Max Showalter as a gun salesman who gives 'em a lift, plus a pre-CAGNEY AND LACEY Sharon Gless as a waitress.

EVIL ROY SLADE (J4HI; 1972).

This feature-length pilot for a proposed Old West comedy was telecast on February 18, 1972. Armed with a minimum of publicity and (for that time) a bizarre concept, this pre-BLAZING SADDLES satire was quickly forgotten, but nowadays seems like a true cult item. It's also a terrific showcase for John Astin's snider talents, playing the nastiest son-of-a-bitch west of the Mississippi. Best of all, he's the *hero* of the movie; while the supporting cast of TV icons and cheeseball comics ham it up for maximum annoyance.

In the prologue, Baby Slade is the only survivor of a stagecoach attack, and since even the wolves won't have anything to do with him, the child is brought up alone and hateful of mankind (and our first sighting of the adult Roy is a keeper, with Astin roaming the desert in nothing but his original diaper and tattered teddy bear). Turning to crime, and dressing head-to-toe in black (and what's so wrong with that?), Evil Roy is so mean he'll pop a child's balloon, make a cripple dance, and even cheats while playing cards with his own gang. But all of that changes when Slade falls for the lovely Betsy (Pamela Austin), who believes he's only rotten because he was an unloved toddler.

Turning all mushy, Evil Roy courts her (with a love letter tied 'round a rock and thrown through her window), is captured and set for hanging, only to escape with Betsy to high-fallutin' Boston. There, Slade tries to go straight by getting his first honest-to-goodness job at a shoe store owned by a nervous Milton Berle, only to realize that the 9-to-5 grind *sucks* and promptly returns



to bank robbing and his even-dumber, sycophantic henchmen. Slade also takes on Bing Bell, the Singing Marshall of San Francisco. Played by the ridiculously over-the-top Dick Shawn, this prissy gunman is the Liberace of the Old West, and comes complete with a tasseled shirt and a rhinestone "gee-tar" that doubles as a rifle.

Meanwhile, Mickey Rooney plays the wealthy head of Western Express, who's going bankrupt thanks to Slade's escapades; LAUGH-IN's Henry Gibson is Rooney's wimpy sheriff nephew; Dom DeLuise is a Beantown psychiatrist who discovers Slade's hostility comes from getting a cactus in his diaper; Penny Marshall turns up as a bank clerk; plus there's Pat Morita, Edie Adams, and midget Billy Curtis hiding in a steamer trunk.

Although writers Jerry Belson and Garry Marshall fill the script with good lines (plus plenty of groaners), it never escapes the feel of a crappy sitcom (in large part, thanks to director Jerry Paris, who helmed numerous episodes of *HAPPY DAYS* and *THE ODD COUPLE*). It's all terribly silly, but Astin has a ball as this cruel, anti-social, yet lovably dim-witted bastard, and gets most of the laughs in the process.

EDEN AND AFTER [L'Eden et Après] (1970).

After devouring Alain Robbe-Grillet's *TRANS-EUROPE-EXPRESS* in the previous issue, I dove into this later, even headier concoction. Fascinatingly oblique to some, annoying so to others, this is the definition of an arthouse mindfuck—so outré that it couldn't get distributed in the US during the early '70s. Hell, even brain-addled Euro-fare like *MISTER FREEDOM* and *THEMROC* found theatres back then.

On the surface, the plot is pretty flimsy. A group of terminally-bored (but always fabulously photogenic) young folks decide to sell an expensive painting and head to a more interesting locale. These unsympathetic deadbeats also hang out at a posh café named Eden, located near the university, where they play their inane party games (since, it's explained, "in our studios and useless life, nothing ever happens actually"), and instantly

get on the audience's nerves.

Their ennui gets a break when an older stranger named Duchemin (Pierre Zimmer) appears, regales them with tales of Africa, and offers them a taste of that continent's "powder of fear". The lovely Violette (Catherine Jourdan) partakes and suddenly freaks out in a fantasy world of paranoia, blood and artsy S&M; and after returning to 'normal', agrees to meet Duchemin later in the night. Little does she realize, her perception is still mighty warped (and, in turn, so is the viewer's), as she wanders the night away in an ominous factory, finds a dead body (which promptly disappears), and discovers that her painting is missing. Before long, she's suddenly wandering through Tunisia, with the remainder of the film filtered through her dreamlike, non-linear state, which has her prancing around topless, making love to the enigmatic Duchemin, taken captive, threatened with scorpions, and looking only slightly less confounded than I was while watching it.

Sounds overwrought? You betcha! Plus Robbe-Grillet's fragmented narrative takes a while to get used to, as the symbolism hangs heavy and bizarre set design abounds. But once you get accustomed to its trippier rhythms, this becomes quite compelling, with Robbe-Grillet composing some gorgeously strange tableaux. Unfortunately, although the Tunisian locales are exotic, they also work against the tale, by defusing its earlier, more claustrophobic edginess.

Mixing kinkiness and crime, this takes the elements of a pulpy thriller, bathes them in dream logic and perplexing digressions, then has the balls to loop in on itself at the conclusion for one final kick to the consciousness. It also finds erotic imagery in the most screwed-up places—like a naked woman sticking a gun in her own mouth, or blindfolded ladies in cages. Despite the presence of nudity, violence, torture, and all of the things you'd want in a good exploitation film, don't enter this one expecting any real heat. Instead, it's cold, captivating and difficult as hell. And while I'm sure you'll get lost somewhere along the way, that's the intrinsic nature of this beast.

SOME CALL IT LOVING (1973).

Always in search of oddities featuring schlock demi-god Zalman King, this starring role came soon after his gig on TV's *THE YOUNG LAWYERS*, and long before helming his successful line of straight-to-video *RED SHOE DIARIES* erotica. In between, he appeared in such divergent, half-baked works as *TRIP WITH THE TEACHER* (as a rapist), *THE PASSOVER PLOT* (as Jesus), and this strange, erotic fantasy.



A melancholy yarn revolving around the quest for love, oddball millionaire Robert Troy (Zalman) roams a carnival one night and is lured into a sideshow exhibit for a *Sleeping Beauty*—who has been dozing for eight years. Tisa Farrow (Mia's younger sis) plays this comatose cutie, with customers paying an extra buck to grab a cheap kiss in hopes of awakening her. The ever-dour Troy is immediately obsessed, buys

her from owner Logan Ramsey for 20 grand, hauls her back to his palatial spread, and spends his free time sitting at her bedside.

Things get even stranger when Farrow awakens, out of the blue, prompting Troy's sister (Carol White) and the maid to celebrate with a musical number dressed as nuns (huh?). Then Troy takes her on their first date, to a smoky nightclub where he regularly wails on his baritone sax. In the oddest casting, a young Richard Pryor plays a fucked-up junkie pal of Troy's, whose primary job is to lay on some attitude ("That bitch is pretty!"), when he's not puking in a urinal.

Intensely, unrepentantly romantic, this modern fairy tale even comes with an evil sister who puts a stop to Troy's plan of running away from his insulated life. Steeped in the hothouse sensuality of Zalman's later sex-pics (but without the nudity), this wrongheaded befuddlement is heavy on the symbolism, light of the subtlety, and has a final twist you can see a mile away. There are also some lovably off-beat moments, like when the depressed Troy convinces a cocktail waitress to do a nude cheerleader routine for him.

Throughout, King has an indelible presence, like a brooding, grindhouse answer to Brando. Meanwhile, co-star Tisa went onto her share of dubious career choices, including Fulci's *ZOMBIE* and Joe D'Amato's *THE GRIM REAPER*, and here look quite hot in her low-cut (albeit virginal) attire. Co-starring Pat Priest (Marilyn from *THE MUNSTERS*) as a nurse, and directed-written by James B. Harris (*FAST-WALKING*), if this had been released in French w/subtitles, it would've been embraced as a screwed-up art film. Coming from the US, it was ripped by most critics and is barely remembered nowadays.

KILLER TONGUE (Video Junkie; 1996).

When a movie has a title this loopy, it better (1) be a porn film, or (2) deliver some outrageous goods. Director Alberto Sciamma aimed for the later, and created this mind-numbing hodgepodge of rapid-fire camp and horror. And while the subtitled print I watched made little sense, I was also told that even if I *had* understood the language, it wouldn't have helped.

Melinda Clarke (*RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD 3*) stars as Candy, a sexpot who's stolen a shitload of cash, has a boyfriend named Johnny (Jason Durr) in prison, and is laying low in a convent/gas station, posing as a nun. But the moment Johnny's about to be released, she dumps her habit and speeds to his side—but not before a meteorite fragment in Candy's soup transforms her into a black-latexed, over-permed temptress. She's also hostess to this tongue of terror, which leaps from her mouth uncontrollably and kills one victim with a French Kiss of Death—ramming itself down the throat, through all of the internal organs, and out his ass. Meanwhile, her hideous poodles

are turned into a bevy of annoying transvestites, and this snake-like tongue eventually develops its own mouth and voice. Confused? Join the club.

For all of the fanboys in the audience, Robert Englund hams it up as the Gestapo-esque prison guard Chief Screw, who lords over a desert chain-gang; while Pinhead himself, Doug Bradley has little to do as a bedraggled convict. In yet another unfathomable subplot, a young nun named Rita (Mapi Galan) worships Candy, uses a chunk of the glowing meteorite to heal Johnny's critical wound (a pick axe through the chest), and ends up dressing like a Xuxa back-up dancer.

Clarke is quite a sight, with this enormous, writhing tongue pouring from her lips, and there's an entire *Abnormal Psych* thesis to be found in that image. Let's not forget the vomiting nuns; a supporting clod taking a piss on the meteorite and getting blown up *real* good; a gas pump shoved in a guy's mouth; or how about Candy taking a hot flat-iron to her tongue, only to be strangled and swung from the ceiling by it. There are also simpler joys, like the lusty Ms. Clarke stumbling through the desert with a bottle of Jack Daniels (truly, she deserves an award for the crap she's put through for this gig).

Over-the-top in every respect, if relatively sane imports like *ACCION MUTANTE* can't get a release in the US, god help this half-baked confection. It feels like a Fangoria production, directed by an acid-dosed Pedro Almodovar. I get the distinct feeling this is a terrible movie. Still, it's so fucked-up that it's difficult not to enjoy on some brain-damaged level.

THE GONG SHOW MOVIE (Shocking Videos; 1980).

Chuck Barris' *THE GONG SHOW* premiered on NBC in 1976, became a surprise hit, and is nowadays, the only worthwhile programming on the lamentable Game Show Network. Back when I was a teenager, I loved this idiotic showcase for migraine-inducing 'talent', but I never had the chance to check out this big screen spin-off. Consequently, I've been searching for a copy of it for years, in order to satiate some long-dormant, masochistic desire.

Boy, was I surprised to discover that this critically-aborred mess has its fair share of acidic charms, since it not only gives the viewer a raunchier version of this TV phenom (including a glimpse of Jaye P. Morgan's breasts—which excited me as much as the idea of Moms Mabley in a g-string), but also a bombastic glimpse into the life of producer/host Barris. In addition, Barris directs the film, appears in almost every scene, and even sings the goddamned theme song! Still, this abrasive romp is more than a simple ego-trip. First off, it was written by Barris and (more important) underground filmmaking legend Robert Downey (CHAFED ELBOWS, GREASER'S PALACE). And together they blend fact, fiction, black comedy, and casual weirdness into a postmodern take on media stardom.

Although Barris was the auteur behind this flick, he certainly doesn't paint a flattering portrait of himself. Portrayed as a haggard guy sick 'n' tired of his daily routine, he's assaulted by pathetic contestant-wannabees, is in the midst of breaking up with his girlfriend (Robin Altman), and (worst of all) deals with weaselly network execs worried about the show's increasingly-gonzo edge. So, essentially, we're supposed to sympathize for poor Chuckie, who's trapped in this hectic, but *extremely* wealthy lifestyle. Right.

We're also privy to brief snippets of the actual TV-show (complete with undeleted swearing) and its talent-barren contestants, plus such tidbits as an elderly contestant having a heart attack backstage, and Jaye P. waking up in an ultra-king-size bed with four men. Best of all is the way "little fart" Barris is continually annoyed by his ugliest, most obnoxious fans—thereby, happily biting the hand which feeds him. Finally, Barris flees the country in his search for anonymity, and ends up sitting in the middle of a Morocco desert. But he's still unable to escape the *musical* finale.

Don't forget appearances from Jamie Farr, Pat McCormick, Rip Taylor, Tony Randall, Harvey Lembeck, a then-unknown Phil Hartman, plus *GONG SHOW* regulars The Unknown Comic and "Gene, Gene, The Dancing Machine." While it's no surprise this died a quick (yet painful) death at the boxoffice, this self-indulgent hunk of career suicide also has the balls to do whatever the hell it wants (and in doing so, is as honest a portrait of Hollywood success, excess and bad craziness as you'll ever see from a major studio).



THE RAUNCHY STORY OF HOT-BLOODED MARIA



the Kiss OF her Flesh Adults Only

THE KISS OF HER FLESH (SWV; 1968).

Hallelujah! Leave it to Mike Vraney to unearth a pristine-print of the long-sought finale to Michael & Roberta Findlay's classic "...OF HER FLESH" trilogy. Following in the randic tracks of TOUCH and CURSE, this is another b&w tribute to the Findlay's finger-on-the-pulse-of-depravity sensibilities, with Roberta lensing and co-scripting under her Anna Riva pseudonym, while then-hubbie Michael directs as Julian Marsh. Most important, this flick actually lives up to its rep, by reveling in violence, misogyny, nudity, and fetishes galore.

Welcome to the randic world of mega-sicko Richard Jennings (Robert Weste, a.k.a. Michael Findlay), whose mission in life is to cleanse the world of sluts. And talk about a guy who's good at his job! Even before the opening credits, he bashes a gal with a tire iron and takes this "filthy, dirty, slimy creature" back to his mattress. Then this eye-patched degenerate ties her up, guzzles Lancers (at least the guy has taste), rips at her tit with a lobster claw, and finally kills her via electrified earrings.

Realizing that psycho Jennings is to blame, our heroine, Maria, tracks him down to a snowy New England town (but first, takes a breather to make out with her nympho sis, Dora). Sure enough, Jennings

is posing as Doctor Esubam, who makes a house call on Dora's roomie, Mona, in order to conduct a thorough breast massage (as Dora masturbates via a handy peephole). But when horny Dora seduces this mock-Doc, he forces her to go down on him ("the only job women are good for"), and afterward, as she writhes on the floor in pain, Jennings gleefully informs her "My poison semen should take care of you well enough. So long sucker!"

The list of atrocities goes on-and-on (including the torture of one miss with a car cigarette lighter, and later, a butane torch), and if you're offended by senseless violence toward women, this pic should be at the top of your Must Picket list. Fearlessly willing to offend, this is a near-perfect example of the depths the grindhouse could offer. The Findlay's always knew how to give an audience their money's worth (and then some), and thirty years after its initial release, this gem still has the power to disturb (while hardcore SC readers will be doing Milwaukee's Best spit-takes at Jennings' hijinx). Even a seemingly-simple sex scene climaxes with the woman pulling a string of balls out of her boyfriend's asshole. Ouch! If you've got a friend who's curious about this sleazy era of cinema, KISS is the type of unflinching, brain-damaged pic that'll turn them into an instant Deuce addict.

JOANNA (1968).

Anyone who's had to suffer through the 1970 mega-bomb MYRA BRECKINRIDGE has probably muttered, "How the fuck did this talentless director get hired for this debacle?" Well, here's the premiere effort from Brit phlegmmaker Michael Sarne (last spotted helming 1991's THE PUNK AND THE PRINCESS. Ughh). It's a flashy, sorta-racy romp through a young woman's sexual awakening and her search for the meaning to it all. Now, if only she weren't so damned annoying...

Genevieve Waite stars as our title bird on the go-go, who acts and sounds like a complete ditz. Arriving in then-trendy London, she pulls on some Mod gear, and is soon being shagged and screwed over by a line of heartless blokes. And after awhile, this free-wheeling era of random sex and hideous fashions becomes a drag for naive Joanna. That is, until a Black chick teaches her how to "hustle" for clothes, food and a

place to crash. Calvin Lockhart (MELINDA) co-stars as the "beautiful" Gordon, a suave romeo, and with little forethought (which is *de rigueur* for this pic), Joanna falls for him, only to learn he's little more than a simple thug. A pre-stardom Donald Sutherland (at his geekiest) also turns up as the nasally Lord Sanderson, who hauls Joanna and his entourage to North Africa. Though he's the only real actor in the bunch, his rich, prissy, long-winded role brings this pic to a crawl.

Unfortunately, while Sarne strives to put a more human spin on this groovy genre, it only ends up dull, brainless, and agonizingly sentimental. And while Waite's wide-eyed waif routine gets some initial sympathy, Joanna just as often seems to have the IQ of a radish. Even as it exposes some of the period's pretensions, it revels in even more vapid ones, such as music by Rod McKuen [Insert: Loud, long retching sound here].

So is there anything good about it? The (mostly dumb) fantasy sequences are imaginatively edited, with colorful, cornea-singeing costumes galore—most of them up to the actresses' asses. Always indulgent, but never very entertaining, this torturous sludge actually received several good reviews when first released. Lemme tell you, it doesn't stand the test of time. Because even if Joanna was an adorable slut three decades ago, nowadays, you'd prefer to see her kicked down a long flight of very steep stairs.

TWILIGHT OF THE ICE NYMPHS (1997).

With only three previous features under his belt, director Guy Maddin has become one of the most uniquely recognizable filmmakers to come out of Canada. For his latest, most extravagant production, Maddin cranks up the color and spins a fairy-tale fever-dream set against an appropriately surreal backdrop. Steeped in heavy romance, obsession, longing, and sudden fits of violence, it's also his first to use known actors for several of the leads.

Nigel Whitmey (who had his name removed after Maddin redubbed his voice) stars as Peter, who, after a stint in prison, returns to his spinster sister Amelia (a pig-tailed Shelley Duvall) and family farm in the land of Mandrogora. Frank Gorshin co-stars as Cain Ball, an old coot whose idea of buying out their farm falls through when Peter reappears; and Alice Krige plays a sultry, pregnant fisherman's wife named Zephyr, who seduces Peter. With a handy statue of Venus ruling over their actions, Peter instead falls for the enigmatic Julianna (Pascale Bussières), a possible slave of the crippled Dr. Solti—who Amelia, in turn, has a secret crush on. Sounds convoluted? Sure, and while writer George Toles (who also scripted CAREFUL and ARCHANGEL) fills the final half-hour with terrible confessions, murder and tragedy, the result is a bit more meandering and less compelling than Maddin's earlier efforts.

The performances are as overly theatrical as usual, while the best portions involve Gorshin, playing a scene-stealing, cantankerous ol' fart—a self-proclaimed "gelding" who calls Duvall a "smoke-dried stick", stumbles about in old overalls, sounds vaguely like he's doing a George C. Scott impersonation, and even gets a spike pounded into his skull! In addition, on a purely visual level, this is mighty impressive, with set design reminiscent of

Ridley Scott's LEGEND on a drive-in-level budget. The sun never sets in Mandrogora, the air shimmers with motes, the foliage looks decidedly plastic, and lovers embrace in bed as water slowly envelopes them. Gorgeously crafted, yet just as often uninvolved, this lacks the calculated claustrophobia of his earliest works and left me somewhat disappointed.

MYSTICS IN BALI [Leák] (VSoM; 1981).

A word of warning: Be sure to stock your fridge with several cheap six-packs before you pop this Indonesian freak-out into your VCR. Directed by H. Tjut Jalil (who later gave us the equally insane LADY TERMINATOR, using the pseudonym Jalil Jackson) and based on the novel "Leák Ngakak" by Putra Mada, this overflows with cheapjack atmosphere and excess, even though it often looks as if it was edited with a machete and staple gun.

Meet Cathy Dean, a US student who visits Bali in hopes of studying a potent form of black magic known as Leák. So far, so slow, but once Cathy links up with a cackling old priestess with foot-long fingernails and stupidly agrees to be her student, this pic goes totally berserk. First, she and this



20th Century-Fox presents
"JOANNA" starring GENEVIEVE WAITE / CHRISTIAN DOCHERNE / CALVIN LOCKHART / DONALD SUTHERLAND / GLENNA FORSTER-JONES
DAVID SCHUELER / Produced by MICHAEL S. LAUGHLIN / Directed by MICHAEL SARNE / Screenplay by MICHAEL SARNE
Words and Music by ROD MCKUEN ORIGINAL NO MUSIC SOUNDTRACK ALBUM AVAILABLE ON CD/DVD "PROMUSICSON" Color by DeLuxe

disfigured magician (amidst a flurry of rubbery special FX) both transform into pigs. Even worse, the next encounter has Cathy's disembodied head flying off her body (with her internal organs in tow, dangling loose in the breeze) and off to do her mistress' bidding—like intruding on a childbirth and sucking the fetus from its womb! Of course, as the evil sorceress gets younger with each taste of fresh blood, she demands even more evil deeds from Cathy. Meanwhile, a native male-pal of Cathy's named Mahendra tries to save her from this pact, as their ever-chaste romance blossoms.

As genuinely out-of-control as it sounds, the story is steeped in religious mumbo-jumbo, insane plot complications, and actors who take this nonsense dead serious. Of course, the film's highlights involve the crude but jaw-dropping effects, such as a tendril-like tongue sucking up blood, Cathy turning into a snake (which has her vomiting up mice the next morning), and a supernatural brawl that pits the female demon against the forces of niceness. Almost as frightening is the stilted, English language dubbing on this tape. Starring Ilona Agatha Bastian and Yos Santo, this low-tech Asian dementia offers up loads of wild imagery and lurid laughs.

THE MONK [Le Moine] (Luminous; 1972).

Directed by Ado Kyrou, and (more importantly) with a screenplay by Luis Bunuel and Jean-Claude Carrière, this French/Italian period piece is quite earnest at first glance—a seemingly simple melodrama in which a Man of God sins and eventually gets his comeuppance. Not so! Because with these subversive scripters at bat, the film offers a welcome veneer of religious sleaziness and deviant twists.

Set in the Middle Ages, a bearded Franco Nero (DJANGO) stars as the chaste Father Ambrosio, who's holed up in a monastery and fanatically preaches about the evils of sex. It's also obvious that this prude hasn't looked too closely at newcomer Brother John, who has more feminine features, a slighter frame, and two heaving breasts hiding under that monk's robe. Sure enough, John is actually a sexy blonde named Matilda (Nathalie Delon), who has fallen in love with the ultra-celibate Ambrosio. Though initially freaking out at this prospect, Ambrosio gets one glimpse of her, minus robes, and instantly falls prey to his long-suppressed desires.

In fact, this guy becomes so obsessed with these newfound sins of the flesh that he nearly rapes a pretty teenaged girl (Eliana De Santis). Matilda then admits she's actually a sorceress and can snag him this virginal lass, with a little help from her buddy Satan (who makes a cameo appearance). Before long, Ambrosio is nose-deep in murder, deceit and the occult, and when he finally tries to confess his sins, it causes a fellow priest to drop dead of a heart attack! In addition, Ambrosio gets pointers in vice from Nicol Williamson as a degenerate Duke, who keeps young children imprisoned as servants (or dinner) and tells starving peasants to "Quit whining!"

Kyrou (best known for authoring books on surrealism, and in particular, Bunuel) sprinkles the plot with gratuitous nudity and lust, accompanied by surprisingly bland photography from Sacha Vierny (who lensed most of Resnais and Greenaway's films). Indeed, the most fun comes from Nero's sex-crazed performance, with Ambrosio's previously-God-fearing life going straight into the shitter the moment he's finally gotten his wick dipped. Sure, it's rather low key in comparison to a delirium-fest like THE DEVILS, but what with a last-minute appearance by the Inquisition and wonderfully cynical ending, this winds up a pleasant surprise, full of sublimely sinful tidbits.

THREE TOUGH GUYS (VSoM; 1974).

This Italian crime flick, courtesy of producer Dino de Laurentiis, features a top-notch cast and less-than-top-notch direction by Duccio Tessari (who co-scripted A FISTFUL OF DOLLARS). The lead Tough Guy is Lino Ventura, best recognizable to arthouse regulars for roles in ESCAPE TO NOWHERE and THE SLAP (and was obviously hired for overseas appeal). Even better, there's Mr. TRUCK TURNER himself, Isaac Hayes, who also croons the title

**The Black Moses, The Hammer,
and The Preacher Man.
They've got their own kind
of mean game.**



A Paramount Release
Isaac Hayes Lino Ventura Fred Williamson
Three Tough Guys

with **Paula Kelly** Story and Screenplay by Luciano Vincenzoni, Nikita Badeluce Music and Lyrics by Isaac Hayes
Directed by Duccio Tessari Art by Franco Co-Production Produced by De Laurentiis S.p.A. Rome
Columbia Pictures S.A. - Paris Technicolor S.A. - Rome - Italy - 1974 A Paramount Release

tune. Rounding out the macho trio, Fred Williamson plays Joe Snake, sports a silly flamenco dancer hat and leather pants, and is actually just a supporting villain in this flick.

Less a blaxploitation piece than a pre-48 HOURS-style, odd couple crime pic, this is set in Chicago, but outside of a few exterior shots, was primarily lensed in Rome. Ventura stars as the gruff Roman Catholic priest, Father Charlie, who doesn't take shit from anyone and soon gets involved with a double murder, an insurance investigator, the Mob, and missing bank robbery cash. Riding his bicycle from one suspect to another, he strangles the truth out of unwilling witnesses, and (for a good laugh) also keeps an arsenal of guns displayed on his church walls! Now there's a man of God even I can respect!

Of course, when the Father digs too deep, he's taken captive. Enter Isaac as Lee Stevens, a detective who saves him just before getting shoved into a foundry oven. They team up to retrieve the million bucks stolen by Williamson, and slap around a local whore (Paula Kelly) in the process. Unfortunately, these guys are a little slow on the case, and whenever they locate the next link in the crime, the character ends up 'mysteriously' ventilated. Eventually, Isaac is set up for murder, and Lino gets to pull an automatic rifle on the cops.

Thoroughly generic in the plot department, this fitfully amusing programmer is saved by the Lino and Isaac combo. They make a rock solid team, whether Lino is taking time out in the middle of an action sequence to give the last rites to their victims, or Isaac making breakfast by cooking

eggs on his flat iron. Less funky than the usual Deuce fare, and lacking any hard-edged violence, it's still good for some nostalgic amusement, particularly when compared to today's bland straight-to-video action swill.

THE APPLE GAME [Uvadi Hra O Jablo] (1977).

Vera Chytilová is one of the most unique experimental filmmakers of her era, yet few of her works are known beyond Cinema Studies classes. THE APPLE GAME (her first feature after several years of suppression following the 1968 Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia) continues her modernist style, but to answer the most obvious question, it seems positively tranquilized when compared to the hyper-active surrealism of her '66 masterwork, DAISIES. Though not without its fair share of bizarre moments, this effort is thoroughly rooted in the real world, with Chytilová using a standard working-class romance and the eternal battle of the sexes as its foundation.

Set in a gynecological clinic, this begins with a (lovely?) close-up of a newborn pushing itself out of its mother, and initially settles into an often abrasive mix of whimsy, bureaucracy and motherhood, as we watch this maternity ward's screwed-up procedures. We also meet nurse Anna (Dagmar Blachova), plus obstetrician Joe (Jiri Menzel, an acclaimed filmmaker in his own right with CLOSELY WATCHED TRAINS), who, despite his nerdy veneer, is a womanizer who still lives with his mother. After a chance meeting, several drinks and a night together, these two embark on a chaotic romance. She's a free spirit. He's an uptight professional. And this certainly sounds like any shitty American sitcom, right? Not in Chytilová's hands, thankfully, as she turns these hoary romantic-comedy notions on their Eastern Bloc ear.

In between their moments of fun, we're privy to the realities of their profession (like consultations with women wanting abortions), while spineless Joe screws around with a married woman who doesn't threaten his freedom. A mistaken pregnancy test has Anna empowering herself, yet even as Joe tries desperately not to be an asshole, some things are inevitable. Steeped in everyday reality (check out the highway map of discolored veins on one mother's breasts. Where did Vera find these women, New Jersey strip clubs?) and benefiting from naturalistic performances by her leads, this also has a wonderfully impromptu style, as if the background passers-by didn't know they were on-camera. It's also refreshing to see a strong, ultimately independent woman at the center of the emotional chaos, while Chytilová's acid wit brings a distinctly female perspective to it all.

SOUL TO SOUL (1971).

This rarely-screened music-documentary deserves another look, both for the surroundings it took place in, and well as its blazing on-stage performances. In celebration of the 14th anniversary of Ghana's independence, director Denis Sanders (ELVIS: THAT'S THE WAY IT IS, as well as INVASION OF THE BEE GIRLS) hauled his cameras halfway around the globe for a 15-hour killer concert of Soul, Gospel and Jazz artists. The result might be a ragged mess, but it was definitely worth the effort.

Mixed in with the songs is the message behind the movie, as the filmmakers and performers take time out to experience the native culture, including tribal dancers, everyday field work, open air shopping, and discussions with the people. Informative but dryly lensed, this will be a bore if you're only interested in the concert footage, but at least it'll give you plenty of time for a beer run in preparation for the upcoming extravaganza.

Slow going for the first half, it builds as the performers take center stage and blow away any earlier doubts. So toke up, kick back, and watch these artists at their crispiest. Sure, the concert footage is often raw, but what it lacks in finesse and sound quality, it makes up for in sheer talent, including Santana blasting through "Black Magic Woman", a heavily afro'ed Roberta Flack doing "Trying Times", plus The Staple Singers with "When Will We Be Paid?"

Without question, those final twenty minutes are a killer, with the Ike and Tina Turner Revue belting out a medley of "Ooh Po Pah Doo", "River Deep Mountain High", and the bluesy "I Smell Trouble", as Ike pulls off a blistering solo (even though the idiot cameraman prefers to linger on his face, rather than his fingering). And if you didn't think anyone could top that, you're wrong, because the incredible Wilson Pickett caps off the celebration with a joyous rendition of "Land of 1000 Dances", as the crowd goes ballistic. It doesn't get any better than this, and considering the flick's slapdash quality, you can't help but wish more competent folks were lensing it. Only then, this might've lived up to the potential of turning a concert into a cultural event, comparable to such films as WOODSTOCK and WATTSTAX.

**GOD'S COMEDY [A Comédia de Deus] (1995).**

Clocking in at 170 minutes, this Portuguese arthouse item won the Best Director's Prize at the Venice Film Festival for Joao César Monteiro. Despite the use of "comedy" in the title, any humor is exceedingly dry, the tone is quiet, and Monteiro has a tendency to digress into leisurely paced, lyrical moments (or worse, unfathomable ones which will leave you bored out of your wits). So why am I reviewing it? Because Monteiro is one of those criminally-neglected filmmakers who's been pumping out unique, comically absurd pics for years, with little US recognition; and while this lengthy endeavor is often a task, it

rewards intrepid viewers with a wealth of perverse delights.

Director-writer Monteiro (a thin, long-faced, elderly gent) also stars in the title role of Joao de Deus (Joao of God), a Lisbon ice cream maker who, on the surface, acts like your ordinary uptight, compulsively clean boss, who demands the same extreme hygiene from the young female employees at his shop (symbolically named "Paradise"). Of course, everyone has to have a hobby, and in his spare time, this bachelor collects female pubic hair (his latest acquisition is Queen Victoria's) in a huge volume entitled "Book of Thoughts." When Joao isn't going about his uneventful daily routine, he trains a new girl at his workplace and---oh yes---dog-fucks her in the store.

Treating the act of making ice cream like a religion, Joao's ambition is to create the quintessential "perfume" (flavor) which will reach out to God. This dream becomes a reality when he meets the pretty, 14-year-old Joaninha (Claudia Teixeira), who comes to Joao's house one night, is seduced with champagne and bon-bons, and is offered a milk bath. What's this ice-cream obsessed fart going to do with all of the leftover milk? Take a guess.

Monteiro doesn't have much on-screen charisma, but his calm restraint works well for this nutcase; while as a director, he never allows the film to break its slow stride or acknowledge just how outrageous it is. Combining elements which virtually guaranteed its rejection by US distributors (excessive length, underplayed drama and underage sexuality), GOD'S COMEDY is altogether different from any other recent film you're likely to see, and had me periodically amused by its bizarre turns.

THE CLIMBER [L'Ambizioso] (Luminous; 1974).

Joe Dallesandro is best known for his hunky (albeit sleepy-eyed) presence in Warhol movies like FLESH, HEAT and TRASH. Here, he's top-billed in a EuroCrime rise 'n' fall flick from director Pasquale Squitieri, and while he certainly cuts a cool figure, Joe also seems kinda slow (if you know what I mean). Whether in a grubby t-shirt or a silk suit, Dallesandro proves he can't act for beans—but with this gangland yarn, he's in good company.

Joe plays a two-bit cigarette smuggler in Naples, who gets unceremoniously tossed out of town when his bosses learn he's been stealing from them. Dirty and bloodied, he's given a lift to Rome by a beautiful woman, who (of course) instantly drops into bed with the guy. In record time, he's suckered into transporting a package of hot diamonds, but instead, steals the briefcase (in truth, jam-packed with a million bucks worth of heroin) for himself.

For the first hour, this is just another generic, pastaland gangster yarn, laced with seedy characters, double crosses, and the occasional bloody demise. But it picks up when Joe D. uses his windfall to build his own ragtag mob and as much of a "crime empire" as the crippled budget can afford. He starts his collection agency with the help of a couple muscle-bound boxers; and when a nightclub owner refuses their protection, they 'accidentally' drive their motorcycles into the place and demolish it. Best of all is Joe's mute sidekick, who gets to waste most of the extras.

Sleazier than the standard US variety crime film, but still pretty inane, at least this gets better as it goes along. In addition to some cut-rate motorcycle action, Dallesandro actually manages to overact for a change (instead of his usual junkie-nod persona), and his character is definitely a piece of work. He screws over old friends, and when his squeeze is kidnapped by the elder Don Enrico, cold-hearted Joe simply tells them to keep her. Co-starring Stefania Casini, this might be lightweight at the core, but it's also pocked with moments of lovably unapologetic trashiness.

ROADKILL (1989).

This quirky first feature from scripter Don McKellar and director Bruce McDonald (HIGHWAY 61, HARD CORE LOGO) is Canada's answer to STRANGER THAN PARADISE. Mixing funky humor with a bone-dry tone, this b&w road movie might not be the most sterling portrait of Canadian life and culture, but it runs on plenty of surprises and home-spun charm. Of course, while every Pauly Shore turd gets an entire shelf at Blockbuster, this ingratiating gem is almost impossible to locate in the US.

Valerie Buhagier stars as Ramona, who's ordered by her concert promoter boss to track down a two-bit band named Children of Paradise, currently MIA somewhere in the Northern wilds. Along the way she encounters a wealth of eccentric characters, beginning with a long-haired cabbie who explains that driving is easy, as long as you have "a tape deck and a good supply of dope." Ramona finds most of the band in a greasy spoon (although the lead singer has disappeared on a "spiritual quest"), and while stranded in the middle of The Great North, she's also given a lift from a ragtag video crew, whose director (Bruce McD.) wants her to star in their documentary.

As Ramona takes control of her life for the first time, she also learns the dangers of small animals getting in the way as you drive (hence the title). Toss in a mute hot dog vendor (whose route is in the middle of nowhere); a quiet, creepy fellow (Don McK.) who wants to be a serial killer; and when Ramona

decides to get the band together for their closing gig in Thunder Bay, it spins into a finale of pitch-black, comic bloodshed. Yeah!

This is Canada. Where life is cheap, people are weird, and (in this case) the filmmakers really know their dead end subjects. The cast is believably odd, with Buhagiar holding it together and giving a killer performance. It's also laced with great music, including The Cowboy Junkies' "200 More Miles" and "To Love is to Bury", plus The Ramones' "Howling at the Moon (Sha La La)." Better still, Joey Ramone turns up in a cameo, trying to find his way back to NYC. You can't ask for much more in an indie rock 'n' roll odyssey.

THE ADVENTURES OF ELECTRIC ROD BOY [Denchu Kozo No Boken] (VSoM; 1987).

Director Shinya Tsukamoto has never had a problem startling his audience with such numbing visions as TETSUO and TOKYO FIST. This early Super-8 featurette (following his 1986 short, THE PHANTOM OF REGULAR SIZE) is no exception, and feels like a student film on cheap acid. Adapted from a play performed by Tsukamoto's own Kaijyu (Phantom) Theatre troupe, this 45-minute short proves that his fondness for sensory derangement and twisted humor were already in full bloom.

Nariaki Senba stars as Kai, a bully-abused science nerd (with an electric rod inexplicably jutting out of his shirt collar) who's transported 25 years into the future with the aid of a makeshift time machine. Here, this geek is forced to battle a horde of high-tech vampires, who have taken over the planet by detonating a black cloud over the skies. The next step in their plan is to meld a machine with a teenaged female (named Eve) in order to produce an eternal shroud over the earth—as soon as Eve hits puberty and menstruates, that is.

It gets even wackier when we're told that whenever the world faces a crisis, an Electric Rod Boy is born to save the day. With the help of a futuristic female teacher, Kai learns that his electric rod holds great power and can be used as a weapon. Together, they raid the HQ of these white-faced, cyber-bloodsuckers (who look and act like over-caffeinated Cure fans), and going from zero-to-hero, Kai must destroy these foes in a flurry of rapid-fire edits.

The FX are often laughably crude (check out those electrical bolts, which look like leftovers from an Ed Wood movie), the production values are nil, and though coherence is at a minimum, it's still outrageously amusing. Mixing eroticism with metallurgy, Tsukamoto shoots his entire wad of weirdness in the final minutes, while tossing in plenty of playfully moments (like when a vampire's head is sliced off and winds up bounced about like a basketball). Less focused than Tsukamoto's ground-breaking TETSUO, but laying the groundwork for his brain-fried gems-to-come, this offers a telling glimpse into a young filmmaker's budding imagination (similar to such early works as DePalma's MURDER A LA MOD or Lynch's THE GRANDMOTHER). [Also included on VSoM's tape are trailers for several Tsukamoto features, as well as an incredible spot for MTV Japan, featuring Nine Inch Nails music.]

SHE-MAN [a.k.a. A Story of Fixation] (SWV; 1967).

Director Bob Clark has had a long, eccentric career, and while best known to mainstream auds for A CHRISTMAS STORY and PORKY'S, he's also given us the good (BLACK CHRISTMAS), the bad (RHINESTONE), and the truly kinky—as seen by this early exploitation skeleton in his closet. A b&w psycho-sexual profile of a deviant in our midst, this is heavy on the fetish, lukewarm on the fun, but pretty damned risqué for its era.

Leslie Marlowe stars as Albert, a seemingly-normal male whose life is turned inside out when a mystery woman named Dominita (Dorian Wayne), offers to keep his past military desertion a secret in exchange for one year of his life in servitude to her. How bad could it be, he figures? Well, Albert's in for a shock, especially after a trip to Dominita's "transformation room", which has him squeezed into a maid's outfit and turned into a drag queen nightmare named Rosie (who's about as appealing to the eye as Wilford Brimley modeling for Victoria's Secret).

Meanwhile, Dominita runs her entire household with similarly blackmailed slaves, both male and female, while their hostess lives up to her name with the aid of an ever-handy whip. Wendy Roberts co-stars as Ruth, another captive who Rose/Rosie takes a liking to; but complications kick in when Ruth admits she's more aroused by chunky, blonde-wigged, mini-skirted French Maid Rosie than the male Rose.

Written by Clark and Jeff Gillen (who would later co-star in Clark's CHILDREN SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH DEAD THINGS and co-direct DE-

RANGED), this is cheap, brief (65 minutes), and surprisingly competent in the technical department. There are also a few plot 'surprises' that'd you'd have to be lobotomized not to see coming; and it's all bookended with a so-called Doctor reading into the camera, for a dollop of Kroger Babb-esque "realism". Gleeefully reveling in the perverse, this forgotten cross-dressing classic is certainly more entertaining than any of Clark's recent projects.



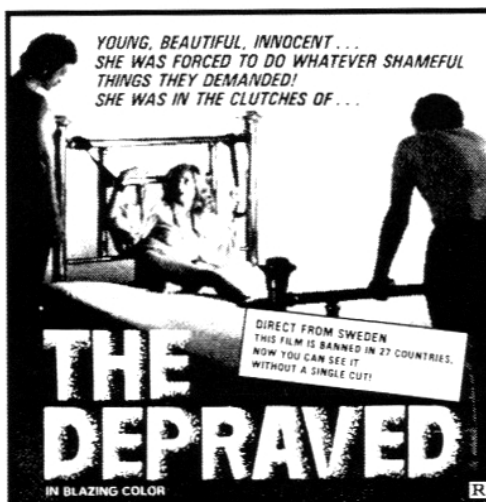
EXPOSED [Exponerad] [a.k.a. The Depraved] (J4HI; 1971).

In the previous issue, I raved about Christina Lindberg's starring role in THEY CALL HER ONE-EYE, and (despite its lack of English subtitles) decided to follow that up with this similarly sordid gem from Sweden. Lindberg's third film, it was lensed a year before her more notorious gigs in ONE-EYE and Sarno's YOUNG PLAYTHINGS, but after this Latin/Archaeology major had graced the covers of European mags as a model and appeared in more forgettable sex-fare like WHAT ARE YOU DOING AFTER THE ORGY? While this endeavor lacks ONE-EYE's whacked thrills, it's lurid as hell and even before the opening credits, we've got gratuitous shots of butt-naked Lindberg sprawled on a bed.

Running away from her blonde boyfriend (who sports an Ed Bishop/UFO-style haircut and threads), the lovely Christina hits the road alone, and tries out the fine art of hitchhiking. It's no surprise that this babe has no problem getting a ride, but every encounter is pocked with some violent sexual fantasy of what could occur (including a high-speed car chase that ends in a fiery crash). Eventually she's picked up by a seemingly ordinary couple and taken to their country home, where the pair make love on the floor as the curious Christina plays voyeur. In addition, there are full-frontal flashbacks to some photo session in her dark past (or imagination?).

Horny guys flock to Christina like Trekkies to a Shatner toupee auction, even as she tries to escape her past. Eventually, she's tracked down by an old 'friend' who ties her wrists and ankles to a bed frame (without her putting up much of a fight, mind you), slices off her dress with a knife, and has his way with her. That is, until she plunges that handy blade into his back for a climax he'll never forget.

Of course, without translation, it's difficult to tell what the hell is happening at times, where reality evaporates and fantasy takes over, or whether this entire film is just one long erotic daydream of Christina's. Meanwhile, director Gustav Wiklund (who also directed Lindberg in 1973's WIDE OPEN [Sångkamrater]) keeps these shenanigans as slick as possible. And while most of the cast is caught in the buff, Wiklund (wisely) focuses on the 21-year-old Lindberg, who proves she's one of the cinema's sexiest imports from the '70s. Co-starring Heinz Hopf, (who also appeared in ONE-EYE), even without subtitles, this is more enjoyable than most US sexploitation of the same period.



SLEAZY RIDER (1973).

There were dozens of shitty biker movies lensed in the wake of *THE WILD ANGELS* and its two-bit clones. Without question, this is one of the lamest. At least director-writer Roger Gentry understood that fact and ditched the usual anti-social violence of the genre in order to load his flick with grainy sex scenes—hoping this will keep his deviant viewers so happy stroking their johnsons that they'll forget to ask for their money back.

It's the same old story, as an unwashed cycle gang shows up in a small town and immediately gets rousted for drugs by the Buford-Pusser-on-a-budget police. Of course, the top cop has to personally check one biker chick's vagina to see if she's got anything stashed. From then on, it's your standard Pigs vs. Bikers yarn, meshed with dismal sex-pic clichés.

Then there's Cathy, a local teen who wants to split Squaresville, even if it means shacking up with these 5th-rate hairballs. For the first step in her "initiation to freedom", she has to ask all of the guys "would you please fuck me?" while bare-assed naked, with this eventually leading to an orgy populated by folks who should *never* be allowed to take off their clothes in public. Later, the gang spies on the sheriff's home as his daughter jerks off on the toilet. Turned on by the situation, they invade the house and have an impromptu party—tying up Papa Pig, striping down his daughter in front of him, and finger-fucking her.

Pandering to the lowest common cinema-deviant and never rising above softcore-X action, at least the 'actors' all seem like real-life illiterate bikers or shithead yokels. Starring Jody Bishop, with Jim Gentry, Starlyn Simone and Penny Horan, it's directed with all the slapdash finesse of your average porn-loop, and culminates in one of the longest, least erotic orgies in film history (though I did enjoy the senseless cutaways to the two Altamont wannabees, laughing, drinking, and chowing down Beer Nuts). Most annoying, after all of these unrepentant deeds, the shitheel filmmakers tack on a moralistic coda which has all of the bikers sentenced to life imprisonment for their crimes. Thank God this slop is only an hour long.

MAMA'S DIRTY GIRLS (J4HI; 1974).

It's always nice to stumble across another artifact from our drive-in past, and this chunk of sexploitation immediately lived up to expectations since the first shot features a topless Candice Rialson (*HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD*) checking herself out in a mirror. There's no denying she's one of Mama's dirty girls, and as Becky, continues to prove it by lounging about in various states

of undress and massaging herself.

Rounding out the trio of sexy sisters, Sondra Currie (*JESSIE'S GIRLS*) is Addie and Mary Stoddard plays Cindy, while for the role of Mama Love, there's (obviously) down-on-her-luck Oscar-winner Gloria Grahame. And if you think she'd sunk low in 1970's *BLOOD AND LACE*, wait until you see the old gal here, playing a gold-digging mother who catches the latest stepdad playing a bit too lovingly with her girls, slices the guy to ribbons with a straight razor, and moves on. Hmm, is this some type



of radical feminist tract? Sorry. Instead, director John Hayes (*GRAVE OF THE VAMPIRE*) settles for rock-bottom drama and gratuitous nudity.

Teaching her hot offspring to screw for fun and profit, they stop at a roadside motel, with Grahame flirting her way into the owner's heart, while each daughter snags the eye of a local lug. Addie has the Sheriff smitten, Cindy grabs the heartstrings of a hardware dealer, while Becky taunts slow-witted handyman Willy by modeling her new bikinis for him (with Hayes taking this *OF MICE AND MEN* subplot to its inevitable conclusion). The tables are



turned when new hubbie Harold (Paul Lambert) turns out to be a greedy, gun-toting sicko, who thinks Mama has her own fortune. From then on, this becomes a convoluted game of cat-and-mouse, as hearts are broken, everyone is killing each other, and any manipulative plot twist is embraced in the name of schlock entertainment.

In real life, Grahame has always been at the center of gossip (such as when she divorced acclaimed director Nicholas Ray, only to later marry his son, Anthony, from a previous marriage), and she's looking pretty pasty here, and wayyyy beyond her 49 years. Still, Hayes uses her well (and her daughters even better), and always gives his slobbering audience what it wants, including murder, deception, greed, nekkid ladies, and guys led around by their dicks. The result is white-trash sleaze that hits all of the required bases, and does so in an efficient 80 minutes.

HOW TO KILL 400 DUPONTS [a.k.a. Arriva Dorellik; Insp. Green Aan De Cote D'Azur] (Luminous; 1967).

At first glance, this none-too-subtle parody of Bava's *DANGER: DIABOLIK* (now *there's* an obscure springboard for a feature) looks atrocious. But stick with it, because its baser pleasures might rub off after while, with director Steno (a.k.a. Stefano Vanzina) beginning this comic caper with an appropriately swingin' theme song and Terry-Thomas reprising his *DIABOLIK* role as Inspector Green of Scotland Yard.

The plot begins with Terry-Thomas called in by the cops of Cote D'Azur to apprehend the villainous Dorellik (comedian Johnny Dorelli, who makes Roberto Benigni look suave). Dressed in a skin-tight black outfit and cape, he might be a super-criminal, but he's also super-broke, with secretary Baby informing him that he's only got 8 bucks in his safe. One classified ad later, Dorellik is hired by the greedy Raphael Dupont, with the job of assassinating every other Dupont in France (since an immense fortune is to be split amongst them all, and Raphael would prefer to be the only heir).

From then on, Dorellik gets to kill (alphabetically) one Dupont after another, which provides the most ingratiating moments, such as Dorellik delivering a temporarily paralyzed tiger to one victim, in the guise of a stuffed trophy. He even resorts to a bit of drag by posing as a nun, with (mustached) Terry-Thomas following suit. But the cynical highlight is when Dorellik decides to kill the final 400 in one fell swoop by inviting them all to a family meeting, and then convincing them to kill each other!

Loaded with dumb (more often desperate) sight gags and spiraling ever-deeper into blithering silliness, this offers up late-'60s trendiness on a tight budget. Is Terry-Thomas over-the-top? That's a polite way of putting it, since his pratfalls, ad nauseam mugging, and slow burns make it look like he's auditioning for a *POLICE ACADEMY* movie (and I'm talking Part 5 or 6). Sprinkled with surreal tidbits, this overseas idiocy works so hard to entertain that it's difficult not to smile (even if you're embarrassed of it, minutes later).

STRAWBERRIES NEED RAIN (Shocking Videos; 1970).

Director Larry Buchanan has given the world an array of celluloid crapola, veering from cheapjack monster muck like *THE EYE CREATURES*, to the conspiracy-fueled *BEYOND THE DOORS*. In between those two creaky genres, Buchanan pumped out this ridiculously pretentious sex flick, which aims higher than usual, but won't disappoint anyone searching for his unique blend of technical ineptitude and insipid storytelling.

Based on the novella "In a Certain Village" by Victor Brun (a sure-fire page-turner, I'd wager), the film opens near a sheep farm, and "introduces" Monica Gayle (Patch in *SWITCHBLADE SISTERS*) as Erika, who's first seen joyously skinny-dipping under the opening credits. So much for subtlety. But when old man Death arrives on her doorstep, she pleads to have one more day to live, so she can experience love for the first time. Death grudgingly agrees, and she first visits girl-shy farmboy Franz (Terry Mace) in the middle of the night, while he's jerking off to his nudie mags. When this idiot can't get it up, she grabs a ride from a biker (Paul Bertoya) and quickly discovers the difference between cheap sex with a scumbag and True Love. Finally, Erika meets an old teacher, Gerte (cut to: a grade school flashback with Gayle in pigtails, stealing strawberries from his garden), who charms her into the sack.

While this might sound like sure-fire sleaze, you have to remember that Buchanan was behind the camera. The result is sluggish, steeped in a Harlequin-romance sentiment, and pretends it's deeper than it has any right

to be. Worst of all, the sex scenes are shot with all of the passion of a dog food commercial. With its rural setting and Death-incarnate plot, it's Buchanan Does Bergman—or rather, *butchers* Bergman (with the Swedish language subtitles on this video only adding to that comparison).

If the Grim Reaper looks familiar, it's because the guy wandering about with a scythe, in search of his medication, is Les Tremayne (most fondly remembered for his '70s role of the mentor on SHAZAM!). Still, Gayle is the primary draw, and though no consummate actress, she has loads of charisma and puts other sexploitation femmes of the period to shame. In case you're curious, the title comes from Ray Martin's cringeable theme song ("Apples need autumn, like April needs springtime, / Summer, a shady lane. / I need to love, to be loved, to be living, / Like strawberries—strawberries need rain."). Honestly, how can you *not* be jealous of such talent?

FUDOH: THE NEW GENERATIONS [Gokudo Sengokushi: Fudoh] (1997).

Mixing your basic Yakuza yarn with deliriously over-the-top violence, this occasionally feels like a fucked-up send-up of the genre. It isn't. Adapted from Hiroshi Tanemura's manga and directed by Takashi Miike, this flick begins on a slow and ominous note, but after setting up the basic scenario in the first 15 minutes, becomes so awash in murder, revenge and empty shell casings that it makes Tarantino look like Tarkovsky. And of course, whenever you've got cute Japanese schoolgirls armed with shotguns, I'm there.

It begins ten years before the primary story, with a Nioh boss named Fudoh murdering his eldest son, in order to avert a war between Yakuza clans. Little does he know, his younger son, Riki, plays voyeur to the grisly act. And a decade later, grown to almost-manhood, this kid (Shosuke Tanihara) has more on his mind than finishing his homework.

In a burst of invigorating bloodshed, the heads of the Nioh gang are methodically killed by a gang of school-age assassins. There's a cup of coffee laced with caustic acid, which turns one guy's neck into an unexpected geyser. Even better, one school-girl-turned-stripper has the unique ability of shooting deadly darts from her vagina, and uses it to instantly lobotomize one chief. Yes, it seems that Riki has recruited his own under-aged pack of killers, complete with a training camp for half-pint hitmen (or, rather hit-kids?) who blithely play soccer with the decapitated head of a teacher. Together, they're reeking vengeance on these Yakuza elder assholes.

Taking the most devious aspects of Japanese cutting-edge cinema, and stirring it into a moody, emotionally-charged crime drama, this is crammed with wicked pleasures. And while Riki demonstrates his ability to slice off a woman's dress with one stroke of his samurai sword, several of his Clearasil-aged cleaners are being eliminated by an even badder-assed hitman. Ooops. They're tossed out of windows, kicked *through* walls, and acid is poured onto one poor girl. Meanwhile, a smidgen of hermaphrodite sex is on hand for gratuitous icing.

Mind you, this is no crude romp. It may be sadistic, but it's also stylish as hell, with Miike (who made his debut in '95 with SHINJUKU KUROSHAKAI: CHINA MAFIA SENSO) knowing when to pull back from the mayhem for moments of quieter, psychological turmoil—such as when Riki has to face off with his First-Class Bastard father. Drenched in imaginative carnage, but always maintaining its emotional foundation, FUDOH is a welcome addition to a genre too often preoccupied with slaughter over substance.

VIOLENT PLAYGROUND (1958).

If you're a NYC resident in need of celluloid nostalgia at its weirdest, you've in for a treat at Gary Balaban's Cine Noir Film Society, which makes its home on Thursday nights at The Pink Pony (176 Ludlow Street). Armed with his trusty 16mm projector, Gary brings some of the coolest pics to the public eye, including past SC faves like RUN HOME, SLOW and THE TOUCHABLES, while this gritty, juvenile delinquent drama was one of his primo offerings.

Despite moments of moralistic crapola (seemingly unavoidable in '50s-fare) this b&w British flick overflows with anti-social fun. After a rockin' title tune ("Play Rough" by Johnny Luck), the story begins on

an Authority-based slant, as young detective Stanley Baker (ACCIDENT) is unhappily made a "juvenile liaison officer" and has to keep wayward kids from going bad. His gig begins with a pair of brother-sister tykes who enjoy ripping off groceries, but when our clean-cut Detective escorts these future-felons home, he suddenly gets the hots for their older sister Cathy (Anne Heywood).

But forget all of this generic nonsense, because the film hits its stride when we meet their brother Johnny Murphy (a pre-MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. David McCallum), a sullen young hood who's the kingpin of his housing project. McCallum is electric, with a James Dean-on-smack appeal—from those ominous shadows around his eyes to his spastic dancing.

Before you know it, Baker suspects Johnny and his seedy pals are responsible for a series of arson fires, and just wait until Johnny goes off the deep end! First, this whacko tries to torch the Grand Hotel because they won't let him in, and that only leads to a hit 'n' run murder. Finally, with a tommy gun in a violin case, he takes an entire classroom of schoolkids hostage. Yeah! This leads to a truly-amazing half-hour finale, with McCallum hanging out of a second-story window and using li'l kids as human shields, as cops and worried parents fill the playground.

Lensed entirely in Liverpool, the UK locales are appropriately dreary, and for '58, this must've been a jaw-dropper. Adolescents put in danger? Hey, why not! In addition, a pre-horror-genre Peter Cushing turns up as a Barry Fitzgerald-style priest. In fact, the only problem with the film is that Baker's cop is a clod, while villainous Johnny has charisma to boot. Then again, ain't that always the way? Ahh, they don't make 'em like they used to.

THE TRAVELING EXECUTIONER (Luminous; 1970).

This cock-eyed MGM release offers proof that some (obviously long-unemployed) studio execs must've been nose-deep in a vat of cocaine, or else they never would've green-lighted this idiocy (as well as other MGM misfires from that period, such as THE MAGIC GARDEN OF STANLEY SWEETHEART and THE STRAWBERRY STATEMENT). Despite a good cast and grisly concept, ripe for black comedy, this period drama is limp. Only Stacy Keach comes away unscathed, but he's always had a knack for celluloid oddities, from END OF THE ROAD to THE NINTH CONFIGURATION. This gig is definitely *not* in the same league.

Keach stars in the title role of Jonas Candide, a 1918 executioner who travels from prison-to-prison, frying death row inmates with his portable electric chair. Sporting a top hat and ponytail, this guy loves his job, talks lovingly to his victims, gets piss-drunk afterward, and has his truck-of-death painted up like a circus wagon. All of this changes when he encounters Marianna Hill as a female convict who's his next job, but begs Candide to reconsider—shoving her tongue down his throat as an encouragement. Having to choose between his career and his cock, Candide comes up with an under-baked scheme to fake Hill's death, and raises the money by hauling a truckload of whores behind the prison walls. Before long, he's turning to crime, only to end up at the wrong end of his own chair.

Director Jack Smight, normally regarded as a hack (thanks to sludge like DAMNATION ALLEY), seems lost with this sort of edgy material. There's little focus, no dramatic build-up, just an odd concept and a few isolated bits of weirdness, ultimately drowned out by heavyhanded melodrama. This leaves its success (or in this instance, failure) up to the cast. Thankfully, Keach is in prime form, even if we never really understand the character, and he's one of the only reasons to search out this flick.

The supporting cast includes M. Emmet Walsh playing a warden, and a likeable turn from a pre-HAROLD AND MAUDE Bud Cort as Jimmy, a fresh-faced undertaker. Lamest of all is Ms. Hill, who isn't charismatic enough to make you believe Jonas would toss away his life for this cellblock skank. Not a comedy, certainly not a serious drama, and over-long even at 95 minutes, it's no shock this was given a quick heave-ho by the studio. Never released on US video, this went straight to MGM's Greek franchise instead (from which this print was secured).



GAMERA 2: ADVENT OF LEGION (1996).

The second in the new franchise of high(er)-tech Gamera adventures once again has our fire-breathing giant flying turtle taking on another threat to the planet, with director Shusuke Kaneko returning to the director's chair. Like its (superior) predecessor, this runs on slick FX and solid production values (particularly in comparison to Gamera's late-60's, kiddie incarnations).

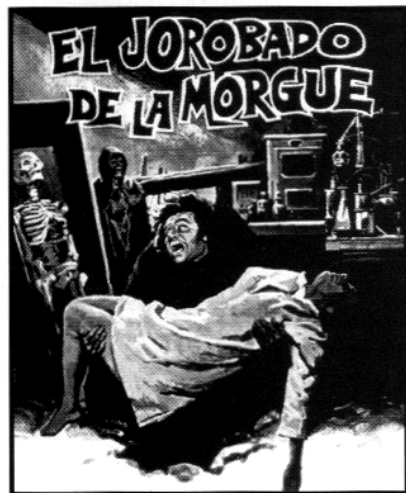
A sudden meteor shower around Japan causes a mysterious green glow in the skies and (even more annoying) the arrival of a horde of big, crablike insects. Roaming the countryside, they're immediately tagged as villainous creatures, since one of their first acts of violence involves destroying 10 thousand cases of Kirin beer. Horrors! Then, these critters take over a section of the Sapporo subway system, and create a giant pod in the middle of the city. Can the military stop these silicon-ingesting invaders? Yeah, right. Read the title. This is Gamera's show, and when the army falls on their collective ass, it's turtle-time (and none too soon, since fans have to wait over half-an-hour before its first appearance).

After destroying the pod, these crabby creatures (dubbed Legion, "for we are many") swarm over Gamera like hillbillies on a first cousin. And while our unbeatable turtle is able to fend them off, that doesn't stop them. Feeding on fiber optic cables, attacking anything producing electromagnetic waves (which they perceive as an enemy), and leaving flowering pods in their wake, their final destination is the mother of all technology, Tokyo. Thank goodness, because it's not until then (halfway into the flick) that the battle sequences pick up, with Gamera rumbling with an equal-sized Legion (essentially, a giant armored shrimp).

The forgettable human cast includes Miki Mizuno, Tamotsu Ishibashi and Toshiyuki Nagashima, the monster sequences are suspiciously on the dark side (usually an indication that the FX wouldn't hold up under better-lit scrutiny), and the script has some groan-inducing twists (e.g. when Gamera is thought to be dead, and hopeful children bring him back to life). Still, the final battle allows both creatures to display several new, pleasantly destructive powers. It's amusing fluff, but certainly won't win many new followers.

THE HUNCHBACK OF THE MORGUE [El Jorobado de la Morgue] (Video Junkie; 1972).

Despite his obvious popularity, I've never been able to fathom the appeal of Paul Naschy (a.k.a. Jacinto Molina), and like Jess Franco, his fame seems to stem more from quantity and not quality. Still, I decided to check out this one, since Tom Simmons at Video Junkie assured me that it was one of



Naschy's best. The guy was right, because once this Spanish horror flick kicks into high gear, I was smiling ear to ear. Not because it's a *good* film, mind you, but because of its lovably macabre moments.

Naschy stars in the title role of hunchbacked Gocho, who's ridiculed for his "baboon face", pelted with rocks by li'l kids, and is secretly in love with Ilsa, a hospitalized lass who's on her death bed (hence her continual "cough cough"). But before you begin thinking "Poor, gentle Gocho," this twisted-up freak murders a guy in the opening moments, then gruesomely hacks him apart in his hospital morgue. And after

his sickly sweetie croaks, Gocho really goes off the deep end. Hell, I nearly spit beer all over the TV screen when Naschy suddenly picks up an axe and chops off a Doctor's head, disembowels another, and finally steals Ilsa's corpse.

Along the way, director Javier Aguirre provides several highlights, such as when Gocho arrives back at his catacomb-pad (left over from that wacky Inquisition), only to find a pack of rats munching on his deceased loved one.



Then, they begin leaping on Naschy (or, more likely, thrown at him by some off-camera 'rat-wranglers') while he sets them on fire. Unfortunately, there's more to the script than Naschy piling up fresh corpses, such as Rosanna Yanni as a comely female psychiatrist who inexplicably comes onto Gocho. Then there's a mad professor who takes over Gocho's cave with promises of reawakening Ilsa—that is, if Gocho continues to secure fresh victims for the artificially-created, laughably-ludicrous monster the Doc has conceived. Naturally, Gocho gets to kidnap several beautiful women in the process.

Throughout, our sympathies lie with Gocho, who certainly has shitty luck (e.g. just as he arrives with a ratty bouquet of flowers for his fetid love, her corpse is being tossed into a vat of sulfuric acid). And while everyone keeps referring to his "ugly face", if only someone would lend him a comb and a razor, he'd easily look as good as the rest of the cast. Mixing mayhem, monsters and mega-over-acting, this lurid romp has Naschy pulling out all of the stops, and even winning me over.

BLOOD DELIRIUM (Luminous; 1989).

It's always a little grim to learn what happened to actors who were once highly-touted as the next big superstar, only to crash and burn and

wind up signing onto trash in order to pay for their SRO. This brings us to John Phillip Law, who appeared in such pop classics as *DANGER: DIABOLIK* and *THE LOVE MACHINE*. Well, the guy's still around, appearing in lots of straight-to-video slop that you've never heard of (and if you're saner than I, would never want to see). But occasionally, he turns up in a real curio, like this deliriously hokey, Italian psycho-fest, directed by Sergio Bergonzelli.

A bearded Law plays an artist called the Maestro, who loses his beloved wife Christine in the first reel and goes whacko with grief. Of course, when his butler, Herman, begins humping her corpse while it's laid out in church, Maestro is understandably distraught. A year later, Maestro is still without inspiration, so the only answer is to steal her decomposed remains and prop the wormy ol' gal up at her piano. Then, at a gallery opening, Sybil (a dead ringer for Law's dead missus) runs into the Maestro, he takes an instant obsession to her, and she's soon taking up residence at his luxurious pad.

Just so the VERTIGO similarities don't overwhelm the entire plot, sex-crazed Herman kills one of the local lovelies while molesting her, and Maestro uses her blood for one of his canvasses. Then, Herman chops up the corpses with his handy bandsaw. Man, you've gotta love those crazed artists! From Dick Miller in *A BUCKET OF BLOOD* and William Kerwin in *PLAYGIRL KILLER*, to Law's equally loopy turn, it's always a treat to see how far someone will go in the name of 'art'. And once the Maestro is inspired, he needs more mason jars of 'paint', which means more fresh corpses (always females, so they can be hung naked, in the name of gratuitous fleshpeddling). Oddly, Sybil doesn't appreciate Maestro's ghoulish medium and freaks outs.

Law's overwrought performance perfectly complements his over-ripe dialogue ("Can you give me the color of suffering?"), and he rants like a pro. Even better, the Maestro keeps experiencing cut-rate hallucinations of cackling Christine. He even believes he's the reincarnation of Van Gogh! Crude but lovable, this is a daffy blast of Euro-Idiocy. Fast-paced, sordid, stupid, and twisted enough to keep you amused.

DRUM (1976).

Just in case you didn't think *MANDINGO* was reprehensible enough, this rotgut sequel's only aim is to shove the viewer's face into its Southern plantation leaze. Setting us down in the middle of the New Orleans slave trade, circa 1860, this potboiler isn't just insulting to blacks, but to gays, southerners, women, and (most importantly) anyone in search of a good movie. It sure ain't *ROOTS*, lemme tell you.

This pre-Civil War history lesion, er, lesson certainly doesn't skimp on the cast, especially for cult film fans. First off, you get Warren Oates, starring as the ornery Hammond Maxwell of Falconhurst Plantation—a scummy, drunken slave trader who worries that "Yankee baboon Lincoln" will put an end to his livelihood. No surprise, Oates is on auto-pilot throughout. Also onboard this Streetcar Named Disaster is *HOMICIDE*'s Yaphet Kotto as a slave, first seen getting the piss beaten out of him in a bare knuckle match. A post-FOXY, pre-JACKIE Pam Grier is decked out in Aunt Jamiama-wear, with Oates wanting her as his "bed wench." Rainbeaux Smith plays Warren's

young nympho daughter, who's constantly unbuttoning men's pants in order to play with their "snake." Isela Vega (Oates' co-star in ALFREDO GARCIA) is Warren's fave whore. And let's not forget ex-punching bag Ken Norton as muscle-bound slave Drum, who everyone (male and female) wants to bed. Possibly, Norton is so wooden he makes Steven Seagal look deep.

In between the screwing and fighting and killing, there's an avalanche of crappy melodrama. The story has Drum spurning a faggot aristocrat (John Colicos), with his mama ending up dead, and Drum bought up by Oates for stud. From then on, it's Degradation City, with Drum running from Rainbeaux's advances; Oates pussy-whipped into civility by a visiting Fiona Lewis; and both Kotto and Norton stripped naked, hung upside down and butt-paddled. Plus, can you name another movie distributed by an American studio which has the hero ripping another guy's balls off with his bare hands? (The original, discarded ending of HOME ALONE doesn't count.)

Director Steve Carver, who cut his teeth on drive-in fare like BIG BAD MAMA (and took over the reigns of this flick from Burt Kennedy), works his usual magic here, by turning everything he touches into trash. And despite cinematography by Lucien Ballard (who, in his better days, lensed such epics as THE WILD BUNCH and THREE THE HARD WAY), it looks like shit. Packed with embarrassed star power and tawdry twists, this nevertheless, lacks the balls of a *real* grime epic like FAREWELL, UNCLE TOM.

DEVIL 666: SATAN RETURNS (Video Junkie; 1997).

This supernatural cop-yarn from Hong Kong won't win any awards for originality, but it features a charismatic cast including Chingmy Yau (NAKED KILLER) and WING CHUN's Donnie Yen. Mixing cheap mysticism with hard-boiled cop-machismo, director Ah Lun (Lam Wai Lan) drenches the proceedings in so much unnecessary, annoying-lit 'style' that you'll wonder why nobody in HK seems to own a simple lamp with a 100 Watt bulb.

Alone in his gloomy home, an extremely-unsubtle psycho/envoy-of-the-devil named Judas is searching for Satan's daughter. How can this creep tell when he's hit the jackpot? He has to tie her to a cross, rip out her heart, and if she lives, then she's the winner (hence, all of the dead, unsuccessful candidates left in his wake). Meanwhile, one young lady, Ching (Chingmy Yau) is having visions resembling those murder scenes, and teamed with a renegade cop (is there any other kind in HK films?) named Officer Mo (a bespectacled Donnie Yen), they discover the murder den of this satanic sicko. Of course, Ms. Ching is the next on Judas' list.

Soon after, this standard policier takes on supernatural twists when autopsy corpses rise from their slabs with warnings from the grave, or when the almost super-human Judas (who gets all of the best scenes, such as running down an occupied phone booth with a truck) begins taunting detectives with secrets from the tragic pasts. Meanwhile, Ching is pulled deeper into this satanic scenario, turns on the sex appeal, and displays an ability to control the lost souls around her. For additional fun, don't forget some zombie cops, a cross-bearing priest, and even a chainsaw attack.

While the storyline is perfectly competent (if slight), the film's overdose of slow-mo, tilted-angle, mood-drenched sequences gets pretty annoying after a while, in its attempt to look like SE7EN meets THE X-FILES. And while this style-for-no-apparent-reason approach might work during the trippier sequences, it's laughably distracting when also used during every simple, expository scene. Derivative but amusing, this looks good, moves at a nice clip, and (happily) keeps the comic relief to a minimum (with the exception of Mo's perpetually horny partner, played by Wong Chi-Wah).

LAURIN (Luminous; 1988).

Fueled by mood and murder, this West German coming-of-age creepiness from director Robert Sigi (as far as I can tell) never got even a minimal US release. A look at life and death through the eyes of a young girl, this has an extreme EuroArthouse edge, mixed with psycho-thriller elements.

Set in a small town, a sea-faring father leaves his wife Flora (Brigitte Karner) and

young daughter Laurin (Dora Szinetar) to go off on business in the 'evil' big city. While he's away, Flora is killed by a shadowy stranger, and Laurin's life gets increasingly chaotic. Her cat dies, while playing in the cemetery she finds a human skull, and those noises in the night lead to a vision of her murdered mother. Other people in her life are no less disoriented, including Laurin's friend Stefan, who's tormented in school (including getting hung upside down in a wardrobe), a sympathetic teacher named Von Rees (Karoly Eperjes), Laurin's decrepit granny, and (of course) that ominous man in black, who begins to deplete this harbor town of its children.

The film's highlight is Dora Szinetar, who makes a memorable impression as the innocent Laurin, and though only a child, has a deep, haunted gaze which goes beyond her years. Sigi won a Bavarian Film Award for his direction (of course, you can imagine the competition might not be too fierce), and he shovels on the atmosphere, with misty streets after dark, a generally dismal mood to the entire village, and the promise of ominous things to come. Despite all that, there's little pay-off or emotional involvement, and many viewers will be nodding off at Sigi's lethargic pace. At 80 minutes, this slight yarn (wisely) doesn't overstay its welcome. Never exploring its more extreme potential, LAURIN is still a well-crafted debut, with the occasional chilling moment, but little else in between.

ROSEBUD (Alpha Blue; 1972).

I'm always a sucker for the '70s-era X-rated films of Roberta Findlay, since she was one of the few female directors in the biz at that time and her pics were often laced with realistic, provocative twists. So forget BOOGIE NIGHTS' Jack Horner, who hopes to legitimize porn in the late '70s, because Roberta was doing it from the get-go. And while this particular transfer was covered with emulsion scratches, it only made me misty-eyed for the old days of The Deuce, when every print was this rotten.

As usual, Roberta does it all—writing, directing, photographing, and producing—with her script beginning on a 'difficult' note, as boyfriend Don listens to a reel-to-reel audio suicide confession from Rosemary. And as he fondles a symbolic rose, her voice from the grave admits to sexual paths and incestuous desires.

Suddenly, it's flashback time, with young Rosemary jealous of her 'Daddy' and his series of sluts, who have sex with him in his cheesy, wood-paneled bedroom (one scene is even backed-up with a lame instrumental of "I'm a Believer"). She subsequently ditches home, moves into a hippie household where sex is rampant, yet Rosemary (now dressing like a Janis-wannabee) can only fantasize about going down on her barrel-gutted father (who, considering his hairy back, sure gets lots of pussy). Despite opportunities to explore her sexuality (including a sadistic rape by a skanky biker-type), it's only when she spies on her father screwing his latest conquest that she *really* gets off (of course, he's so busy that he doesn't notice his daughter with her pants half-down, masturbating in the doorway).

You get the feeling that Roberta understood she had to devote a certain percentage of the film stock to hardcore humping, but once that was out of the way, spent her energy digging into the (admittedly light-weight) psychological underpinnings of her lead character. Unfortunately, her barren production values and often-horrible actors make any depth difficult. For example, in one scene, while we're supposed to watch Rosemary walking down a street, it's hard to pay attention when the antenna of the car the cameraman was in keeps bobbing into the frame.

The sex scenes are pretty standard, with pale, obviously amateur subjects who look like they were snagged by Roberta from some Lower East Side squat. Even the lead actress, "Sinthia Barrie" (Darby Lloyd Raines), isn't the most photogenic subject, but she lends the film a reality that's impossible in today's siliconed, Barbie Doll scene. And despite all of the bare skin, any eroticism is continually undermined by Findlay's grim take on life 'n' love 'n' screwing. Good for her! That's exactly what makes this item survive the test of time.



CONFESSIONS OF A PSYCHO CAT [a.k.a. 3 Loves of a Psycho Cat] (SWV; 1968).

This dollop of grindhouse dementia is a wild one! A deviant variation on *THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME*, the script might not make much sense, but it's definitely one of the unsung sex 'n' drugs 'n' sadism pics of that era. Produced and directed by "Eve" (a pseudonym for Herb Stanley?), this tosses its slobbering audience face-first into a hippie happening, with everyone stripping down, making out, and wondering why their drug-connection Buddy hasn't shown up yet. Meanwhile, Buddy has a good excuse for his tardiness, since he's being chased by a pair of kill-crazed psychos.

During flashbacks, we learn that Buddy and two other victims, er, candidates (including a snooty actor and a famous wrestler—the later played by Mr. Raging Bull himself, Jake LaMotta) are each promised \$100,000 by a homicidal rich-chick named Virginia, if they can survive for a 24-hour period while she hunts them like big game.

Since each has killed someone during their lifetime (Buddy overdosed a chick, the thespian sliced up a cuckold husband, and wrestler LaMotta "got carried away one night—STOMP!—right at Madison Square Garden"), Virginia decides to become their public executioner, while getting some long-suppressed aggression off her psyche in the process. You see, it seems that Virginia's evil brother once tossed her puppy off a high-rise rooftop, and that left her "a little out-of-sorts." Hmm, that's putting it mildly, since this gal is actually a bug-eyed basketcase on her own personal urban "safari."

We then witness the fate of each of these schmucks, as sadistic Virginia rocks their world. Our washed-up actor is stupid enough to go on-stage during his day-of-hunting. Better still, shirtless LaMotta is dumped by a \$20 whore, and finally killed by a Toreador-outfitted Virginia, who shoves picadors into his bull-like back. (Wow! Did Scorsese see this thing during his NYU days?)

On top of all this, Mike Vraney has unearthed a gorgeous print which offers up 69 minutes of nasty nostalgia. A b&w gem overflowing with nudity, violence, crappy-acting, NYC locales, and surprisingly innovative camerawork, this has a distinctively-raunchy energy which made me misty-eyed for the good ol' days, when 42nd Street wasn't a tourist-friendly hotspot filled with families off to see a \$75-per-person matinee of *THE LION KING*.



Trekkies into "sci-fi folk singing", and a self-proclaimed "Spiner-Femme" who hoards photo books of Data (Brent Spiner)?

Unfortunately, the film often takes a more fawning attitude to the overall *STAR TREK* phenomenon. (Then again, they probably wouldn't have gotten such cooperation if it had a more abrasive agenda.) Yes, we're told how socially responsible the original show was (despite every female character wearing a skirt up to her ass), how intelligent the fans are, and how charitable they can be. Still, you can't help but think they've got too much free time when you witness an honest-to-goodness Klingon Language Camp. Nygard also focuses on one particularly annoying teen Trekkie, who probably gets his ass kicked every day after school.

Back on planet Earth, Crosby occasionally looks concerned about these

TREKKIES (1997).

A feature-length documentary on *STAR TREK* fanatics? It's about time someone dragged their cameras into the dingy conventions and pathetic minds of people who devote their lives to a thirty-year-old TV show and its spin-offs. Best of all, director Roger Nygard has ex-NEXT GENERATION crew-member Denise Crosby as co-executive producer and our hostess. Of course, with such cinematic gems as *RED SHOE DIARIES 2* and *DOLLY DEAREST* on her resume after leaving the show, it probably wasn't too difficult to land her for this gig. Even better, these Trekkies are even more willing to open up about their eccentricities, since Tasha Yar herself is holding the mike.

Visiting various Trek conventions, we meet oddballs who blithely dress up in Starfleet uniforms or alien make-up, and have turned their obsession into a way of making even-more-pathetic friends. Let's not forget the aging icons of the original show, who keep themselves in Depends by appearing at these events. Along the way, we get two cents from fossils like Koenig, Doohan, Nimoy, Kelly, and Takei, as well as newer additions like Jonathan Frakes, LeVar Burton, Kate Mulgrew, and many more.

Mind you, there's nothing wrong with embracing a TV-show, movie, or whatever. In fact, I was a *STAR TREK* fanatic myself, back when I was 11-years-old. Unfortunately, these are adults, who'll pay \$1400 for a latex Klingon forehead. There's also the Whitewater juror who wore her uniform to court every day, because she felt it was "her duty". Or how about a visit to a *STAR TREK* dental office, a cross-dressing

CANNIBAL FEROX [a.k.a. Make Them Die Slowly] (Grindhouse Releasing; 1981).

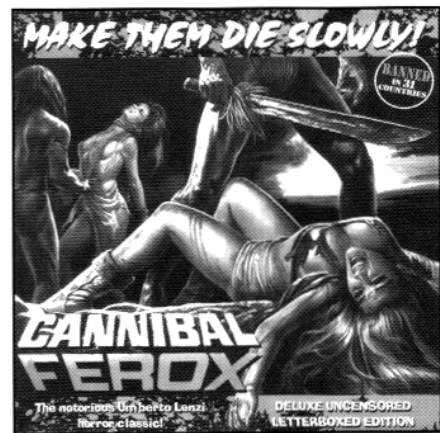
This is the first time I've reviewed a laserdisc in SC (since I barely have time to watch the laserdiscs I've stockpiled, much less all of the laser specialties currently out there), but this release is so outrageous that it deserved a plug. Just think about it. Back in the early-'80s, only hardcore grue-addicts who lived in metropolitan cesspools could see a fucked-up flick like *CANNIBAL FEROX*. Yet nowadays, this brain-damaged chunk of gut-munching carnage can be yours—in pristine, letterboxed, uncut condition. Even better, this comes with an assortment of international trailers, a *CANNIBAL FEROX* vomit bag, and an analogue audio track which has director Umberto Lenzi and star Giovanni Lombardo Radice (a.k.a. John Morghen) commenting throughout the movie.

Promised in the intro to be "one of the most violent films ever made," this is no idle promise. First off, a trio of Anglos hits the jungles of South America (including one blonde bimbo, another woman working on a dissertation which exposes the myth of cannibalism, and a disposable male). Amidst loads of authentic jungle footage, we meet the seemingly-peaceful Paraguayan natives, as well as coke-snort-

ing bastard-on-the-run Mike Logan (Radice), who has pissed-off the locals by sadistically killing several of 'em in his search for emeralds.

Of course, the gruesome highlights kick in when the natives prove that cannibals do indeed exist, by chowing down on the cast during its half-hour-finale of flesh-rending, eye-plucking, organ-chewing fun. Sure, it's all sorta cheesy nowadays, but this sort of cinematic butchery was shocking-as-shit when first released, especially when Mike gets his dick macheted off and then eaten, or one gal hung from hooks thrust through her bare breasts (a la *A MAN CALLED HORSE*). Sprinkled with a cheap NYC-subplot and animal mutilation (including one severely-hacked turtle), the only relatively subtle moment during the blood-caked 93 minutes is when the two lead women, caged and surely dead meat, sing "Red River Valley" to calm their fears.

Even if you're not a huge fan of the film, the audio commentary alone is worth a viewing. Because while Lenzi spends most of the time explaining what he was trying to accomplish with this cheapjack shock-a-rama, Radice gets all of the best quips, by bitching about this entire gig. With its bad climate, blood-thirsty mosquitoes and red ants, he dubs their jungle location "the asshole of the world", admits that the characters are so



stupid that they deserve their fate, and recalls Lenzi's on-set sadism. Most refreshing, Radice is somewhat perplexed by *FEROX*'s success and certainly doesn't consider it a highpoint in his career. Providing more info about the making of this chunkblower than you'd ever want, this is the perfect gift for any cannibal enthusiast!

misfits, and later shows off the fan artwork she's received, such as a Tasha Yar needlepoint portrait and even erotic illos of herself screwing Data. A celebration of flushing one's time and cash down the toilet, this manages to have it both ways. It's soft enough to have Trekkies laughing in agreement, even as more grounded viewers are left slack-jawed by a lifestyle as ridiculous as anything out of Heaven's Gate.

THE TEXAS DILDO MASQUERADE (Heatwave Entertainment; 1997).

Walk into the Adult section of any halfway-decent video store, and you're sure to stumble across titles that are loose parodies of studio hits—from PULP FRICITION to GOOD WILL HUMMING—with many of them little more than one-joke throwaways. So when this title (both the triple-X and "cable version") turned up in my P.O. Box, I wasn't initially impressed.

In a pleasant surprise, this is a savvy homage/satire of Tobe Hooper's original TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE, right down to identical camera angles and editing (e.g. while Hooper's intro had flashbulbs illuminating quick glimpses of grue, this offers up similar shots of blow-up dolls and dildos—all twisted around a cemetery tombstone). Directed and written by Jim Powers, the film also avoids any legal action with a disclaimer that promises "it is not based on any particular movie." Yeah, right.

Reinterpreting every memorable scene from Hooper's '74 classic, with a local "dildo factory" replacing the slaughterhouse, we meet Cali Wilson (Tabitha Stevens), her invalid brother (Ron Jeremy, in a bit of inspired casting), and a bunch of buds traveling in a van to their grandpa's rural home. Along the way, they pick up a facially-scarred hitchhiker, who explains how his entire family is in the dildo biz. And instead of the hitcher smearing blood on the van when he's kicked out, in this version he cums on it.

Of course, when these kids intrude on a neighboring house, they encounter Pussyface, who beats them senseless with an oversized dildo, or attaches one to the end of a chainsaw in order to pleasure the women. From there on, we've got dildos hanging from the walls and decorating the furniture; the two male 'heroes' pulling double time on a naked nympho they find in an ice chest; and dormant Grandpa, who only reacts when he's sucking at Cali's all-too-obvious, surgically-enhanced breasts (possibly due to his obsession with plastics?).

The dialogue is spot-on, and best appreciated by folks who know the original by heart. Meanwhile, Jeremy gets the biggest laughs, since he's fatter than ever, squeezed into a wheelchair, and so heavy that when they roll him outta the van, the ramp-boards look like they're going to splinter. At a grueling 113 minutes (half-an-hour longer than the original SAW), this goes on too long, since it not only wants to be a good satire, but piles on extended sex scenes as well. Personally, the hardcore bits only dilute the parody, while the cable-friendly version clocks in at a more hospitable 83 minutes. Either way, this is an imaginative parody that knows (and obviously appreciates) its source material.

SKATETOWN U.S.A. (VSoM; 1979).

Without question, the late-'70s/early-'80s were a black hole when it came to film musicals, with box-office swill like GREASE setting the tone for jaw-dropping (and obviously blow-inspired) fare like CAN'T STOP THE MUSIC. On top of that, the roller disco trend brought unsuspecting moviegoers two of the stupidest '79 releases. Best known is ROLLER BOOGIE, in which director Mark L. Lester (TRUCK STOP WOMEN) turned Linda Blair into a Lycra-sausage as she saves a skating rink. If you haven't seen it, do so with caution, because it makes XANADU look like THE SINGING DETECTIVE.

That brings us to SKATETOWN U.S.A., the first roller disco flick out of the starting gate, and the type of celluloid cyst which had my colon rumbling like I'd just swallowed a White Castle 10-pack. Director William A. Levey is best known for such accidental hits as SLUMBER PARTY '57 (an early Debra Winger sex-pic embarrassment) and Jean-Claude Van Damme's debut in MONACO FOREVER (playing "Gay Karate Guy"), while this blast from the polyester past is chock full of familiar faces, ready for ridicule.

A post-BLANSKY'S BEAUTIES Scott Baio is top-billed, with 90% of the

action taking place in the biggest, hottest (need I add, ugliest?) roller disco in California, Skatetown USA. In an acting stretch, Baio plays a scheming teen who helps his "valley-boy" best friend (whitebread Greg Bradford, who later appeared with Baio in ZAPPED!) win the big dance contest. Of course, they have to take on an evil, black-garbed skate-gang, with feather-haired Patrick Swayze as their leader, Ace, and a post-KOTTER Ron Palillo as his scruffy, hot-headed assistant.

Flip Wilson plays the club's funky owner (also popping up in drag, a la Geraldine), and for a bit of sitcom fetish, everyone's favorite Marsha, Maureen McCormick, is a "boy-crazy" skater in a low-cut leotard. In various insufferable subplots we also get Ruth Buzzi and Sydney Lassick as local prudes who're trying to close down this lewd establishment; Billy Barty as a bouncer; Joe E. Ross doing his CAR 54 "Ooh, ooh" because his fly is caught; plus Gary Mule Deer, The Unknown Comic, Leonard Barr, and a concert appearance from the long-forgotten Dave Mason.

No question, this has "TV-movie" written all over it, with a by-the-numbers script from Nick Castle (who later co-wrote ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK) which has the Bad Guys trying to rig the contest and Swayze disco-skating in a routine that look like Bob Fosse meets THE WARRIORS (and is probably the best sequence in the pic). OK, let's go through that checklist again. We've got hideous costumes, horrible acting, painfully dated humor (e.g. Gerald Ford jokes), plus AM-hits like "Boogie Wonderland", "Roller Girl" and "Boogie Night." It all adds up to a grueling time capsule for the disco-masochist inside all of us.

LINDA LOVELACE FOR PRESIDENT [a.k.a. Hot Neon] (1976).

Here's a nostalgic trip back to the days when idiotic sex comedies like THE HAPPY HOOKER GOES TO HOLLYWOOD and IF YOU DON'T STOP IT, YOU'LL GO BLIND kept drive-ins satisfied. In this case, director Claudio Guzman capitalized on the notoriety of porn-priestess Linda Lovelace, by giving her a movie deserving of her talents. A shot of her naked, under the title, is the first sign of its below-the-belt intentions.

A political convention (set in the middle of the woods, probably because these Rockefellers couldn't afford to rent out a *real* building) is trying to find a candidate that the US public can get excited about. This committee (including factions such as Group Marriage, American Nazi, and the "Suicide is Fun Party") unanimously agree on Lovelace, and she accepts the nomination in the name of "The Upright Party." Later, she visits her decrepit Uncle Sam (now in an old age home), who gives her the slogan "Vote for Linda and get a piece...of America." The remainder is low on coherency, but high on sad cameos, including Joe E. Ross, Marty Ingells, Vaughn Meader, Joey Forman, and Danny Goldman as a flaming queer. And yes, that's past-and-future Monkee Mickey Dolenz behind the coke-bottle glasses as her campaign bus driver. Later, he even gets to play with his toy cars on the back of a naked chick.

Meanwhile, Lovelace seduces a Mark Spitz-style Gold Medalist; her bus breaks down in in-bred hillbilly country (with future SWITCHBLADE SISTER Robbie Lee as an Ellie Mae-type); she screws a Tarzan-like mountain man who was raised by a family of owls; and there's even a visit to a blaxploitation pool room, with Scatman Crothers and MACK-era fashions. When the money runs out, Linda goes door-to-door to raise more than just campaign contributions; and eventually

becomes so popular that the old school parties decide to assassinate her by hiring bumbling hitman Chuck McCann.

Much of this is so chaotic that it feels like scripter Jack S. Margolis wrote the scenes the night before, sitting at the nearest pub. I barely cracked a smile once, but at least there's no skimping on bad taste—from its Nazi jokes (one campaigner is named Adolph and wears a Swastika) to the party's Vice President, who's constantly handing out candy to little girls, and even brings a Girl Scout troop back to his hotel. All the while, the comely Lovelace shows off her best assets (in R-rated fashion) and barrels her way through the wall-to-wall groaners. Unbelievable.



VERMILION EYES (1991).

The work of shock-auteur Nathan Schiff has always been a guilty pleasure of mine, and while his flicks are unbelievably crude, rude and atrocious, I'd rather watch one of his amateurish efforts than most studio-funded horror-fests. This rancid, misogynistic flick is Schiff's best yet, and it almost looks like he had an honest-to-goodness budget to work with (unlike his earlier pics, which seem more like saved-lunch-money projects).

John Smihula plays a sicko who's driving around town, comes across an auto fatality, and (after putting on his trusty radiation overalls and rubber gloves), methodically films the blood-caked woman behind the wheel—right down to the "Future Baby On Board" sign, which he poses on her bloody lap. Nice guy, eh?

After this intro to Schiff's heartwarming world of deviance, the rest of the movie is basically a (occasionally long-winded) patchwork of vignettes featuring this suburban death freak and *extremely* amateur actresses being abused and murdered. He stumbles across the fresh corpse of a woman who tossed herself in front of a train; imagines bashing a gal's head in with a chunk of driftwood; and spends his leisure time studying anatomy books. There's also a do-it-yourself crucifixion, a face shoved onto a stove's glowing electric burner, and a mother and child hit 'n' run. Schiff even has the balls to include a little girl getting her neck snapped at a playground (complete with a lovely KER-R-RACK sound effect). Even when this whacko meets a beautiful blind girl (Annie Titone) who seems like his perfect match, he winds up insulting her and blowing his chances.

As morally bankrupt as Schiff's early anti-epics, like *THEY DON'T CUT THE GRASS ANYMORE*, this has all the elements you've come to expect in a Schiff-a-ganza: The acting is pitiful, the script is hideously overwritten, and some of the scenes are so graphic they make *THE GORE GORE GIRLS* look like *THE GOODBYE GIRL*—particularly the touching finale, during which our deviant has his face torn off by a dog, and he crawls to the sea to die. Pass the Kleenex, please. It all adds up to putrid fun as Schiff gives his brain-damaged audience exactly what they came for.



COP HATER (1958).

Several Ed McBain (a.k.a. Evan Hunter) novels have been adapted into films, from the Burt Reynolds/Raquel Welch romp *FUZZ* to Kurosawa's *HIGH AND LOW*. This tidy li'l b&w B-movie, based on a McBain book of the same name, gave Robert Loggia his first top-billed gig, long before his 1966 TV-role as high-wire aerialist turned cat burglar turned bodyguard, T.H.E. CAT.

Loggia and future cast member of *THE ROOKIES*, Gerald O'Loughlin, play Carelli and Maguire, a pair of NYC detectives investigating a dead cop who's been shot in the back of the head during a summer heatwave. And the next morning brings another similar killing, with only a heel-print and spent .45 cartridges for clues. After several false leads and random encounters (with several scenes in-and-around the Village's Squeeze Inn bar), the 'surprise' ending is pretty dumb (and basically blown by the pic's thoughtless ad campaign). At least the conclusion gives Loggia the opportunity to rip loose with a final blast of pissed-off energy.

Of course, in the middle of this serious murder investigation, don't forget to toss in some (ridiculously) gratuitous sex appeal, with O'Loughlin's torrid missus lounging around in her undies or new bathing suit. Gerald himself even gets to strut about sans shirt and trousers (hubba hubba?). And despite his gruff exterior, Carelli is a softie at heart, as seen when he's with his deaf-mute dish of a girlfriend (Ellen Parker).

Director William Berke spent years cranking out Johnny Weissmuller's *JUNGLE JIM* adventures, and while this effort never rises above its dime-a-dozen story, it moves along at a good clip, with seedy set decoration and an array of supporting sleazeballs. Also look closely for the film debuts of "Vince" Gardenia as a sweaty stoolie named Danny the Gimp, while a 23-year-old Jerry Orbach is the leader of a youth gang named The Grovers. Slightly more streetwise than the usual Hollywood pabulum of its day (yet never reaching the standards of TV's *NAKED CITY*), this is a lightweight slice of pulp.

SPERMULA (VSOM; 1976).

This chunk of EuroSleaze has a catchy title, but in a rare instance, the film itself is even goofier, thanks to its unbeatable combination of (1) your standard sex pic, (2) a loopy sci-fi premise, and (3) amateurism which borders on the surreal. Of course, all of the blame mustn't go to director-writer Charles Matton (a painter, photographer, sculptor, but certainly not a filmmaker) for this mess, since it's obviously a group effort. The script is barely coherent (as far as I can tell, due to the half-assed English-language dubbing) and it has a lack of continuity which even Troma wouldn't tolerate (probably caused by the 20 minutes chopped from this truncated, English-language version).

On the planet Spermula, its happy residents ("invisible, incorporeal beings, who mingle like mist in vaporous ecstasy") are ruled over by a cheap bright-light named "Big Mother", who commands them to take over the sex-crazed "bi-peds" of an insignificant planet called Earth. Sending a vanguard of their advanced race to our stinky li'l world, the Spermulites take on the form of women (since a woman's sexual power "rules over her weakened, spineless victim, called man"). Then these celestial cuties have to learn how to operate their new bodies, which means posing as "notoriously lascivious" French women holed up in a palatial villa. Their mission: To "drain the earthmen of their procreating fluids" (in other words, suck 'em bone-dry).

This certainly sounds like a bad porno flick, but it's actually more of a camp oddity, since all of these sexual vampires dress like they're on their way to Studio 54. Canadian-born Dayle Haddon (who began her career with Disney's *THE WORLD'S GREATEST ATHLETE*) plays the head alien, while the ever-lovable Udo Kier co-stars as Werner, the mayor's secretary, who's also a horny, closet Spermulite who can't seem to get his little dinky up.

Returning to the limp excuse for a plot, it concludes with a posh party where our erotic ET's even indoctrinate the local Cardinal to their sexual charms. But the one thing these superior beings didn't anticipate was the power of the female orgasm and, like a bagful of Lays', these Spermulites can't stop at only one. Be assured, no matter how confusing this nonsense might sound, the on-screen actors are always more baffled (but at least they got paid for their befuddlement), and with all of its degenerate, tripped-out, art-deco moments, this plays like Ken-Russell-on-bad-coke. If you've got a fondness for pseudo-artsy trash, this definitely fills the bill.

ALABAMA'S GHOST (J4HI; 1972).

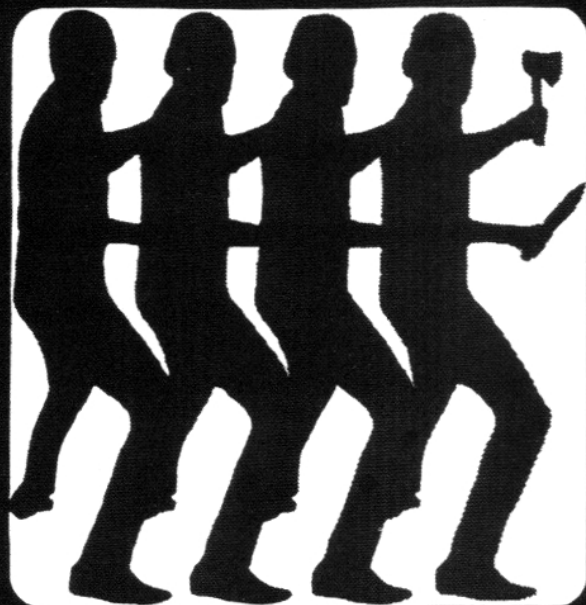
There's no way to describe this film and make it sound remotely coherent. But what else could you expect from director Fredric Hobbs, the crap-auteur who blessed (obviously confused) drive-in patrons with *ROSELAND* and *THE GODMONSTER OF INDIAN FLATS*. Amateurish, convoluted and insanely stupid, this supernatural, blaxploitation gut-buster is the celluloid equivalent of a wicked hangover. And I'll give you odds that after only a few minutes you too will be muttering "What the hell am I watching?"

First, let's get the back-story out of the way: Hitler's long-missing scientist, Dr. Caligula, goes to Calcutta to interview famed magician Carter The Great, concerning his discovery of a "super-substance" called Raw Zeta. Resembling a super-duper hashish, it can also be refined and used to enslave humans. Soon after, Carter disappears and is announced dead, and so begins this unfathomable dip into dime-store dreck.

While a Dixieland jazz band of old farts croaks the theme song, Alabama (Christopher Brooks, who seems to turn up in all of Hobbs' films) is a funky, stoner Brother who discovers a hidden underground crypt under the nightclub. Yes, it's the tomb of Carter, with all of his magical garb, tricks, and stash of Raw Zeta—which Alabama immediately smokes up. Deciding to use the equipment to become "Alabama, King of the Cosmos" and accompanied by Carter's grand-niece, Zoerae (Peggy Browne), he follows in Carter's footsteps by evoking spirits in a crappy nightclub act. But after being seduced by preening groupies and a prissy agent, Alabama hits the road in an act that mixes humdrum rock music, writhing dancers and psychedelic spookiness, and becomes a cross-country sensation.

But when Alabama agrees to divulge Carter's famous Disappearing Elephant Trick, the bad mojo kicks in. There's a magic box that leads to a nightmarish (ha!) dimension featuring the ghost of Carter (played by another member of Hobbs' troupe, E. Kerrigan Prescott). Then, why not toss in a vampire conspiracy, ready to destroy civilization? Add a robot Alabama, biker vampires, voodoo ceremonies, plus an assembly-line of vampire victims, and you've got a movie with the subtlety of a ball-peen hammer to the temple. And just wait until you get a gander at Alabama's jaw-dropping car—a bitchin' sculpture-on-wheels that looks like he's driving a Bosch-designed chariot.

If you think you're bewildered now, that feeling is squared when you're actually watching this amazing flick. Padded out with authentically-hideous early-'70s threads and increasingly stoopid surrealism, this outrageous outing from the great-and-powerful Fredric Hobbs proves that he truly is the unsung god of cut-rate cinematic insanity.



JUST FOR THE HELL OF IT

VIDEO CATALOG *All Tapes \$14.95 Each!*****

Sexploitation-Horror-Celebrity Sex/Scandal-Gore-Sleaze-Sci Fi-Music
Blaxploitation-Rare XXX-Includes the Gore Gazette Private Library!!
Huge Catalog \$3.00 (made out to M. Decker) Refundable w/ 1st order
J4HI Dept SC P.O. Box 19 Butler, N.J. 07405



Angel Devil

One of a kind, fully jointed, creepy dolls by Anna Puchalski



See the website for other vampires, demons and creepy creatures.

Anna Puchalski, P.O. Box 518, Peter Stuyvesant Station, NY, NY 10009
e-mail: angelspoon@aol.com <http://members.aol.com/angelspoon>

PUTTING THE SIN BACK IN CINEMA SINCE 1986!



EXPLOITATION RETROSPECT

the on-line journal of junk culture & fringe media
can only be found @ www.dantenet.com

- ☛ New Reviews Added Weekly
- ☛ Exclusive Material from the ER-Chives, including interviews with John Waters, Tyffany Million, and Julie Rage
- ☛ The Complete Contents of ER*26—Our Legendary Guide to Klaus Kinski
- ☛ Manor on Movies AND Dante's Inferno
- ☛ On-Line Bookstore, Links, and Much More!

print version
available
exclusively in
CARBON 14
po box 29247
phila., pa 19125

"a great new zine...lots of top-notch writing"
— R. Seth Friedman, **FACTSHEET 5**



the HunGoVeR GoUrmeT

The Zine of Food, Drink, and Travel
po box 10134 • pgh., pa 15232-0134
Issues 1-3 Now Available! • \$1 + 32¢ stamp each

R.E.C. VIDEO

Rare • Exotic • Collection



Combat, Sci-Fi Flicks, Foreign Films, Japanese Animation,
Kung-fu Flicks, Creature-Feature, Kooky Cartoons,
Alien Encounters, Funki-Freak-outs, Sexy Shockers.

Your Home For Shocking Videos • Call For Titles
301 46th St. (Corner Of 8th) N.Y., N.Y. 10036
Tel: (212) 397-8680 • Fax: (212) 397-8690

ALPHA BLUE ARCHIVES

CALL OR WRITE FOR OUR
FREE CATALOG OF 60'S &
70'S ADULT SINEMA.
1-4 videos \$19.95 each
5 or more \$15.95 each

SILVER 70's SINEMA!

VINTAGE 1970's XXX SINEMA

ANAL ULTRA VIXENS 1970-79. Busty superstars Linda McDowell, Vanessa Del Rio & Lisa Deleew do anal. Disco soundtrack.



BUTTERFLIES '76. Harry Reems. Maria Forsa. Nymph-like blonde heats up the screen in highly erotic masterpiece by Joe Sarno. Gorgeous color.

DIVINE OBSESSION '79. Small town girl robbed, raped, and abused by New York scum blows her brains out during a live strip act.

DOMINATRIX WITHOUT MERCY '76. Jamie Gillis, Vanessa Del Rio, C.J. Laing in New York roughie shock full of brutal sadomasochism.

EROTIC CARTOON FESTIVAL '76. Teen addicted to XXX comics shows us her favorites: LITTLE ORAL ANNIE, KINGDOM OF CLITORIS, FURTHER ADVENTURES OF SUPER SCREW & many more!



EROTIC DR. JECKYLL '75. Harry Reems, Terri Hall, C.J. Laing. Perverse hunchback and Dr. Jeckyll get laid in hilarious XXX obscurity.

FEMALE CHAUVINISTS '74. Candy Samples, Uschi Digard, Roxanne Brewer. German language, no subtitles.



FORCED ENTRY '74. Harry Reems. Vietnam vet slaughters female prey. "THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE OF ADULT CINEMA"-Raw.



HARDGORE '73. Hospital DEATH cult terrorize teenage Maria with meathooks, castration, deathdreams, decapitation, throat slashings & blood orgies!

HEADS OR TAILS '73. Uschi Digard, Rene Bond, Sandey Carey. German language with no subtitles.

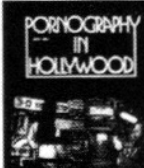
HOT SUMMER IN THE CITY '76. Lisa Baker. Black militants abduct & defile lily white virgin. Directed by Gail Palmer.



INCREDIBLE SEX RAY MACHINE '74. Uschi Digard, John Holmes. Mad scientist satisfies perverse cravings. WALL TO WALL SEX!

JOY '75. Sharon Mitchell. Teen nympho causes female rape spree in New York City. HUSTLER's highest rating!

MY TEENAGE DAUGHTER '74. When daddy's little girl became everybody's little girl.



PORNOGRAPHY IN HOLLYWOOD '72. Uschi Digard, Malta. Documents early 70's sex industry. Music by The Spears. D: Carlos Tobalino.

PORNOGRAPHY & PROSTITUTION IN THE ORIENT '73. Documents Asian sex culture. Filmed in Taipei, Hong Kong & Tokyo.

PUNK ROCK '76. Private dick searches for junkie runaway in New York's punk rock scene. Original music by "Elda and the Stiletos". D: Carter Stevens.



ROSEBUD '76. Darby Lloyd Raines, Jamie Gillis. An erotic story of incest & suicide. D: Roberta Findlay. First time on video.



SEX WISH '75. Zebedy colt. Terri Hall. C.J. Laing. Crazy nightwalker violates victims hideously. Uncut.

STORY OF JOANNA '75. Jamie Gillis, Terri Hall, Zebedy Colt. Wealthy libertine shapes sensitive girl into total sex slave. D: Gerard Damiano.



TEENAGE DEVIATE '76. Annie Sprinkle is sex starved runaway addicted to bubble-gum and gang bangs.

TEENAGE SEX KITTEN '74. Rene Bond. Teenagers defiled by demented old hermit!

XXX DOUBLE FEATURE #9 Big breast superstar Candy Samples stars in THE ELEVATOR and SEX AS YOU LIKE IT. Also starring John Holmes, Sandy Dempsey & Sandy Carey.



XXX DOUBLE FEATURE #28 EVIL WAYS OF LOVE '72. Early Gerard Damiano production. SWEET & SOUR '73. Jamie Gillis, Cindy West. New York sex slayer punishes busty women.

1970's SOFT X SINEMA



GREAT HOLLYWOOD RAPE SLAUGHTER '71. Frustrated filmmaker goes on bloody shotgun rampage. First time on video.

JOHN HOLMES AND THE ALL STAR SEX QUEENS '80. John Holmes screws Candy Samples, Uschi Digard, Kitten Natividad & Kelli Stewart. LINDA LOVELOVE FOR PRESIDENT '76. The original XXX superstar in silly sex comedy.



MISTY 1975. Rebecca Brooke, Jennifer Welles, Chris Jordan. Intelligent eroticism. by Joe Sarno. 1st time on video.

PANORAMA BLUE '74. Rene Bond, Uschi Digard, John Holmes. Color sex-travaganza!

PRETTY WET LIPS '74. Bridgette Maier. Buster & Chickie violate schoolgirl hitchhiker & suburban wives. First time on video.



PERMISSIVE '72. Teen girl becomes mixed up in London "groupie scene". Original music by Forever More, Comus, and Titus Groan.



ROAD OF DEATH '73. Carol Connors. Gang of bikers rape busty blonde chicks. Original music by The Joe Banana Thing. First time on video.

SADDLE TRAMP WOMEN '72. Candy Samples, Rene Bond. Harlots in fine garters service gang raping outlaws. Beautiful color.



SAPPHO DARLING '69. The highly sensual, busty Yvonne D'Angers radiates sweet love in sensitive story of lesbianism. From Sweden.

TARZ & JANE & BOY & CHEETAH '75. Georgina Spelvin. Tarz has his dark bitten off by a crocodile, Cheetah sticks his "Throbbing Pink" into Jane's "Keyster" & much more happens in hilarious Tarzan spoof. First time on video.



SOFTCORE D.F. #4 THE LAST STEP DOWN '71. Uschi Digard. Malta. Busty hookers initiate virgin into world of prostitution. SPREAD IT AROUND '70. Malta. Busty blonde learns all about swinger's lifestyle.

SOFTCORE DOUBLE FEATURE #7 Busty superstar Ushi Digard stars in SKIN FLICK MADNESS '71 & THE MAGIC MIRROR '70.



SOFTCORE D.F. #8 JANIE '70. Sadistic teenager leaves bloody trail of hacked-up bodies in her sexual pursuit of "Daddy". D: Roberta Findlay. Also includes the Findlay's TAKE MY HEAD '71.

ALPHA BLUE ARCHIVES®, INC.
A permanent archive for the preservation of erotic, exploitation & ephemeral cinema. Our commitment is to QUALITY. We use only the best film transfer and video duplication services available. Most importantly, we do NOT CENSOR our films!

Alpha Blue Archives®, Inc., Dept. SH, P.O. Box 16072, Oakland, CA 94610.
E-mail: archives@sirius.com. 24hr. Ph/Fax: 510-268-0811.

Payment by cash, check, Money Order, Visa & Mastercard.
All tapes recorded SP Mode on high quality tape—shipped in plastic clamshell cases with full color covers.
Orders shipped UPS ground to street address. Orders shipped USPO to P.O. Boxes.
\$5.00 1st tape, .75 each additional. CA residents add 8.25% sales tax.
International orders \$9 first tape \$5 each additional. NTSC-VHS only! Checks must clear.
Allow 2 to 3 weeks for delivery.



ALL VIDEOS NOW IN
FULL COLOR PICTURE

BOXES!



FILM FLOTSAM

READERS' RECOMMENDATIONS

Note: Please query me with your ideas before sending in completed reviews.

ADAM GROVES; Manhattan Beach, CA.

A LA FOLIE [Six Days, Six Nights] (1994). The first-ever pairing of French babes Anne Parillaud and Beatrice Dalle, two actresses with the dubious distinction of having gained worldwide attention in their starring debuts (in *LA FEMME NIKITA* and *BETTY BLUE*, respectively) only to see their careers nose-dive. *A LA FOLIE*, unfortunately, did nothing to improve matters. Writer-director Diane Kurys' first mistake was in trying to pass these two off as sisters (yeah, right!), thus eliminating the possibility of any lesbian action (FUCK!!!). Neither star makes much of an impression--Parillaud in particular is saddled with one of the wimpiest female roles of the decade. There's an excellent score by Michael Nyman, but Kurys relegates it to mostly background noise. Worst of all, with uninhibited actresses like Parillaud and Dalle, Kurys keeps the nudity to a strict minimum. Bitch! Overall I found this film to be a huge waste of time, BUT...I must admit that it does nonetheless have certain unfathomable charm to it. I admit it: I don't know why I like this flick, but I do.

MIDNIGHT MADNESS (1980). This was Disney's first-ever PG rated movie, and it's a jaw-dropper. Two directors are credited for this unholy mess, an obvious attempt to cash in on *ANIMAL HOUSE* and *SCAVENGER HUNT*, but with a budget that looks to be twice those of the other two films combined. This was apparently Disney's idea of an adult comedy, but the "humor" makes your average Pauly Shore vehicle look like *GRAVITY'S RAINBOW*. Still, having said that, there are a few genuinely funny moments (only a few, mind you) due to talented cast members like Stephen Furst (*ANIMAL HOUSE*'S Flounder) and the otherworldly dweeby Eddie Deezen. Also featured are *BONANZA*-star-offspring Dirk Blocker, future *AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON* star David Naughton, hordes of faceless supporting geeks, a downright frightening disco score and, in their unimpressive film debuts, Michael J. Fox and Pee-Wee Herman. Don't say I didn't warn you!

films of recent years. Sometime in the early '60s, on a small island off the coast of Vancouver, a tight-assed school principal fucks a newly-employed beatnik teacher, while his family disintegrates around him. It's a highly unconventional, refreshingly cynical exercise, with strong performances all around and dark humor that actually works. Yes, there are some things you'll have to forgive, such as director Paul Shapiro's ill-advised attempts at contrived whimsy (enough with those fuckin' pigs!), but the superbly atmospheric location photography more than compensates. As a one-time resident of the Great White North, I find that this film captures better than any other the true, elusive mood of rural Canadiana: lazy, ethereal, and just a little bit spooky.

ATRAPADOS [Trapped] (1980). Prior to his disappointing dabbles in Hollywood filmmaking (such as the Gary Busey turd *HIDER IN THE HOUSE*), director Matthew Patrick helmed this amazing south-of-the-border arthouse oddity. An unexplained catastrophe traps a young woman and a slob plumber in her basement apartment. They quickly find that there is no way out of this tiny space where movement, natural light and even time are all nonexistent. We follow their existence through a period of possibly years as they create their own universe--bickering, hallucinating and fucking. He gnoshes on rats, she gives birth to a mutant baby and all three eventually starve to death...yep, it's grim stuff, and the humorless script by Julio Torresoto--who also stars--does nothing to alleviate Patrick's heavy-handed direction. Another complaint: the poorly shot above ground sequences (primarily flashbacks), which for the most part flat-out suck. It's a good thing the rest of the film, photographed entirely through different tints of black and white, is so compelling. At its best, it recalls the impact of *ERASERHEAD* (clearly an influence). The actors also deserve a nod, particularly Torresoto, who in the course of the film goes--literally--from pot-bellied to alarmingly gaunt (Robert De Niro, eat your heart out!). Flawed though it is, this remains a haunting, mind-altering experience...just try and forget it!

SPLIT (A.I.P.; 1987). The film that Carpenter's *THEY LIVE* should have been! One of the wildest, trippiest and sadly least-known sci-fics ever made. Starker, a schizophrenic bum, somehow discovers that our every action is being governed by an extraterrestrial band of high-tech fascists. Naturally, these omnipotent asswipes aren't too pleased about this knowledge, and attempt to silence him permanently...thus forcing Starker to adopt some heavy-duty evasion tactics. Unfortunately, his struggles seem piddly when compared with those undertaken by the film's creator Chris Shaw, who does battle with an amateur cast and a non-existent budget, as well as his own robotic dialogue. On the plus side, his visual eye is simply extraordinary, as is the editing. Shaw also created the brilliant (if primitive) CGI effects that figure so prominently, and the super-cool credit sequences (when the FUCK is he gonna make another movie?). This film's view of the future as one giant hallucination may seem undisciplined and even incoherent at times, but it remains one of the most original and invigorating genre films I've seen, earning comparison with *THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH*, *SOLARIS* and even (yes) *ALPHA-VILLE*. A must-see!



THE LOTUS EATERS (1993). From the video box: "THE LOTUS EATERS chronicles the moment when the staid and safe 1950's turned into the 1960's. It's about making choices, making mistakes and making mischief. Love, magic, spontaneous combustion...and, of course, pigs." Yikes! Sounds like precisely the sort of fare I normally go out of my way to avoid like the clap! Imagine my surprise, then, when I stumbled onto one of the best Canadian

PAUL GAITA; W. Hollywood, CA.

THE HEAT OF THE FLAME [El Calor de la Llama] (1977). The first half of this Spanish-made imitation giallo (with a healthy dose of William Castle's *HOMICIDAL* thrown in for good measure), with its dreary marriage-on-the-rocks storyline (thick-as-a-brick English wife cheats on dumpy banker husband with eyeshadow-wearing priest), might have some viewers reaching for

the nearest solid object to heave through the tube, but have patience, Euroslaze fans: the sudden appearance of a homicidal maniac on the lam sends the flick into a tailspin of crude (albeit brief) back-lit sex hijinks and gore. There's also plenty of unintentional laughs to be had at the expense of the main characters (Franco regular Antonio Mayans is the only recognizable face in the cast). You aren't likely to find a more miserable and ignorant bunch outside of the films of Andy Milligan; everyone complains endlessly about how stupid and unhappy they are but does absolutely nothing to change it. The female lead, in particular, is a piece of work: after being berated by her husband and entire family, nearly shot by her drunken writer friend, and raped and tormented by a masked lunatic, she drowns her sorrows in a nice bubble bath. Finale is particularly ugly if unsurprising (if you can't figure out the killer's secret identity, proceed directly to your ophthalmologist). Great electronic score, featuring what must be the first use of a theremin since American science fiction of the Fifties. Director Rafael Romero Marchent is also responsible for **SANTO VS. DOCTOR DEATH**, **DISCO ROJO** (with Paul Naschy) and a passel of spaghetti westerns, including **WHEN SATAN GRIPS THE COLT** and **SARTANA KILLS THEM ALL**. His brother Joaquin Romero Marchent was a Eurowestern vet as well; his best-known title is the notorious **CUT-THROATS NINE**, co-written by **HEAT**'s scribe Santiago Monicada, who also wrote Bava's **HATCHET FOR A HONEYMOON**, Manuel Cado's **SWAMP OF THE LOST RAVENS** and the balls-out Mafia pic **RICCO/THE MEAN MACHINE**. Video City Distributors' print is letterboxed. Thanks to Bob Sargeant at Videooze for providing info.

BLOODSTALKERS [a.k.a. The Night Daniel Died] (1975). More crackpot cinema from the great state of Florida, which also brought us **BLOOD FREAK**, **FLESH FEAST**, **BLOOD WATERS OF DR. Z** and the films of William (DEATH CURE OF TARTU) Greffe. A pair of vacationing couples (Jerry Albert from **MAKO: JAWS OF DEATH**, Toni Crabtree from **EYES OF A STRANGER**, and former teenflick cutup Kenny Miller from **I WAS A TEENAGER WEREWOLF** with Celea Ann Cole) travel to backwoods Florida to visit a cabin owned by Albert's late parents. Once there, a family of standard-issue rednecks (among them writer-director Robert W. Morgan) tries to scare them off with stories about the eponymous swamp monsters, but being rational city folk, they dismiss the yokels and proceed on to their dilapidated shack. After a round of skinny-dipping, things get down to business with the usual mysterious phenomena (strange screams in the night, murdered pet dog) which would send most people hightailing it back to civilization, but not these four. They stick around long enough to discover that the Bloodstalkers are real, and as Albert runs to find help in the swamp, the axe-wielding creatures invade the cabin...Despite the fact that the film is in many ways similar to an episode of the old **SCOOBY-DOO** cartoon series (except I don't remember any where Shaggy, Velma and Daphne were on the receiving end of an hatchet), this is a serious, gritty and ultimately downbeat picture that far exceeds its low-budget creature feature trappings. Look no further than its white-knuckle climax--a three-way intercutting frenzy between the Bloodstalkers descending upon the cabin, Albert running in slow motion through the swamp and a black church choir making with the hallelujahs (which plays over the entire scene)--for proof that this ain't your average hayseed drive-in flick. Writer-director Morgan apparently shot his creative wad with this and retreated to his first love, professional monster hunting; as Robert Guenette, he was responsible for two of the lamest Sunn Classic fakeumentaries, **THE MYSTERIOUS MONSTERS** (in which he also appeared) and **THE AMAZING WORLD OF PSYCHIC PHENOMENA**.

RAYO CASABLANCA; Denver, Colorado.
THE BEAST IN HEAT [a.k.a. S.S. Hell Camp] (1977). This infamous little number helmed by the pseudonymous "Ivan Katansky" (who is in actuality the pseudonymous "Paolo Solvay" or, by his birth name, Luigi Batzella) is more a pastiche of drop-

dead military heroics crap and sickeningly cheap sadism than a true 'cult' film. Seventy minutes of its approx. 90 min. running time is devoted to badly dubbed Germanic non-actors gallivanting about the Tuscany countryside in Nazi regalia from K-Mart (or an Italian variation thereof). We've got a convoluted sub-plot about some freedom-fighters and the beauty of human dignity, but all of it is poorly realized and indifferently shot (I would not be surprised if "Katansky" is a group name from some Eurocine editors). What attracts most folks to spending any amount of time with this film are the 20 minutes of laughable, sickening and grotesque torture. These 20 minutes boil down to: Sal Boris (?), a fat, hairy, midget, bonking nude women and literally eating their pubic hair, a female Nazi doctor into S&M, some finger-nail pulling, some castration and other nameless indignities. All in all there is a modicum of gore and extreme sleaze and only a fourth of the film lives up to any scandalous reputation.

THE DEVIL HUNTER [a.k.a. Mandingo Man Hunter] (1980). Directed by that diligent artist "Clifford Brown" (Jess Franco), **THE DEVIL HUNTER** is so bafflingly stupid and uninteresting that it makes for a hilarious evening (with the appropriate company). Some Starlet--this is a Franco film remember--is abducted and taken away to some tropical pit where the natives (your average Italian male actors) dance about and sacrifice women to "the devil." Al Cliver turns up as a discount Indiana Jones, and the famed 'devil' of the title ends up being a tall black guy with bulging eyes (quite similar to Joe D'Amato's 'mutant' in **PORNO HOLOCAUST**) and a predilection for eating out women...And I do mean cunnilingus. This is a wreck, but so hideously incompetent that it shames you to turn away.

DON'T GO NEAR THE PARK [a.k.a. Nightstalker] (1979). Vampire-cavemen living in a park for the rest of time ('cause they broke some taboos) eat the intestines, and "orgones" of loser teens. Linnea Quigley finds an amulet that makes a rapist blow up, hangs out with some friendly zombies and defeats the Oogh-vamps with laser beams from her pupils...Director Lawrence D. Foldes attempts something here, I have no idea what. Hell, I'm still not convinced I saw this film!

MONSTER SHARK [a.k.a. Red Surf, Devil Fish] (1986). Long after **JAWS** left its wake on world cinema, Lamberto Bava concocted this piece of schlock with his compadre Lewis Coates (a.k.a. Luigi Cozzi). A 40-foot prehistoric cross between a shark and an octopus eats a bunch of people of the Florida keys while mad scientist William Berger tries to protect it for 'science.' Trashy and fun, this film is most memorable for its starring creature which many critics have pounded ceaselessly as being totally 'unbelievable' and laughably 'fake'. However, being the ever vigilant fan of gooey monsters, I came across a reference to a Caribbean sea-monster worshipped by ancient Jamaican natives, before the coming of Columbus, that was a cross between a shark and an octopus. Coincidence? Maybe not.

THOMAS FITZGERALD; San Francisco, CA.
BAD RONALD (1973). One of many classic early 70's TV movies, it's the story of a nerdy teen who, after accidentally killing a little girl, is hidden by his mother, inside a secret room within their house. After a few months his mom dies and new residents move in, a family including a little girl, and Ronald's still hiding there, spying on them! Creepy! Especially his dream world of evil princes and beautiful princesses. I'm sure I wasn't the only kid freaked out by this when it was on the tube back then.

J'RAI UN COMME CHEVAL FOU (1973). ART FILM BRAIN DAMAGE!!! Constant barrage of poetic, shocking images from Jodorowsky pal Arrabal, like Alexandro but more with a loose 3rd World Cinema treatment. A young sophisticated Parisian who, after killing his mother, hides in the desert where he meets a freaky mystic eating sand. They become one of the oddest duos in film history. Along the way we see blood, gas masks, shitting, a fire-cracker penis and much, much more. They don't make 'em like this anymore.

*The Wood family
 doesn't know it.
 But the old house
 they've just bought
 is already occupied...
 by a psychopathic killer.*



starring
Scott Jacoby

**ABC Wednesday
 Movie of the Week
 8:30 PM**

THE VISITOR (1980). It's cut-rate OMEN rip off time! Instead of an evil boy hexing the world, this is about a possessed little girl battling aliens for control of earth. An Italian-lensed, washed up movie star strewn mess set in Atlanta. Very late 70's tacky with a fake 2001 disco theme, Pong type video games, lots of blinding light, and a surreal basketball game. Mean spirited and drugged out.

DIDN'T YOU HEAR? (1977?). Probably never released, completely forgotten, head film with then unknowns Dennis Christopher and Gary Busey. An introverted college freshman withdraws into a fantasy world, a parable of the generation gap. He and his friends are pirates on a ship (youth) sailing from island to island (the establishment). Weird bummer with an electronic score, solarization, cheezy philosophical dialogue, and a general 70's poetry book feel. I kept expecting it to wind up being a Christian educational flick.

THE YIN AND YANG OF MR. GO (1970). Burgess Meredith directs! And what a wild one. Set in Hong Kong, it's an exotic/spy/jet set adventure with weird twists, groovy locales, James Joyce references, lots of low rent actors, gay blackmail, and James Mason as Mr. Go, an Asian villain who's enlightened by Buddah. Like looking into an opium den Viewmaster. Colorful, fun and fucked up.

ANDY COPP; Dayton, Ohio.

SHOCK (1995) and LATEX (1996). The porn movie comes of age. Director Michael Ninn welds experimental sci-fi sensibility to the bishop-whacking genre with compelling results. The movies are still for self abuse purposes, but the stylish camera work, great set design, brilliant special effects, and fairly competent script deliver something a porn film rarely if ever does. Worthwhile viewing after you've spent yourself. Both films are overlong (2hrs.+) and are undeniably self indulgent, but even at that should be required viewing for the oddball film enthusiast in all of us.

VIOLATED ANGELS (1967). One of the best films ever realized about a serial killing incident. Based on the Chicago nurse massacre by Richard Speck. This sticks pretty close to the facts, therefor presenting a harrowing 90 minutes of viewing. This is a YOU ARE THERE piece that never lets you get away from the horror of lost life. But this is not to say the sheer brutality overwhelms the artistic intent of the piece. The crisp widescreen b/w photography is breathtaking, and the design very well thought out. The moment the film shifts to color is one of those haunting, inexplicable moments that cinema is all about. See it, but be warned it is a hard ride.

FOR YOUR HEIGHT ONLY (1979). The best Filipino, kung fu, Bond rip off, action, comedy EVER! Indescribably inept on every level, but totally satisfying as a Saturday night howler. Little Weng Wang (Is this his real name? No credits ever appear), Agent 003 (and a half) kicks ass, gets busy with chicks of normal height, slides thirty feet across floors, and has the largest nipples this side of a Flynt publication. RECOMMENDED AS FAR AS YOU CAN THROW HIM!

GREG WALTERS; Tucson, AZ.

LE SADIQUE AUX DENTS ROUGES (1970). When you think of horror films from Belgium, you might think of DAUGHTERS OF DARKNESS or even THE DEVIL'S NIGHTMARE, but there have been other ones that are not as well known. Here, in a retread of the AIP teenage monster movies, a scientist turns a teen into a vampire. He has very long teeth, which he uses to kill several people. The movie ends as the boy is finally staked at a fancy dress party by his girlfriend. Jean-Louis van Belle, the director, adds some gore and nudity to spice things up a bit.

PASTEL DE SANGRE (1971). Four part horror anthology from Spain. Two of the tales about Frankenstein and vampires are what makes this film worth seeking out. The other two on medieval witchcraft and ghosts pale in comparison. In "Victor Frankenstein", the Baron creates a beautiful female monster, assembled from various dead ones. "Terror entre Christianos" has a group of Roman soldiers encountering Celtic vampires. Both stories directed by, respectively, Emilio Lazaro and Francisco Bellmunt, are filled with good looking women, great period design, and killer atmosphere. Look for it!



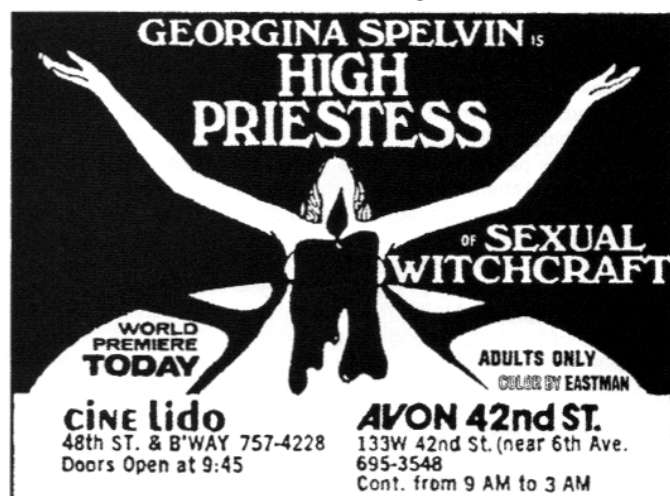
THE SIN OF JESUS (1961). Watch out fundamentalists, here's Robert Frank's (COCK-SUCKER BLUES) first movie. It tells the story of a woman who is given an angel, as a guardian, by Jesus. The woman is warned not to have sex with the angel, but does so anyway, and smotherers him. The end. This subversive amateur effort, made in 16mm, stars Robert Blossom (DERANGED) in one of his first roles.

LIPS OF BLOOD (1972). An ancient Egyptian boy, perfectly preserved, is brought back to life by an electrical process. He needs blood to survive, so he kills several people in gory detail. Along the way, it loses a hand, which comes alive to stalk the scientist who revived him. Eventually, the boy kills him and dissolves into dust. This French-Spanish co-production stars Teresa Gimpera (CRYPT OF THE LIVING DEAD) and Jorge Rigaud (SCHIZOID). Co-director Pierre Chevalier also made THE INVISIBLE DEAD and other Eurocine wonders.

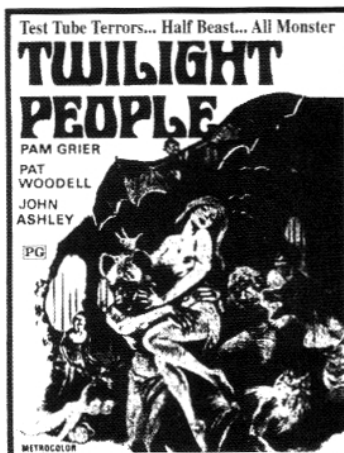
ACID MANTRA OR REBIRTH OF A NATION (1968). Here's a forgotten hippie documentary that has disappeared from sight. Ben Van Meter shows us all aspects of hippie life, including the love, music, drugs, and overall impact that they had on society of the time. Really a relic of its time, this nonetheless has a certain charm to it. Van Meter also made short experimental and animated films. Get out that lava lamp and groove to the vibes!!!

SHAOLIN INVINCIBLES (1977). Not really being a Kung Fu fan, I nevertheless picked this one up in my local Chinese market. The box art alone would really grab your attention!! It has the revenge plot so common to these films, bad dubbing, speeded-up fight scenes, et cetera, et cetera, but, and this is where the box art comes in, kung fu fighting gorillas??? The sight of two guys in moth riddled gorilla suits, jumping around and fighting is enough to make your jaw drop to the floor. Starring Carter Wong (BIG TROUBLE IN LITTLE CHINA) and Judy Lee (QUEEN BOXER).

HIGH PRIESTESS OF SEXUAL WITCHCRAFT (1971). Georgina Spelvin in her first hardcore film. She plays a wife in Greenwich Village, who likes to play s/m games on hubby. When the son catches them, he decides to join in on the fun. Although the acting may not be much, you won't care, as Georgina sizzles up the screen. Add some devil worshippers, and you've got one of the better early American pornos. With Marc Stevens and directed by Beau Buchanan (AMERICAN SEX FANTASY, HAPPY DAYS). Not to be confused with DEVIL'S DUE, which also features Georgina.



NAKED LOVERS (1977). After the success of SPERMULA in France, there was a host of rip-offs, including this living dead porno. Aliens from the planet eros come to Earth and reanimate the dead to conquer the planet. Sort of like THE INVISIBLE INVADERS, but with nude zombies sucking and fucking their way across the world!! Director Claude Pierson is best known for his version of Justine and lots of other porno films like PERVERSE DESIRES.



JERRY RENSHAW; Austin, TX.
THE TWILIGHT PEOPLE (1972). Eddie Romero directed this shot-in-the-Philippines ISLAND OF LOST SOULS knockoff with no big name actors and no money, and boy does it show. The best part is the trailer: "Out of the shadows and onto your throat...THE TWILIGHT PEOPLE!!" With no explanation as to why, a scuba diver named Farrell is abducted and taken to Moreau's...uh, sorry, Grimsted's island for some master-race-type experiments. Grimsted's blond Aryan sidekick develops sort of a sadistic crush on the guy right off, and shoots a warthog-man on the way to the lab, resulting in the weakest struggle for a

gun in film history. After meeting Grimsted and his sexy daughter, Farrell snoops in Grimsted's office digging up the dirt on the guy. Seems that the daughter is also a doctor, but is opposed to the experiments. She helps Farrell escape and frees a dungeon full of botched creatures. Farrell kidnaps Grimsted and takes off on one route through the jungle, while the daughter and creatures take a separate path. The Aryan, of course, has his own motives to track down Farrell, so he rounds up a Filipino goon squad to search for him. The only saving grace of all this awfulness is the creatures: a man with a red face and goat horns, a monkey man (I think), a dog-woman, a jaguar-woman (played by Pam Grier--gotta like that) and the aforementioned warthog man. The crowning touch, though, is this unbelievable guy who looks like a rockabilly singer with greasy hair, fangs, sideburns and bat wings! Unfortunately, this movie is so shoddily put together that sometimes you'll see a character lying on the ground dead, with no idea what happened to him, and is full of day/night continuity errors. Nonetheless, the flying rockabilly singer soaring through the green Filipino jungle is worth the purchase price. Not too easy to find, but if you run across THE TWILIGHT PEOPLE, grab. Just keep your thumb near the FF button on your remote.

THIS IS NOT A TEST! (Sinister Cinema; 1961). Directed by Frederic Gadette. A sheriff's deputy gets a call on his radio to set up a roadblock on a remote mountain road, and stops several travelers. As news continues to come in on the police radio, they find out that the country is under atomic attack and they are stuck between two likely H-bomb targets, with all possible escape routes choked off by people fleeing the cities. There's a truck driver, a jaded hipster playboy and his girlfriend, a Denver Pyle type farmer with his luscious granddaughter, and a city wuss (very reminiscent of the bald guy in NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD) with his wife. The cop (who has a face like an Easter Island statue) takes iron-fisted control of the group, feeding the hipster a shotgun butt when he tries to leave. They take shelter in the back of the 18-wheeler (conveniently loaded with canned food, water and supplies) and wait for the world to end. This movie is mainly talk and exposition, but it advances the plot forward as quickly as the ICBM's on their way to wipe out the characters. The acting ranges from pretty good to plain awful, there's continuity errors aplenty and an obviously shoestring budget, but the seedy production values only add to the aura of doom and desperation that overwhelms this picture. Actually, the budget constraints, confined setting and limited cast of characters makes it seem more like a filmed play at times. The literate, well-reasoned script has all the characters trying to decide how to live out their last moments on earth while the cop rides ruthless herd over the lot, eventually throttling the city lady's poodle to conserve fresh air inside the trailer, then tossing it aside like a rag doll. Also surprising is the total lack of propagandizing; I don't think the Russians are mentioned by name once. It's a thought-provoking viewing experience that definitely transcends the budget and talent limitations that it comes saddled with, and is way better than most Cold War end of the world dramas. A must for all doomsday completists.

GERARD ALEXANDER; Australia.

ALLEYCAT ROCK - SEX HUNTER (1970). Directed by Yasuhara Hasebe. This is the third in a series of five, and I'd dearly love to see the rest. A gritty scene where a gang of young girls harass and rob a dirty old man sets the pace for one of the most exciting Japanese JD films that I've seen. Scored with sexy, late sixties rock, and featuring a fuzztone fueled Prog band called "Max" in some of the nightclub scenes, it's a true audio-visual experience. Basically a story about the leader of a gang called "The Brats" looking for his sister, whom he was separated from as a young child, it's also a study about racism in Japan, particularly towards indigenous people. Drug orgies, knife fights and

rumbles are shot using harsh lighting to emphasize their ugliness. Broken glass being pushed into the crotch of one unfortunate pretty much defines the level of nasty I'm talking about here. Black and White flashbacks detailing how the sister of one gang leader was raped by "Halfbreeds" underline the depth of intellect at work. Now, where can I get the rest of the series?

REVENGE FOR A RAPE (1976). Directed by Timothy Gufas. In no small part owing to the ratings success of the TV movie, A CASE OF RAPE in 1974, this grim and sleazy little gem was offered to the masses in 1976. Screened without ad breaks, it failed to get any further critical attention. Until I saw it recently, that is...An over-the-hill Mike "Mannix" Connors is Travis, heading up to deer hunting grounds to go fishing with his pregnant young wife, Amy, played with doe-eyed perception by newcomer (long gone?) Tracy Brooks Swope. Whilst shopping for supplies, some traditional redneck hunters "check that body on the chick with the old guy", as they eloquently put it. Later, as Amy is resting in her tent, 3 guys wearing hunting jackets and wielding knives break in and rape her. Travis races his injured wife to a hospital and during a traffic jam, she spots the rapists. Travis goes to the local sheriff, an alcoholic fellow named Ben, supremely overstated by Robert Reed. At a bar that night, Travis gives chase to the rapists, stalking them through the forest. There are some touching flashbacks here to show us how Travis met Amy (but more likely inserted so that Ms. Swope would have some scenes in the latter part of the movie). The ironic plot twists come to the rescue however, as 3 other guys confess to the sheriff that they were the rapists! By this time, Travis has already wiped out his prey, and also knows that Amy will be unable to bear another child. Don't you all love a happy ending?



HENRY COVERT; Charlotte, NC.

WEREWOLF VS. THE VAMPIRE WOMAN [La Noche de Walpurgis] (Moore Video; 1970). What do you get when you toss the legends of Laurence Talbot and Countess Bathory into a low-rent Spanish cuisinart? Well, with scripter/star Jacinto Molina (a.k.a. Paul Naschy) at the controls, you end up with this cheap 'n' sleazy puree of Satanic rites, slow motion bloodletting, oo-ee-oo music, and fuzzy transformations. Yet another entry in Naschy's tortured wolfman Waldemar Daninsky series, which, at its best, comes off an unholy marriage between the naiveté of Universal horror and the crassness of Eurotrash. Factor in the striking Paty Shepard as Bathory knockoff Countess Waldessa de Nadasy, and you have an exploitation gem even Leon Klimovsky in the director's chair couldn't quite tarnish. Despite inane day for night shots and other signs of fiscal and creative poverty, Klimovsky actually infuses the film with a kind of (accidental?) dream logic, working the standard conceits into a phantasmically grimy Gothic swirl. And when Waldessa and Waldemar finally square off, I'm like a 10 year old digging the latenight horror show all over again. If you catch only one Naschy werewolf flick, this should be it.

THE GLASS CEILING (VSOM; 1971). Spaniard Eloy de la Iglesia (father of Alex) is a criminally overlooked director. CANNIBAL MAN and CLOCKWORK TERROR are his least obscure films, and they're not exactly launching any

retrospectives. The rest of his early '70s works seem at first glance like more conventional thrillers, but bear just as many of his radical stylistic hallmarks as the above mentioned pair. **GLASS CEILING** features Carmen Sevilla as Martha, a lonely, trusting housewife whose husband is always away on business, leaving her to snoop on the neighbors, talk endlessly to her cat Phaedra, and hang out with landlord Richard (Dean Selmier), a likeably stoic sculptor who, when not waxing philosophic on voyeurism in cinema or smashing his work to bits, fools around with his luscious young model Rosa (Emma Cohen from **CANNIBAL MAN**). Suspecting neighbor Julie (Patty Shepard!) of doing away with her own husband, Martha's increasing paranoia begins to bear grisly fruit, and soon encircles her completely and closes in, Polanski style... Sevilla is fantastic in a role that could've come off really cloying in lesser hands, making the hopeless climax all the more grim. Also by Eloy:

NO ONE HEARD THE SCREAM [Nadie Oyo Gritar] (VSoM; 1972). In a 360 degree turn from sweet Martha, here Sevilla plays Alicia, a callous bitch who plays rich old men for all they're worth, then tosses their sugar daddy loot at her own young kept stud. Her jetsetting hits an oily patch when she discovers neighbor Miguel (Vicente Parra from **CANNIBAL MAN**) apparently dumping his wife headfirst down an elevator shaft. After he forces her at gunpoint to help him dispose of the body, Alicia (you guessed it) ends up falling for him! Eloy and his excellent leads have you rooting for our unlikely (and initially unlikeable) duo of failed novelist and prima donna to be together, whether they're evading cops or scraping brains off elevator doors. But amidst the deranged romance, the film's central conceit unravels, and another snaky Eloy twist bashes you in the viscera. Our neglected auteur really knows how to plumb the soul and paint its desolation with all the grim shades of blackness at his disposal. All cast in genre modes with blood-soaked humor and catheter-sharp social comment. Not to mention gorgeous women and the most deliberate and hallucinatory cutting technique this side of Kurt Kren. You may not entirely "get" a de la Iglesia film, but he makes damn sure you'll never, ever forget it.

DIKA: MURDER CITY (Moore Video; 1994). Septuagenarian Dika Newlin is a music professor in Richmond, VA who studied under composer Arnold Schoenberg in the same LA neighborhood where years later the OJ Simpson massacre took place. Dika is also a black leather clad punk rocker who appears in shot-on-video horror flicks from the likes of Tim Ritter and Michael D. Moore. Moore crafted this lovingly twisted ode to Ms. Newlin, tracking her through squalid Richmond streets (inspiration for the video's title tune, which Dika rips thru with lethal abandon over a jarring synthdirge). From her local TV appearances performing original songs like "I'm Gonna Love you (No Matter What!)" and "Leftover lives to Kill" (including her patented freejazz kazoo solos); to her whacked-out takes on Elvis and "These Boots...", Moore capture a fabulous eccentric--utterly unafraid to go out on a limb without the safety net of consensus reality and blithely ignoring the head-scratching bemusement in her wake. When a lady in her seventies displays this much creative chutzpah, it only leaves me all the more disgusted with the "cutting edge" poseurs my own age.

MILES WOOD; Hong Kong.

NEVER LET GO (1960). While British cinema of the late 50's and early 60's will forever seemingly be associated by film historians with kitchen sink dramas and by genre aficionado's with the golden age of Hammer horrors, in retrospect the most durable and interesting product may be a series of gritty, realistic, and often violent crime dramas. John Guillermin, who later helmed disaster pics like **THE TOWERING INFERNO** and disasters like the ill-advised **KING KONG** remake, made this uncompromising slice of British noir. Richard Todd is the weak-willed cosmetics sales-



man who's finding his methods are becoming increasingly out-of-tune with his customers. Under pressure to boost sales he invests in a car but when it's stolen by a young hoodlum (Adam Faith) he's plunged into the London underworld as he clashes with the sadistic, psychotic boss (Peter Sellers), who thinks nothing of crushing underfoot an old man's pet terrapin or slapping round his reform-school runaway mistress. Sellers is slightly OTT but he remains a chilling villain while Todd's would-be hero is a sad loser who finally decides he must see something through to the end even at the risk of losing his wife and children. Aided with cool jazzy John Barry score, and shadowy black and white photography (courtesy of Christopher Challis) Guillermin creates a genuinely frightening and suspenseful film.

PAYROLL (1961). Another Julian Wintle and Leslie Parkin production and quite

possibly the best of the lot. A decade before the classic Newcastle noir **GET CARTER**, the same Tyneside locations were equally well employed by the **CIRCUS OF HORRORS** writer and director team, George Baxt and Sidney Hayers, for this tense and violent caper thriller about a gang who start to fall apart after the robbery of an armored van results in 2 deaths, with the driver's widow (Billie Whitelaw) psyching out the inside man and finally tracking down the psychotic leader (Michael Craig), who himself has already offed the rest of the thieves. A thoroughly nasty film, which naturally upset a few critics of the time and still packs a mean punch, but one which successfully deglamorizes the crime, particularly in the unflinching realistic violence and vivid staging of the hold up scene. One of the finest British films of the 60's.

PLAY IT COOL (1962). The following year Wintle and Parkin had sunk to the level of making this understandably forgotten independent production. The generally rebellious spirit of rock 'n' roll musicals is nowhere in sight in this twistin' flick from ultra conservative hack Michael Winner who here, like almost every other stinker he's made, can only leave the viewer wondering how he ever got hired to direct another movie. Billy Universe (Billy Fury doing a fair Elvis impersonation but making a terrible stab at trying to be an actor) and his band the Satellites are en route to a talent contest in Brussels when bad weather grounds their plane at Gatwick. They decide to paint the town with naive heiress (Anna Palk), and in the process try to find her pop star boyfriend. A tour of London clubs (The Lotus, a kind-of cross between a nightclub and a Chinese restaurant is somewhere I wouldn't mind hanging!) treats the viewer to numbers from the likes of Bobby Vee and Helen Shapiro and even a dance routine from Lionel Blair! And of course, Fury gets to sing a few times and save Palk by proving her boyfriend is a louse.

DRASTIC PRICE REDUCTION: \$10 each!!!!

ADDICTED TO MURDER

"Best Outlaw Movie of 1996" --CINEFANTASTIQUE

TWISTED TALES

TWISTED TALES is an example of that rare home-grown feature that works; it is also an example of that rarer animal, the anthology film with no crappy stories --CULT MOVIES

"Very slick" --INDEPENDENT VIDEO

From BRIMSTONE PRODUCTIONS...

\$10 each plus \$2 S & H for 1, \$3 for both. Make check/money order payable to Brimstone Productions 3 W 102, #4B, NYC 10025

Also available: ALIEN AGENDA series, \$20 each, all three for \$50 plus \$3 S & H.



Video Vortex

Over 4000 rare, imported,
uncensored, unreleased,
exotic, and out of print titles.



FILMS FROM AROUND THE WORLD

**HORROR - SCI-FI - RARE TV
GIALLO - EXPLOITATION - CULT**

ALL OUR TITLES ARE NOW ALSO AVAILABLE IN PAL AT NO EXTRA COST

We Are in the Process of Subtitling Many Foreign Titles Into English
We restore rare movies to their full uncut glory!
All titles come with beautiful full color covers

SOME OF OUR EXCITING RELEASES
these titles are \$20 postpaid.

LES DEMONS aka SEX DEMONS 1973 Jess Franco Exclusive 103 minute print restored by Video Vortex - This print is almost 30 minutes longer than all the other prints going around. Daughters of a witch that was burned at the stake fulfill her curse by infesting a convent of nuns with perverted sexual fantasies - this is the most complete version available. Extra sex scenes extra inquisition torture. This film is one of Jess Franco's best. widescreen

VAMPIROS LESBOS 1970 Jess Franco - young women are enticed to go to a castle by a beautiful female vampire who commits vampiric lesbian acts on them - restored print contains scene missing from new German release - subtitled - widescreen

THE TURNING Nude Gillian Anderson, in this, her first screen role

BARE BREASTED COUNTESS 1973 Jess Franco, Lina Romey - XXX version in English - a countless sucks blood as well as other things - this widescreen print was compiled from 3 alternate prints making this the longest in existence Contains a supplemental section with alternate versions of scenes.

NEVRO - A man obsessed with sex gets shy when it comes to naked women. He saves a young girl getting raped by her father. He then catches her having sex with a lesbian and tries to brutally kill her. Directed by Claude Mulot. In French. widescreen.

VAMPIRES, DAUGHTERS OF DRACULA 1974 uncut, nudity and gore, with Anulka (Playboy Playmate May 1973) - lesbian vampires lure men to their castle for blood orgies.

KEOMA 1975 Franco Nero stars in this symbol-filled western that some have compared to El Topo. A man finds his hometown overrun by plague and a violent gang. Keoma must kill again.

HOUSE WITH WINDOWS THAT LAUGH 1976 A painter is called to a rural town to restore an old painting. The previous artist was obsessed with capturing the last moments of life & had his sisters torture his models to death - subtitled in excellent quality.

THINGS 1989 a mad doctor impregnates an infertile woman which causes spider like creatures to rip out of her stomach and try to eat the remaining cast members - lots of slime & gore - with porn star Amber Lynn, really goofy dialog - we have exclusive rights to this title

EROTIC NIGHTS OF THE LIVING DEAD 1979 Exclusive uncut XXX Joe D'Amato - subtitled by Video Vortex - gory, rotting flesh eating zombies, cannibalism, sex, Laura Gemser

MARQUIS DE SADE'S JUSTINE 1968 Uncut version running 2 hours long. Its almost 30 minutes longer than the Japanese version offered by some others and the version titled Deadly Sanctuary. Klaus Kinski, Jack Palance, Howard Vernon by Jess Franco

SEVEN ORCHIDS STAINED IN RED 1972 excellent exclusive widescreen subtitled print, gory giallo directed by Umberto (Make Them Die Slowly) Lenzi

TUSK One of Alejandro Jodorowsky's rarest films. In French

SOUL VENGEANCE 1975 A black man in jail is subjected to heinous experiments. Once released he seduces women and murders them with his enormous, super powered penis.

SHINING SEX 1975 Directed by Jess Franco. Lina Romey meets a couple from another dimension. They give her the power to kill men with her pussy. Original French version in French.

VIDEO VORTEX'S GYNECOLOGICAL HORRORS 1997 We have produced a tape featuring the grossest venereal disease images as well as the grossest, diseased sexual organs we can find. Includes both males and females. WARNING: this tape will probably make you not want to have sex for about a week.

WAX MASK 1997 This is the film Lucio Fulci was to direct before his death. Produced by Dario Argento. Gory with cool fx. In English widescreen.

MIDNIGHT OBSESSION 1995 Joe D'Amato directs this XXX adaptation of Midnight Express. A woman smuggling drugs in her vagina is sent to a strict prison. Shot on film.

BEATRICE CENCI 1969 Lucio Fulci considers this film his best film. An inquisition period film that was one of his first to delve with horrific subject matter. Very nice English print.

EMMA, PUERTAS OSCURAS 1973 Rare Jose (Vampyres) Larraz film in Spanish. Young Emma slices up a man to death. Her mother helps cover up the crime. She repays her by slicing her up with a straight razor as well. She picks up a male and a female sex-starved hitchhiker. They take her to a creepy old deserted motel and get her drunk, hoping to have an orgy with her.

They are in for a surprise. Never available in English. This film was made shortly before Vampyres and captures some of the sexual dimensions that evolved in that film.

CORPS DE CHASSE 1982 Drunks with guns rape a woman who shoots the balls off of one of the rapists. While he walks home holding his penis stump, his friends decide to pick up hookers.

One turns out to be a transsexual. They find another victim, barf all over her and kill her. XXX in French. (Sorry, this one's not available in Canada or the UK)

NECROPHOBIA 1995 A psychiatrist forces his necrophobic patient to have sexual confrontations with dead people. And if they're not dead yet the psychiatrist lends a hand. Not in English.

LA BELLE CAPTIVE (THE CAPTIVE BEAUTY) 1983 Alain Robbe-Grillet's artistically sleazy surrealist film. In French.

JAILHOUSE SEX - XXX Women in prison. In German.

HUNCHBACK OF THE MORGUE 1972 Uncut. Paul Naschy plays a hunchback who supplies corpses to a doctor in a hidden underground cavern, who puts the parts in a tank full of parts with a head attached.

BELLE D'AMOUR Marc Dorcel produced this Michel (Sexandrol) Ricaud classy XXX film. A woman is introduced to the decadent lifestyle of an upper class brothel. She indulges in outrageous sexual antics including orgies, latex. A one point she is paid to lay in a coffin while a creepy man places flowers on her nude body and masturbates beneath the coffin. In French.

THE CAR 1977 A supernatural car from hell.

KILLDOZER 1974 Rare killer bulldozer TV movie. Based on a story by Theodore Sturgeon.

**Send \$5 For Our 1998 Giant Illustrated Catalog With Full Color Sections,
Refundable With First Order.**

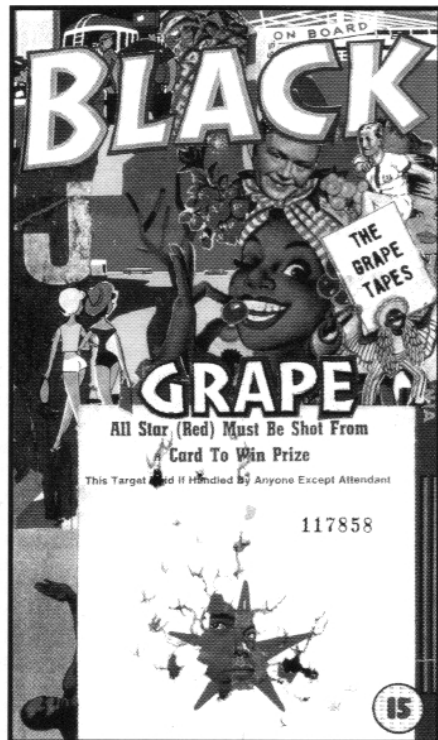
We are currently *only* accepting *Postal Money Orders* or *Cash*. (We do not accept checks or regular money orders)

**Video Vortex 429 Danforth Ave. Suite 414, Dept. SC
Toronto, Ontario, Canada, M4K 1P1
e-mail: vidvortx@idirect.com**

SHARP RELIEF

by TAVIS
RIKER

This installment of 'Sharp Relief' has a definite "wildcard" feel as we run the gamut from Brit Rock burnout to legendary jazz wackos home and abroad. First up, it's spliffs aloft in Manchester for **BLACK GRAPE: THE GRAPE TAPES**, a mind-boggling video document of Britain's most "enlightened" band.



The "Grape's" self-proclaimed "King Dickhead" **Shaun Ryder's** Band the First, **HAPPY MONDAYS**, stayed very busy setting their hotel bedrooms on fire in spliff-related reverie, not to mention landing at JFK and promptly getting busted on Day One of their US tour (opening for Jane's Addiction!) by "smokin' something inflammable with a bunch of black geezers in some park, like" (pseudo-transcript courtesy journalist Nick Kent's hilarious collection of rock profiles "The Dark Stuff").

Picking up with Band the Second, **BLACK GRAPE**, we get excerpts from embryonic jams (mostly tired R&B cover tunes, interrupted only by arguments over money), then on to demo studio banter as the ashtrays and garbage cans fill to overflow, and some of their (surprisingly watchable) videos. But as all Spinal Tap fans understand, the fun begins when this operation hits the road!

We get some seriously medicated Eurofestival appearances and club dates before the US hijinks begin--watch as Shaun stymies Stateside club owners with his hooligan-speak in post-show business negotiations! A New Jersey state trooper pulls the tour bus over in "suspicious activity" mode! And the Grape spring for a rental hacienda in L.A. for extended gig and recording session action, nailing down some winners like "You've Got to Get Sick to Get High" and "I've Got to Get Something to Eat". And sadly, the wall-to-wall white carpeting doesn't survive without 'incident'. We end up

powdering our noses with the boyz recording at Peter Gabriel's Real World studios ("make sure they vacuum up after the session" Peter's memo to the staff?). About now you might be asking the big question--are they any good? Well, in a sort of rap-dub-comedy sense, The Goons meet Public Enemy in Brixton. Their production and sounds are top-notch, tho. For what it's worth, their latest offering on CD, prophetically titled "Stupid, Stupid, Stupid" is out (on bail) at stores near you.

After the stashes-and-all style of "The Grape Tapes", we had our hopes up for **TANTRUMS AND TIARAS** (Polygram Video), a profile of **Elton John** (Sir), mostly culled from camcorder footage shot by his lover David Furnish. Alas, although it's not sugar-coated "A&E Biography" crap, it has been run through the "acceptable" machine, so you do get some bitchy backstage rants and wacked out testimonials from (mostly ex)staffers, but always buffered by pro-shot concert segues and "I'm sober and happy now" interview clips. Just to see his Imelda Marcos-size shoe collection and walk-in CD "closet" might satisfy less discerning 'rock doc' fans, but one can only guess what a film could've been made back in the boozy, blow-fueled days when he made *good* records and flew his freak flag high.

Thankfully rescued from arthouse and film festival obscurity and out on home video is **Miles Davis'** first (and sadly, last) outing in a bonafide acting role in **DINGO** (Greycat Video), shot in 1990 in Australia and Paris by director Rolf de Heer (BAD BOY BUBBY). Well, anyone who has seen or heard Miles knows that there is only one role he could play--*Miles Davis*. Luckily, in a role tailored to his unique (massive understatement) style, you get his singular combination of charisma and vulnerability in his role as Billy Cross, jazz troubadour. In a surreal opening sequence, an ominous rumbling shakes the main drag in the outback town of Poona Flat. The Townspeople scramble to the airstrip just as a jet lands to refuel. When the cargo doors open, Miles/Billy and his band step out to survey the crowd. After the band treats the assembled to a swinging "Tarmac Jam", one awestruck boy steps up to say hello. Think early Peter Weir meets 'ROUND MIDNIGHT. Years later, awestruck boy is now a dingo hunter by day, jazz trumpeter by night, played by Colin Friels. Obviously bored with playing outback pubs and dances with his country swing outfit, Colin finally decides to head to Paris to meet his idol. After some "country boy in the big city" escapades, he finally meets the Man, who has stopped playing trumpet and lives in seclusion, noodling on keyboards and offering new agey aphorisms a la "there are no accidents". Colin's lack of cynicism proves to be the breath of fresh air needed to draw Miles out of his funk, and soon they're out in clubland. Certainly nothing new in showbiz storytelling, but De Heer directs with low-key precision, and the film

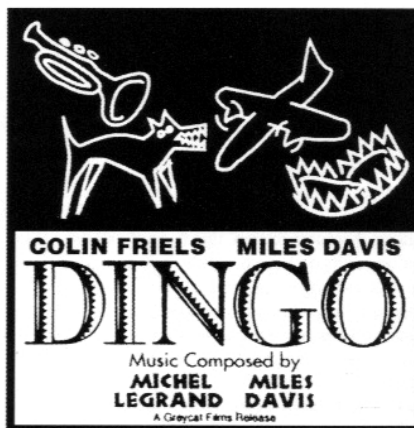
has a fable-like wind-up that avoids Hollywood-style corn. A definite must-see for fans of Jazz on film, and of the one and only Miles Davis.

Two of the major highlights of an extensive "Cinema Verite" festival at Film Forum in NYC featured another Jazz visionary on the downside. **Charles Mingus** appears briefly in the D.A. Pennebaker short **TIMOTHY LEARY'S WEDDING a/k/a YOU'RE NOBODY 'TIL SOMEBODY LOVES YOU**, in which the intrepid film crew rides along with "entertainer" Monti Rock III(!) as he travels from NYC up to Millbrook NY, for the Timothy and Rosemary Leary union. After some pre-wedding jitters (Tim has his vest on backwards until someone finally clues our 'guru' in on formalwear), the reception is soon underway, with Monti doing his best Tom Jones hip gyrations and Charlie Mingus jamming on piano.

All this fun grinds to a total halt with the second feature, **MINGUS**, a profile shot in 1968 by Thomas Reichmann. Mostly filmed on the night before Mingus is facing imminent eviction from his Downtown loft, intercut with clips of club performances with his group, we get an unflinching view of Mingus' life falling apart. As the bottles of wine flow freely, Charlie emerges as the Hunter S. Thompson of bebop as he free-associates on Jazz, Life and Love, all the while wandering around his stacks of music manuscripts and piles of clothes. A truly gonzo moment occurs when Mingus produces a shotgun from its blanket 'case' and fires a test round at the ceiling. The sensitive side is also on view as he sits at his broken-down upright piano with his young daughter, quietly playing. But when the cops arrive in the A.M., the scene turns ugly as Charlie is "escorted", sobbing, from his loft. And when "Jack the Cop" finds a few syringes in the bathroom, Mingus is placed into custody while a few scattered friends/fans try to salvage his instruments and music. Truly a heartwarming document. Ouch.

On a personal note, one of our (my) favorite musicians here at Sharp Relief was the virtuoso acoustic guitarist Michael Hedges, whose innovative playing and mesmerizing live performances were some of the most inspiring experiences of my musical education. When he died in a car accident only a few weeks after his last performances here in NYC last December, the world of music definitely lost an irreplaceable voice. The PBS station in Aspen has a series called "The

Artist's Profile" and the half-hour piece on Michael Hedges was a rare glimpse into the genius he brought to the guitar. It features plenty of live performance clips and you can see why he was the acoustic player most revered by metalheads. He rocked. This show is available from his website and by mail order and the proceeds go to his family, so do some good at www.nomadland.com. Next time--take a ride on the Soul Train! **SHARP RELIEF WILL RETURN**



UNDERGROUND ODDITIES

JEFFTOWNE (1997).

[Daniel Kraus, 2235 K. Wrightsville Ave, Wilmington, NC 28403]

Hot from the NY Underground Film Festival comes a hilarious, disturbing, and often poignant documentary which profiles Iowa City-resident Jeff Towne. A 38-year-old with Down's Syndrome, Jeff isn't your usual example of mental retardation. Instead, he's a fun-loving guy who's shown chugging beer on his birthday and proudly displaying examples from his closet full of porno mags. Filmed over a 10-month period, this hour-long tale follows Jeff on his seemingly-repetitive daily routine: From home, to city bus, to hanging out at a mall movie theatre (with his make-shift 'job'), and back home again. While it's difficult to understand Jeff's grunts and croaks, this is an engrossing profile that's hard to forget. Amidst sillier incidents (like Jeff attending a STAR TREK convention, and later, nearly accosting William Shatner), various friends describe his often-risky, occasionally-pissed-off escapades. For example, the theatre manager recalls how he had a crush on a cute female employee, and suddenly showed up with a wedding ring for her, paid for with a check *stolen* from his mom. In fact, Jeff gets so many free beers and hugs from any woman within arm's length, that one interviewee is convinced Jeff plays up his handicap in order to get away with so much. Still, the scariest moments involve a trip to the dentist (to have some of his few remaining teeth yanked); a look at his blackened, infected foot; plus his wheelchair-bound foster mother, who's over 90-years-old and pins their financial hopes on the Publishers' Clearing House. Jeff is a piece of work, all right. Far from likeable at times, but always amusing as hell; and while you might think this pic exploits the guy, Jeff revels in the attention and seems to be having a ball, despite his limited lifestyle. Meanwhile, Daniel Kraus captures it all with a fresh, sympathetic, yet always investigative eye, which mixes the easier-to-swallow episodes with the sharper edges of reality.

ME! (1997).

[Divergent Thinking Productions, 10708 Barnwood Lane, Potomac, MD 20854]

Director Alvin Ecarma returns to the underground scene with this brief but hilarious in-joke, aimed straight at only the most savvy schlock-o-philes. Only five-minutes long, our lead actor ("Cash Flagg Jr." as "Me") promises to expose himself for the camera, only to pop a video into his handy VCR and rip into a lengthy, expertly lip-synched performance of the classic trailer from that "mother of a film," GHETTO FREAKS. Posing about his bedroom, as the coming attraction plays on his background TV set, this is performance art at its most obscure. Most important, Ecarma picked the perfect, over-the-top narration for this pic ("He took the Man's woman, and made them all Sisters, and they kept begging for more...A sweet, funky Black chick is all he wanted, but a freaked-out white chick in a dashiki *blew* his mind."). Briskly edited and exuberantly performed, this is a simple, silly, yet unforgettably inspired concept which will leave grindhouse cinema fans in stitches.

MARY JANE'S NOT A VIRGIN ANYMORE (1996).

[Station Wagon Productions, P.O. Box 471807, San Francisco, CA 94147]

The feature debut of writer-director Sarah Jacobson is a decidedly different venture than her caustic short, I WAS A TEENAGE SERIAL KILLER. Mind you, that's not a bad thing. Less shocking and more character-driven, this is a smart, (dare I say it) charming profile which rambles along at its own pace, tackles real teenage concerns, and is fueled by moments of casual, low-budget reality, a la Spheeris' SUBURBIA. Lisa Gerstein stars as Jane, a suburban high school senior who loses her virginity to a callous dickhead (in a scene far from her romantic expectations), and leaves her cynical of love in general. Still living with her parents, who're (tellingly) never at home, Jane also works at an urban movie theatre, populated by a mixed-bag of stereotypes, with the theatre's gay owner (Greg Cruikshank), providing the closest thing to a father figure. Based on Jacobson's own teenage experiences in Minneapo-

lis, Gerstein offers up a refreshing mix of confusion and intelligence as Jane, who's not only dealing with graduation, but her own sexuality and a long line of unpredictable men. The supporting cast is a bit dicier, but remain believable, thanks to the sharp dialogue. Plus, after having been sentenced to Retail Hell myself, I particularly enjoyed the barrage of asshole customers and their whiny complaints (including Jello Biafra as a Born Again windbag). In fact, MARY JANE's only downside is the fact so many studio "teen films" have used the same BREAKFAST CLUB-esque scenario, which has a cast of divergent characters interacting about love, life and general angst, against one insulated setting (in this case, the theatre). Still, Jacobson is savvy enough to avoid cliché and instead, expertly captures the verbal and emotional give-'n'-take which occurs between friends, lovers, and assorted screw-ups in one's life.

THE NECRO FILES (1997).

[Threat Theatre, P.O. Box 7633, Olympia, WA 98507; \$35.50 ppd]

Director Matt Jaisle and FX-whiz Todd Tjersland put their twisted brainpans into overdrive for this Seattle-lensed indie, which will have genre deviants rejoicing from its mix of extreme bloodshed and anti-social dementia. Shot with surprising finesse, but with an eye always toward exploitation, the story begins with a woman going straight from a shower to being chased by a masked intruder, who guts her, rapes her, stretches her intestines across her clean kitchen floor, and sets the tone for the rest of this sick flick. Enter Steven Sheppard and Gary Browning as detectives on the trail of this fucker, who has butchered over 200 women. Once caught, the excitable Sheppard (who snorts lines of "cold medicine") kills the snaggly-toothed nutcase, only to have this maniac rising from the grave, with his face a lump of rotted flesh and a foot-long dick hanging out of his mildewed pants. The result of this rotted rapist? One poor girl is left as just a head and a pile of entrails, while others follow, in similarly gratuitous fashion. Best of all, amidst this cheap grue, there's a genuine sense of humor fueling the plot. For example, when some demon-resurrecting Satanists actually accomplish their goal, they freak out when this zombie begins tearing apart their congregation. Later, these slacker Satanists have to fend off a flying dead baby (and yes, it's as ridiculous as it sounds), while hot-

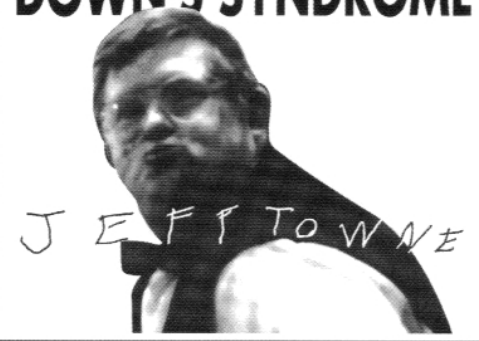
headed Sheppard is even less sympathetic than our zombie rapist. Fully aware of its cash limitations but never letting that get in the way of their grisly agenda, Jaisle isn't afraid to haul his cast and crew into a real cemetery in order to slaughter a baby--and you've got to admire that type of dedication to one's art. Truly outrageous, this doesn't give you a moment to breath (or realize how embarrassed you should be at enjoying this trash) as it pours on the over-the-top gore and guffaws.

COVEN (1997).

[Northwest Productions, P.O. Box 635, Menomonee Falls, WI 53052]

This 40-minute, black-and-white effort from writer-director Mark Borchardt is a wicked little yarn, equipped with a welcome disdain for so-called "support" groups. Borchardt also takes the lead as Mike, a chain-smoking, heavily-liquored writer whose indulgences finally wind him up in the hospital and (despite his reservations) a support group. Is it just a coincidence that once Mike begins attending these loony bin-like meetings, that his life *really* flies out of control, with mysterious robed figures attacking him? Sure, the group blames the guy's bad visions and increasing paranoia on the booze and drugs, but Mike begins to believe the group itself has a sinister (possibly Satanic) agenda. Believably acted by Borchardt (who works as a cemetery groundskeeper when he's not behind the camera), the story has an insidious undercurrent that rises to the surface for its bloody finale. Full of stark images of the Wisconsin outdoors (courtesy of cinematographer Jeff Buss) and moments of reality—including whiny friends and a writer who has stayed too long behind his typewriter. Plus, it's difficult not to like Mike, the type of guy who takes a bathroom break during a support meeting, in order to secretly slug back a few shots.

BEER PORNOS THIEVERY DOWN'S SYNDROME



DELINQUENT (1997).**[Peter Hall, 280 Riverside Drive, 5-J, New York, NY 10025-9019]**

An asshole cop. Smoking grass. Jerking off. Cross-dressing. And a gun. That's just the tip of the iceberg when it comes to this accomplished psychological drama from director-writer Peter Hall. Meet Tim (Desmond Devenish), a teen trapped in the dinkwater town of Cold Mills, NY. With his crazy mother dead, his father an abusive policeman, and his home a disheveled trailer, Tim finds a place of temporary solace from his shitty life when he sneaks into a closed-up summer house. Repeatedly visiting the place, he rummages through bedroom lingerie, discovers a hidden handgun, and indulges in his fantasies, like lusting after a compassionate teacher. Meanwhile, teenaged Tracy, whose family owns the place, has her own problems due to a tryst with her English teacher, and returns suddenly to this house to suffer alone. Despite the occasional soft-hearted lapse, *DELINQUENT* has a melancholy edge which goes a long way, plus a powerful finale as Tim's wishes come true, and pull Tracy along in their wake. The entire cast gives sincere, naturalistic performances, with Jeff Paul getting the showiest role as the caustic Officer Ben, who spits in his kid's face, downs bottles of liquor, and is pissed off that his son is reading a *book* during his free time. Along the way, Hall subverts the usual expectations (which have come from seeing too many artificial teen-angst pics), with some of his quietest moments being the most effective (like Tracy burning a teddy bear gift from her teacher). Aided by a tense score from Gang of Four, this is a persuasive profile of a traumatized adolescent pushed to the edge—only to push back with a vengeance.

THE BLOODY APE (1997).**[Keith Crocker, 40 S. Brush Drive, Valley Stream, NY 11581; \$20 + \$3 postage]**

Supposedly inspired by Poe's "Murders in the Rue Morgue", Keith Crocker's astoundingly silly feature is more of a throwback to crude, white trash, drive-in classics like early Ormond or H.G. Lewis. Paul Richichi plays Lampini, a carny hustler who runs a two-bit sideshow attraction starring the amazing Gorto the Ape. But when Lampini's girlfriend Ginger dumps him, she's set up with some banana-cream soap—which has Gorto attacking both her and her scantily-clad roomies. From there on, Lampini's banana gifts bring bloodshed to this cast of smalltown cretins (which ultimately, makes Gorto the most likable character in the movie). Once our title simian goes on his rampage, this flick hits its stride, as he goes so far as to rip off a guy's dick while in the middle of taking a leak. This ape can even drive a car to the next stop on his killing spree! There are also insufferable characters galore, including a fat-fuck mechanic, a Hasidic jewelry slimeball, plus Joseph Zaso as one-half of a pair of dip-shit cops on the case (who pin the murders on a random Black guy). The acting is worse than atrocious, but it fits the equally amateurish material, which revels in low-grade sleaze, dumb jokes, laughable gore, and a seedy ape suit that wouldn't cut it in an old Three Stooges short. There's also wonderful footage of a real carny, complete with freak show attractions and confused workers. Unfortunately, while Crocker *et al* have their sleazy hearts in the right place, the end result of this monkey business is only sporadically amusing, thanks to its most outlandish twists.

AFFLICTION (1996).**[Available through Videos.com, 202 S. Pearl St. #4, Charlotte, MI 48813; \$19.95 + \$4.95 s/h]**

Directed, produced and edited by Mark Hejnar (*BIBLE OF SKIN*), this 45-minute documentary is the grossest thing I've endured in awhile. A peek into the more radical forms of current-day artistic self-expression, Hejnar captures various alternative celebs at their most extreme, and turns in into a visual and aural assault. There's Turbo Tom, who uses himself as a human dart board, Annie Sprinkle goes down on an assortment of dildos, The Voluptuous Horror of Karen Black performs, and Full Force Frank (in his always-fashionable ski mask and mirrored shades) shows off his huge gun collection. Of course, let's not forget that clown prince of shit-eaters, the late GG Allin, who shoves a turkey baster up a gal's ass and then licks it, gets an up-close-and-personal golden shower, and gives the viewer some tender insights ("I just want a woman that fuckin' smells dirty."). Meanwhile, try to keep your gag-reflex in check when infamous BOILED ANGEL-cartoonist Mike Diana (filmed in his bedroom, in his dad's house) induces some on-screen vomiting, straight onto a Bible. Co-compiler Diana continues to prove he's as sick as his drawings by stripping down and jerking off while shoving a crucifix up his ass. But if that ain't enough for you, wait until the heart-warming mutilation finale. Hejnar intersperses these (often unintentionally humorous) profiles with abrasive imagery, such as razor blades slicing flesh, penis piercing and assorted screwing, all combined with a throbbing soundtrack. To be honest,

these hallucinatory musical segues are sometimes more interesting than the subjects, since some of their rebellious schtick is getting a tad old nowadays. It's a credit to Hejnar's cinematic savvy that he keeps the pic moving, and brings a caustic allure to their anti-social shenanigans.

SCREEN KILL (1997).**[Dark Fall Productions, 1036 Middlesex Road, Baltimore, MD 21221]**

This shot-on-video pic from director Doug Ulrich certainly begins on a gratuitous note, with a half-naked woman willingly blindfolded and stabbed repeatedly for the camera. We then meet Mark Williams as Doug, a guy who claims gruesome horror pics are the "love of his life," and is prided away from his VCR one evening to check out an oh-so-sinister nightclub and its monk-robbed headliners. As if their crappy music wasn't scary enough, they also "kill" a guy on-stage for a laughably fake finale which, nevertheless, has Doug creaming his bloodthirsty jeans. Before long, Doug teams up with creepy bandleader Ralis (co-writer/producer Al Darago) on their own home-made slasher flick—only to have Ralis actually slice a girl's throat on-camera, with Doug pulled along as an unwitting accomplice. It just escalates from there, as the increasingly wacko Ralis hauls in new "actors" and mutilates them for Doug's camera. He cuts off one guy's dick and shoves it in his victim's mouth; bludgeons a woman's face with a flat iron; takes a power drill to a homeless guy's eyeball; and the list goes on. The FX vary wildly, with some amusing results, and though extremely nasty at times, the film is never very involving. Perhaps it's the fact that these two guys are idiots, yet in this dream-world, they can slaughter half the town, but never have to deal with slight problems, like the police. And unlike the usual gore-happy-fanboys (if you've been to a Fango convention, you understand), Ulrich goes out of his way to prove that Doug is a macho dude, by having him beat up a mugger who outweighs him by fifty pounds. More than anything else, this is a 77-minute excuse for plenty of violent scenes and cheap grue, with little time for character development or even the most basic logic.

THE ADVENTURES OF EL FRENETICO & GO-GIRL. Tonight's Episode: Shades of Crime (1997).**[Pat Bishow, P.O. Box 26, New York, NY 10028-0001; amusefilms@aol.com]**

Charles Pellegrino and Frances Lee reprise their roles as America's favorite underground wrestling/kung fu crimefighters, in this third, half-hour comic adventure. And while the plot is silly stuff, that's exactly what makes this series so lovable. After breaking the infamous snack food king-turned-power-hungry creep Heinrich Syphon (co-scripter Jon Sanborne) from prison, Special Guest Villainess Nyoka Shade (Modoka Raine) continues to reek havoc on our heroes—while trying to seduce Go-Girl to her side. Then add some ninjas who have all the grace and danger of a classroom of retarded mimes. Of course, beer-bellied El Frenetico turns to drink at the nearby superhero saloon, and this over-stuffed Santo is the highlight of the series.

His besotted stupor gets the biggest laughs, as well as his tendency to take a break during battle for a quick, microwaved snack. Unfortunately, he's conspicuously absent for much of the fun. Instead, director Pat Bishow spends more time on the two (less-outrageous) femmes, who, despite their charm, lack the laughs necessary to make up for the film's hard-to-ignore budgetary restraints.

SHANK (1995).**[David Morley, P.O. Box 905, Baltimore, MD 21203]**

Filmed in beautiful downtown Baltimore, this half-hour dose of silliness from director-writer David Morley is a crude, often uproarious homage to the best (and worst) of blaxploitation. James Brown-Orleans (who's also credited for the fight choreography) stars in the title role of Shank Surefire, the funkiest (not to mention, shortest) ex-private eye in tow, who's currently slicing meat at Daddy Pa's Deli. When Clover Jackson is killed, our badass Shank is on the case, and decked out in his (once) fashionable brown leather jacket and turtleneck, he starts kicking ass. The trail eventually leads to (the equally short-lived) Maria Funk, who's campaigning to legalize drugs; plus the possibility that the mayor could be next on the list. Is the Republican Party to blame? Or the local pushers? Or how about the media? Meanwhile, local thugs plan to "rough him up and shake him down" at the local disco. Brown-Orleans is one cool mother (who's also willing to look like an ass in a bunny suit), while Morley has a firm grip on the genre and sends it up with a combination of respect and ridicule. Complete with an appropriate wa-wa soundtrack, big ratty afros, and the cheapjack production values of an average Rudy Ray Moore flick—he's a lover, he's a fighter, he's ridiculous. He's Shank.



ULTRAMEGALOPOLIS (1996).

[Larry Wessel, P.O. Box 1611, Manhattan Beach, CA 90267-1611; \$25 ppd]

For this sprawling documentary, Larry Wessel takes his camera into the streets of smog-encrusted Los Angeles. Shot between 1990-1995, this offers up a simple video montage of LA's more eccentric niches and residents, and avoiding any narration or unnecessary trimming, Wessel allows his subjects (for good or for bad) to ramble at length. Focusing on every misfit the streets could offer, we move from unrelenting religious fanatics to a Michael Jackson lookalike handing out flyers, and even an Asian singing cowboy. We're privy to the pathetic Hollywood "Welcome Home Desert Storm" parade, with such "aren't they dead yet?" celebs like Peter Graves, Gene Autry and Cesar Romero; while Wessel drives around with his camera hanging from the window, surveying the burnt-out remains of the LA riots. There are also



some genuinely freaky moments, like a dancing cripple, writhing about on his stumpy limbs. Add a trip to the now-defunct McMartin Pre-School (complete with local residents still searching for clues to their guilt), plus extended looks at graffiti artists and their never-ending urban canvas. Wessel also returns several times to one long close-up of Andrew, who regales us with his history of juvie correction facilities, murder, trying to get his life back in gear, plus encounters with one-time prison-mate Charlie Manson—right down to watching the guy get torched. Though admittedly filled with insightful, amusing episodes, this simply goes on too fuckin' long, and at 158 minutes, you'll be hard-pressed not to reach for that Fast Forward button (like when we stare at a pair of 'living mannequins' for three solid minutes). I've never even been to LA, but after watching this urban profile, I'm glad that a visit won't be coming anytime soon.

BIRDHEART PIE (1997).

[Eric Thornett, 5437 Ruby Drive, Fairfax, VA 22030]

This flick is overlong (117 minutes!), convoluted, often ridiculous, and simply put, a fucking mess. But it's also damned entertaining at times, with sudden spurts of demented energy and unpredictable imagination which had me continually impressed. Shot in b&w 8mm, you're never sure where the hell this thing is going, since writer-director Eric Thornett mixes every possible genre, from horror to comedy to gangland action. It begins when a stranger (Jason Wauer) moves into a sleazy hotel, and slowly begins knocking off the soldiers of a disgusting mob boss named Fat...er, Big Fred (Alfred Quiroz), with the aid of something deadly inside his briefcase (a goofy, stop-motion pet that look like a spider crossed with Gumby). To put an end to these killings, a nearly-superhuman, sadistic hitman (David Seidel) is called into town, which leads to lengthy chases, gunfire galore, a minimum of dialogue (thank goodness, because the sound looping is dreadful), plus the secret to what fuels this stranger's vengeance. Along with several bravura sequences, there's plenty of black humor also at work, since Thornett (who also co-stars as competing mob boss Ransome Scrummy) is unafraid to slaughter a few children in the name of old fashioned entertainment. Most impressive are the often excruciating stunts, which have people falling down stairs and setting themselves on fire. Sure, in a DIE HARD movie, there's plenty of cash to fake this, but here, you can't help but wonder how Thornett found people willing to risk their necks on camera. Indulgent as hell and ambitious beyond its means, this slice of PIE is pocked with odd tangents and gonzo moments which put it several notches above the usual home-made fare.

GROOVY SQUAD VS. DR. BRAIN (1997).

[Savage Film Group, Box 4011, Capitol Hts., MD 20791; \$10 + \$2 shipping]

Ten minutes into this painfully amateurish video, I frantically searched the video cover for a running time, only to realize there was none listed. Panicked by the thought this might be a feature film, I was relieved to find it ending after a merciful 28 minutes. Writer-producer-director Rock Savage also stars as Harry Gross, who along with masked-wrestler Mod Mutilator and martial arts master Rex Jones, play a team of super agents so shabby they make Lancelot Link look sophisticated. It seems that a living brain in a glass bowl is in search of The Book of Dead Names, which can resurrect the long gone "Earth Gods." But first, he brings back zombies to do his legwork. Will this trio of idiots save the world? Will you even care? The video was so grainy that it looked like some low-grade Times Square bootleg, with post-production dubbing so atrocious it'll leave longtime Toho fans aghast. Hell, I can enjoy any El Cheapo production if it's got even a fragment of talent fueling it, but even though these guys make light of their own cheeziness, that alone doesn't cut it. Sure, it was probably a ball to make, since many of the actors seem to be drunk off their ass—but you'll have to be in the same condition to make it through this drivell.

THE TIGER INSIDE: INTERVIEW WITH A SERIAL KILLER (1997).

[Neal Stevens, 81 Ocean Parkway #2F, Brooklyn, NY 11218]

Purportedly based on a series of actual 1993 interviews between convicted serial killer Arthur John Woodhill and a female psychiatrist, the first thing that's apparent about this feature is its simple concept and execution. There's one barren set, and only two actors, who barely move. Meanwhile, the camera focuses on Woodhill for long, unedited takes, with the doctor mostly glimpsed as a reflection in the glass separating the two. Long (112 minutes) but rarely boring, he rambles on about his past, as she takes notes and probes him with questions, hoping to peel away the layers of his past and reasons behind his actions. Don't go into this expecting graphic thrills though, because there's only his matter-of-fact recollections of his crimes, which include torturing, raping and slaughtering a series of young women. The title refers to the force inside of him which is unleashed under the proper circumstances, and Woodhill takes us from torturing frogs as a youth, to getting turned on by violent scenarios, to cumming just as he snaps his first 16-year-old victim's neck. From then on, the brakes are off, as he describes turning his attic into a soundproofed, easy-to-scrub abattoir, while picking up dozens of victims while driving a cab. And oddly enough, hearing him describe these details is almost worse than if we'd been shown them, since it allows us to put our own sick imaginations to work. An admirable effort, particularly well-written and expertly played by the two actors, with Judith Faison as the Doc and Ed Clark proving himself unnervingly capable of being the perfect "He was such a quiet neighbor" psychopath. Technically threadbare, yet psychologically exhausting, this film ultimately questions what exactly *is* normal, when compared to the larger evils of human civilization.

TEARS (1997).

[Brad Sykes, 700 19th Street, Virginia Beach, VA 23451]

This 20-minute, two character drama concerns a fateful, low-key meeting between two characters and begins on an enigmatic note. Renting a motel room, a lone young woman (Ruth Ann Schultz) empties her purse, finds her packet of razor blades, and prepares to slice her wrists. Suddenly, a knock at her door interrupts her work. It's Max (Jack Wareing), a creepy, unshaven stranger who somehow knows her name, barges in, and explains that he needs something specific from her in order to survive (hint: read the title)—if only she's able to tap into her sadness and release her pain. While director Brad Sykes is accomplished in establishing a chilly mood and his actors are personable, there's little time during this brief encounter to flesh out the characters. It's also a bit stilted in the dialogue department, always feeling like *reel* life and not *real* life. Sentimental at its heart, but earnest in its intentions, after an intriguing intro this never builds to much more than a slight, well-crafted vignette.

THE SPEED OF MIND (1996).

[Patrick Hasson, 107 Sumac St. 1st Floor, Philadelphia, PA 19128]

Loaded with genuine style, director-writer-editor Patrick Hasson has created a fascinating, feature-length tapestry of simmering family dysfunction, set in a shithole Florida town. The story unfolds in a stream-of-consciousness fashion, introducing and uncovering the lives of two screwed-up families. First, meet brothers Jim and Neeman, who live by themselves since their parents have (seemingly) disappeared. There's also Dell (Matt Grondin), a little boy who doesn't speak—and I wouldn't either, if I had an abusive, alcoholic, Bible-thumping father like Lowell (Louis Greta). When quiet Jim meets the even-quieter Dell, they form a silent bond, and as an extremely-symbolic storm approaches the Florida area, the kicker comes when Lowell's brother Matthew crawls out of the woodwork for an altogether unwelcome visit. Perfectly capturing the stench of a small town, you feel for these characters—particularly Dell—as their personalities are suffocated by surroundings, dead end jobs, and uncontrollable events. Meanwhile, a stoned neighbor named Cube (played by Hasson) and his crazy mom get the biggest laughs, particularly by those who know people just as braindead and annoying. Shot on 16mm, with a budget of \$11,000, this is meticulously lensed and punctuated by moments of time-lapse photography, as well as an enigmatic voice-over which offers dictionary definitions relating to the on-screen circumstances. Sure, it meanders at times, but Hasson ultimately pulls it together into a distinctive, satisfying drama as fragmented as its characters.

REALLY STRANGE STORIES OF THE TOTALLY UNKNOWN (1997).

[Between the Lines Prod., P.O. Box 302, Crompond, NY 10517; \$20 + \$3 postage]

This cheap, obvious, shot-on-video parody of reality-based shows is only an hour-long, and will be forgotten in half the time. Broken into three segments, this is little but dull, G-rated satire. "The X-Wives" is, no surprise, a parody of THE X-FILES, with agents Sox Molder and Zana Sully (groan) investigating a murder committed by a giant chicken-man (who looks less like an evolutionary mutant than a junior high school team mascot). "Unresolved Mysteries" has host Rubber Sack investigating a pair of Siamese twins, who are happy to be conjoined until one gets amnesia and the other mysteriously "disappears." Lastly, "Invasion of the Balloon People" features the best gag, when a mild-mannered accountant discovers a conspiracy of inflated, living balloons (but it goes swiftly downhill from there). Directors Stefan Petrucha and Steve Holtz also take time out to satirize multi-channel surfing, but even though they strive for rapid-fire gags, their batting average is dismal. The X-FILES jabs might earn a few smiles from fans (what with its Vancouver jokes and cameos by rubbery aliens), but this is public access-level humor all the way. Dumb and tedious.

Give us a call at (440) 891-1920 Monday - Friday 1pm to 9pm EST
Our complete Merchandise Catalog - Chock full of Books, Magazines, Posters, Autographs, Videos, Mexican Wrestling Stuff and More can be had for \$3.00.
 Mention this ad and add one to your Review Book purchase for only \$1.00

phantom video



UNCUT Horror, sleaze, cult & exploitation imports, rarities & bizarre films on VHS. Psychedelic, S&M, B&D, fetish & fantasy theme films. 100's of infamous & obscure titles.

For our updated catalog

send \$3 (refund w/first order) to: **PHANTOM VIDEO**, P.O. Box 16-3604, Miami, FL 33116

NOW 1500 TAPES OF TERROR VIDEOS!

Your Video Source for the Best Quality, Selection and Service Since 1983! Now Over 1,500 Horror, Exploitation, Sexploitation, Slasher, Cult, Sleaze, Eurotrash, Gore, Adult Classics, Obscure Cinema, Hong Kong Action/ Fantasy, Sci-Fi, and Many Hard-to-Find Rarities! \$20 each, plus \$3 s & h. (Add \$1 each additional tape.) We Ship Worldwide! Order before sunset!

ORDER 6 VIDEOS & GET THE 7th FREE! NO LIMIT!

- | | |
|---|---|
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> □ Alien Prey ('83/UK) Alien interlopes lesbians □ Amuck! ('78/Ital.) Farley Granger, Barbara Bouchet □ Assault ('70/UK) Suzy Kendall, Frank Finlay □ Autopsy ('76/Italian) Mimmy Farmer, aka "Tarot" □ Baba Yaga ('69/Ital.) Carroll Baker, Isabelle De Funès □ A Bell From Hell ('73/Spain) Viveca Lindfors □ Beyond the Door ('74/Italian) Exorcist exploitation □ The Big Bust Out ('73/Ital.) WIP Epic Nudity & rape □ Bird With Crystal Plumage ('70/Ital./Libx) Argento □ The Bitch ('79/UK) Joan Collins in disco sex movie □ The Black Panther ('77/UK) Sadist tortures heiress □ Blood of the Vampire ('58/UK) Barbara Shelley □ The Blood Spattered Bride ('72/Ital.) Carmilla rises □ The Body ('67/Italian) Carroll Baker's 1st Giallo □ Body Talk ('81/UK) Angelique Pettyjohn, Kay Parker □ Brain of Blood ('71/Filipino) Al Adamson directs □ Burned Alive ('79/Ital.) Twisted Joe D'Amato dir. □ Burke and Hare ('71/UK) Yvette Stensgaard nude! □ Cannibal Holocaust ('79/Ital./Letterboxed) Uncut □ Castle of Unholy Desires ('67/Spain) Adrian Hoven dir. □ Cat O'Nine Tails ('71/Italian/Libx.) Argento classic □ Creature with the Blue Hands ('71/German) K. Kinski □ Cuthroats Nine ('73/Italian) Violent Eurowestern! □ Dark Places ('72/UK) Joan Collins, Christopher Lee □ Dark Waters ('94/UK-Italian) Louise Salter □ Death Faces ('88/UK) Disgusting real atrocities! □ Deep Red ('75/Libx./Italian) Dario Argento. Uncut □ The Devil ('75/Chin./Eng. Dub) Gore Exorcist Pul! □ The Devil Doll ('64/UK) Yvonne Romain □ The Devil Ship Pirates ('64/UK) Christopher Lee □ The Devil's Wedding Night ('73/Italian) Sarah Bay □ Demon Witch Child ('74/Spain.) A. de Ossorio dir. □ Desert Tigers ('79/Ital.) Lea Lander & raping Nazis □ Dr. Jekyll et les Femmes ('81/in Fren/Libx) Udo Kier □ Dracula Blows His Cool ('79/German) Sex farce □ Emmanuelle ('76/UK) Zena Marshall □ Escape From Blood Plantation ('75/Ital.) Udo Kier □ Eyes Without a Face ('59/in French/Eng.subs/Libx.) □ Frankenstein's Great-Aunt Tilly ('83/UK) Pleasance □ Franken Devil ('77/Ital.) 3rd Reich Pleasure Train □ The Groove Room ('73/UK) Diana Dors, Sex comedy □ Horror of the Zombies ('74/Spain) 3rd Blind Dead □ Hot & Saucy Pizza Girls ('78/X) Desiree Cousteau □ The House That Dripped Blood ('70/UK) Ingrid Pitt □ The Human Beast ('78/Italian) Helmut Berger □ Hundra ('85/Ital.) Laurence Landon, Marissa Casel □ I Want You ('78/X) Uschi Digart, John Holmes □ The Icebox Murders ('81/Spain) Jack Taylor □ Inn of the Damned ('74/Australian) Alex Cord □ Island of the Bunnies ('67/UK) P. Cushing □ Lady Stay Dead ('83/Aust) Gore psycho on the loose □ Land of the Minotaur ('77/UK) Peter Cushing □ The Last Hunter ('80/Italian) Tisa Farrow, Uncut | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> □ The Legend of Blood Castle ('72/Spain-Italian) □ Legend of the Wolfwoman ('76/Italian) Nude wolf! □ Let's Get Laid ('77/UK) Linda Hayden in sex romp □ The Love Camp ('80/German) Laura Gemser naked □ The Loves of Irina ('73) Uncut 'X', Jess Franco dir. □ Make Them Die Slowly ('80/Ital.) Umberto Lenzi dir. □ Ms. Suleto ('69/Ital.) Brigitte Skay, Fred Williams □ The Mummy's Revenge ('73) Paul Naschy, Gore! □ Naked Super Witches of the Rio Amore ('77) Franco □ Night of the Seagulls ('75/Spain) 4th Blind Dead □ Night Train Murders ('74/Ital./Libx) Aldo Lado dir. □ Nothing But the Night ('72/UK) C. Lee, P. Cushing □ Nuns of S'ant Archangelo ('73/Italian/Letterboxed) □ Orgias Inconfessables de Emmanuelle ('82/in Spain.) □ The Other Hell ('80/Italian) Possessed naked nuns! □ Pets ('73/UK) Topless women in chains & cages □ Pirates of Blood River ('62/UK) Christopher Lee □ The Raincoat Crowd ('79/X) Desiree Cousteau □ The Rogue ('76/Ital) Barbara Bouchet, Margaret Lee □ The Rue Morgue Massacre ('72/Spain) Paul Naschy □ Salon Kitty ('76/Ital.) Helmut Berger, Ingrid Thulin □ Seven Blows of the Dragon ('73/Chin-Eng dubbed) □ The Sex Machine ('75/Italian) Agostina Belli, "R" □ The Sexorcist ('74/Ital.) Stella Carnachia writes! □ The Sin of Adam and Eve ('72/Mex.) Bible nude! □ Slaughter Hotel ('71/Ital.) Klaus Kinski, Sarah Bay □ Slaughter of the Vampires ('62/Ital.) Walter Brandi □ Slave of the Cannibal God ('78) Ursula Andress □ Slavers ('79) Slave trade epic, Britt Ekland, Ron Ely □ S.S. Hell Camp ('76/Ital) Violence, Nudity, Torture! □ Stalene Motel ('75/Ital) Ursula Andress, Barbara Bach □ Syndicate Sadists ('72/Ital.) Umberto Lenzi directs □ Terror ('74/Italian) Nun takes revenge on her rapist □ The Terromauts ('67/UK) Amicus) Zena Marshall □ Tiffany Jones ('74/UK) Anouska Hempel, Sex spoof □ Tits Pity She's A Whore ('73/Ital.) Charlotte Rampling □ Tibillation ('82/X) Angelique Pettyjohn, K. Natavidad □ Tomb of Torture ('63/Italian) Annie Albert □ Torso ('73/Italian) Suzy Kendall, John Richardson □ Torture Chamber of Dr. Sadism ('67/Ital) Chris Lee □ Tower of Evil ('72/UK) Bryant Halliday, Jill Haworth □ 2069: A Sex Odyssey ('78/GER) Sci-Fi Alien Babes □ Twitch of the Death Nerve ('71/Italian) Mario Bava □ The Vampire and the Ballerina ('60/Ital) W. Brandi □ Vampire Hookers ('79/ Filipino) John Carradine □ El Vampiro ('57/Mex./in Spanish) German Robles □ Vampyr ('74/UK/Unsub) Anuska, Marianne Morris □ The Virgin of Nuremberg ('63/Italian) Chris Lee □ Welcome to Blood City ('77/UK) Jack Palance □ When the Screaming Stops ('72/Spain) Helga Line □ A Witch Without a Bloom ('68/Spain) Maria Perschy □ Witchfinder General ('68/UK) Vincent Price, Uncut |
|---|---|

Send \$1 for the Newly Updated 1998 Tapes of Terror VIDEO CATALOG (Sent free with all orders). Foreign Catalog Orders: Send \$2. Orders payable to: P. Riggs, 6226 Darnell, Dept. SC, Houston, TX 77074

BOOTLEG LIFE

PURVEYORS OF FINE EXOTIC SMUT

YOUR HOSTS BOSCO & BANG BANG INVITE YOU INTO A SWEATY WORLD OF THE MOST EXTREME HUMAN SEXUAL RELATIONS EVER DOCUMENTED!

Titles like: POO POO PLATTER, RAPEMAN (live and Anime), HOOKED ON PAIN, JOHN HOLMES MASTER COCKSMAN, SAMURAI FROG PROCTOLOGIST, URO SCATO LAVEMENT, FRENCH PISSING, ABARTIC PERVERS, GESTAPO GIRLS, FORCED ENTRY Vols. 1-30, & DAS KAVIAR DINNER will surely put you on that AFTERLIFE TRAIN RIDE TO HELL!! AND IT WILL BE SO WORTH IT!



LOGO BY KING VELVEEDA

¡A measly **THREE DOLLAR\$ cash & an age statement** will get you our **NEWEST SCATALOG plus FREEBIES!**

•All fetish titles come in a hardshell box with color covers to beautify your living quarters.

•We also carry many uncut, uncensored, & uncircumcised Euro-horror, HK mayhem, blaxploitation, & classic ★American★ porn titles!!

BOOTLEG LIFE

"BECAUSE LIFE IS TOO SHORT FOR SOFTCORE PORN!"

**PO BOX 138545
CHICAGO ILL
60613**

...and don't forget:

Buy early! Buy often!

E-MAIL: FUTURE@RIPCO.COM
(SUBJECT: BOOTLEG LIFE)

VOICE MAIL: 312-409-WHOO (OPTION 1)



NEW RELEASES

FORGOTTEN SILVER (First Run; 1996). If you're familiar with Peter Jackson's career, it'll be no surprise to learn he's come up with another winner. His latest hour-long project (working with film critic Costa Botes) is a four-star masterwork, as well as a field day for cinema aficionados. If you've never heard of New Zealander Colin McKenzie, you're in good company, because it wasn't until Jackson accidentally stumbled across his lost-lost cache of turn-of-the-century films (in an overgrown shed) that they came to the attention of cinephiles around the globe. Dubbed the "greatest film discovery of the last 50 years," this documentary takes us through McKenzie's history-making career, including the world's first feature film (with sound, no less) in 1908 and the first use of color in 1911—with Miramax's Harvey Weinstein, Leonard Maltin, and Sam Neill providing insight along the way. More remarkable than anything else is the fact it's all faked. Sure enough, Jackson and Botes have created an amazing, straight-faced send-up of historical documentaries, which chart the hilarious twists which kept Colin ever-forgotten. Best of all are Jackson and Botes' meticulous recreations of McKenzie's films (right down to their deterioration and over-acting)—from his ground-breaking shorts (which included the first mechanized camera, and documentation of a pre-Wright Brothers flight), to a series of prank-oriented "Stan the Man" comedies, to his epic production of *SALOME*, for which he built a Biblical city in the middle of nowhere. Cap this off with a modern-day search (and discovery) for Colin's lost city, led by Jackson himself, and the long-overdue premiere of *SALOME* (with Miramax trimming it by an hour, to make it more commercial). The result is truly inspired brilliance, as well as one of my favorite films of '97.

SCREAMING FOR SANITY: TRUTH OR

DARE 3 (Salt City Home Video; 1997). The third entry in director Tim Ritter's psycho-series is the best of the lot, since (for a change) it's only fitfully dreadful. Beginning with a flashback of sicko Mike Strauber running down an occupied baby carriage, we learn that this institutionalized mass-murderer is still allowed to wear his infamous copper mask and soon-to-be transferred to a halfway house. By coincidence, the father of the murdered baby works nearby; plus what's a Ritter film without lumpen Joel D. Wynkoop (er...tolerable?), here starring as Dr. Dan Hess, who's disgraced after he pummels Strauber. To compound matters, a new copper-masked killer begins offing supporting folks, which allows Ritter to indulge in laughably gratuitous effects (like when a waitress plucks out her own eyeball with a corkscrew). Pretty newcomer Kathy Kay Kurtz has the dubious job of playing Joel's girlfriend, and in what has to be the greatest feat of acting in years, makes love to icky Wynkoop without crying uncontrollably. Unfortunately, she has little else to do in this yawn-o-rama, and is (literally) left hanging for a sizable portion of the movie. The rest of the acting ranges from wretched to extremely-wretched, while a few of these people should never be allowed in front of a camera—like one woman who makes Shane McGowan look like a spokesperson for Crest. Scripters Ron Bonk, Kevin Lindenmuth and Ritter do their best with this creaky premise, but if Ritter's unable to direct a simple chunk of sludge like *CREEP*, what good is giving him a complex, often imaginative storyline? Stretched to a very long 101 minutes, this Florida-lensed flotsam won't win any new fans.

SHRIEKER (Full Moon; 1998). Even by Full Moon standards, this direct-to-video creature feature is a snooze. And no surprise, in budget-shaving moves, the entire movie takes place in one enclosed compound, the cast is kept to a minimum (a whopping 10 actors), and it clocks in at a slim 72 minutes (including over 4 minutes of snail-paced end credits). Set in an abandoned hospital now used as a squat for a six-pack of college dimwits, little do they realize, they're not the only ones roaming the corridors. Hmmm, perhaps it has something to do with the infamous "shrieking maniac," which closed down the place 50 years earlier? Yes, it's back—a two-faced monster that can move through walls (Warning: cheap morphing FX!) and looks even lamer than it does on the video box cover. Summoned long ago from another dimensional plane by alchemists, these trapped kids are slowly, boringly bumped-off, with plenty of deadening exposition along the way. And in a rip-off of...er, homage to Tourneur's *CURSE OF THE DEMON*, each victim receives a slip of paper with

an ancient symbol before getting unimaginatively killed. The generic band of 'up-and-coming' (re: amateur) actors are led by Tanya Dempsey, who plays the newest member of the makeshift household and uses her Math Major savvy to figure out the cheapjack creature's secrets. Most important, while Full Moon monsters usually have a shred of personality (and more often, outshine the human actors), this *Shrieker* is nothing but a barely-glimpsed plot device. With pedestrian direction from "Victoria Sloan" (you're not fooling anyone, David DeCoteau) and edited by J.R. Bookwalter (who, happily, isn't inflicting fanboys with his own homegrown slop anymore).

THE NOVEMBER MEN (50th Street Films; 1995). Completed in '93, barely-released to theatres in '95, and recently hitting video thanks to Troma's classier, 50th Street division, this offers up one of the most playfully paranoid works from director Paul Williams. Incorporating actual footage from the 1992 presidential campaign, this tackles the subject of political assassination—as well as the effect one bullet can have, at the right time, in the proper place. A guerrilla film about guerrilla filmmakers, try to imagine *THE STUNTMAN* crossed with *MEDIUM COOL*, and directed by Oliver Stone. In a final bit of reflexivechutzpah, indie director Williams casts himself in the lead role of indie director Arthur Gwenlyn, a conspiracy junkie who's making a whacked-out film about murdering George Bush (and thus, allowing the Left to knock off the Right, for a change). In an effort to bring reality to his flick, Arthur begins stalking Bush, and this doesn't sit well with the Secret Service, who follows everyone involved—including his cast of potential "assassins," which includes vengeful Arabs, a black revolutionary, and an unhinged Marine hitman named Duggo (played by scripter James Andronica, who also wrote and acted in William's '78 pic, *NUNZIO*). Has Gwenlyn lost his grip on reality and plans to use his film to actually assassinate Bush? That's hard to tell since you're never sure what's real, what's reconstructed reality, or just how twisted Gwenlyn's vision

is—topped by an astounding finale as Bush comes to town, and the cast and crew takes their places. Robert Davi also makes a couple humorous cameos, playing himself and getting hit up by Williams for cash. Though a little weak on the dramatic side, this raw but brilliantly structured work puts most Tinseltown product to shame in terms of pure cinematic imagination.

THE WAX MASK (1997). Directed by Pastaland FX-whiz Sergio Stivaletti, and working from a script by Lucio Fulci (who, before his passing, was going to direct) and Danielle Stroppa, this may not be the most original *giallo* to ever come out of Italy, but it offers up its share of lush period details, gore and nudity (and is nowhere near the dud some reported). The prologue is set on New Year's Eve, in 1900 Paris, with a grisly murder and a traumatized li'l girl as the sole survivor. A dozen years later, a creepy wax museum opens, complete with a workshop full of lurid knickknacks and a late-nite intruder who's literally frightened to death. We also encounter the child from the intro, who has grown up into the lovely Sonia (Romina Mondello) and gets a job as costume designer for museum curator-artist Boris (Robert Hossein); as well as a shadowy figure in a turned-up collar and pulled-down hat, who preys on the innocent (including children) with his incredibly nasty hypodermic. It doesn't take a rocket scientist to realize that Boris is obsessed with Sonia, who, in turn, is freaked out when she spots a museum scenario based on the murder she witnessed as a rugrat. And who is the kill-crazed madman? Let's just say it has something to do with the flashback of Boris going through a head-to-toe makeover after falling into a vat of hot wax, thanks to his cheating wife. Based on Gaston Laroux's "The Wax Museum," this adaptation won't make you forget the earlier Lionel Atwill or Vincent Price versions, but it's all well-handled and expertly crafted. Despite the weak script, this is an atmospheric throwback to the subtler days of EuroHorror, combined with first-time director Stivaletti's penchant for grue, as throats are slashed open wide, a heart is torn out with a skeletal hand, as well as a fabulously sadistic device that turns victims into immobile statues so they can become museum acquisitions. Unfortunately, the FX range from genuinely queasy to just plain dumb (particularly during the convoluted finale). Sprinkled with chilling ideas, arguably, I doubt Fulci himself could've done much better with such hoary material.



THE VICIOUS SWEET (Salt City Home Video; 1997). I admit that the primary reason I wanted to see this independent feature was the fact it was filmed around my old hometown of Syracuse, NY—a blue-collar cesspool that makes Flint, Michigan look chic. To my surprise, the film actually turned out to be a pleasantly imaginative romp. Using the horror starlet phenomenon as its foundation, Sasha Graham plays cult actress Tyler Phenix (star of Troma-titled fare like *TOXIC MUTANT SPAWN*). The film initially sets up Tyler as a “cold hearted bitch”, but all of that changes when she’s kidnapped, chained to a bed, and menaced by a faceless fan, who slowly strips away her ego by exposing her secret traumas. With a projector bulb shining into her face and out-of-focus dirty movies playing on the wall behind her, this sicko wears masks from her previous films and tries to make her understand his love. In the process, Tyler’s plight helps to illuminate her character, come to terms with her past, and ultimately empower herself. Director-writer-producer Ron Bonk obviously understands the genre, since he both indulges in it, while subverting its weaker aspects; and (happily) seems most interested in developing character. Unfortunately, Bonk also indulges in some last-minute silliness (involving bloodshed and zombies) which will placate less-discerning viewers, but undercuts the drama of the middle segments. It’s also difficult to believe that Sasha is an honest-to-goodness scream queen, since (1) she has her original breasts and (2) displays legitimate acting ability. Fueled by claustrophobic, well-written scenes and a plumb role for Ms. Graham, this is a prime example of the direct-to-video genre at its most inventive and enjoyable.

GUILTY PLEASURES (Cinema Image; 1997). Despite praise from some (obviously indiscriminating) circles, I couldn’t even finish Joe Parda’s numbing *5 DEAD ON A CRIMSON CANVAS*, so the thought of his latest release (in tandem with Joseph Zaso) didn’t thrill me. Marginally better (to put it as nicely as possible), this takes two separate short films and connects them by claiming the lead femmes live in the same building. Yeah, whatever...The first is Parda’s “Nocturnal Emissions” which has Alexandra Pauliac breaking up with her boyfriend, receiving strange phone calls, and finally taking up with an obviously-wacko detective (Joseph Zaso, the indie scene’s answer to Billy Zane) who enjoys masturbating in the middle of restaurants. Despite a few good plot twists and a nude photo session from Ruby Honeycat, the entire production is shoddy, with annoyingly amateurish camerawork that gave me a headache. The second tale is Zaso’s “Method to the Madness,” with Sasha Graham as a struggling actress with a trauma concerning some ever-unseen gal named Monica. When she isn’t taking an acting class taught by an overbearing ass (who makes her strip to her undies for an emotional exercise), Monica begins stalking poor Sasha, leading to an astoundingly predictable ‘surprise’ ending. While Sasha is fine (as usual), this hour-long segment should’ve run half as long and jettisoned the underbaked fantasy episodes...Though far from successful, Parda manages a good script, Graham is likeable but has nothing to work with, and Zaso is at his best in front of the camera. Now, if only they’d combine those strengths and find a *real* director with a sense of pace and style, they might actually have something there.

JACK FROST (A-Pix; 1997). My wife and I watched this low-budget horror flick on Christmas Eve, and it was the best video present we could’ve received. Not to be confused with the upcoming Michael Keaton heartwarmer, director-writer Michael Cooney takes a genuinely idiotic concept, sprinkles the plot with gruesome demises, and keeps it coated in a sick sense of humor. Jack Frost (Scott MacDonald) is a convicted serial killer on his way to the electric chair, when an auto accident has him drenched with an experimental genetic chemical. The result? This psychopath recombines with the snow on the ground and becomes a Killer Snowman—yes, an old fashioned, Frosty-style Snowman! Then he goes after the rural sheriff (Chris Allport) responsible for his arrest, taking time out to slaughter several of the townsfolk in various icy ways—including the decap of a nasty kid, shoving an axe-handle down a throat, and turning a woman into a human Xmas tree ornament. Or how about melting, seeping into a bathtub, and then surprising the young lady soaking in him? And while hairdryers can slow him down, little seems to stop this frozen fiend. Sounds stupid? Absolutely, but the filmmakers realize it as well and create one of the most ridiculous screen psychos in a long time, whose bloody rampage will be amusing for adults, but just nasty enough to put the fear of Frosty into unsuspecting rugrats. It’s also obvious that despite all the talk about winter festivals and snow sculptures, the filmmakers picked an area that didn’t have any real snow, yet lamely try to cover up that fact. It all adds up to unpretentious, direct-to-video goofiness.

THE ALIEN AGENDA: UNDER THE SKIN (Brimstone Productions; 1997). The third entry in this indie Alien Invasion franchise is showing distinct signs of wear. While the first two often transcended their home-brewed roots with fresh ideas or performances, this pair of sci-fi stories are so slight that I barely remembered watching them a couple days later. In Tom Vollmann’s “Unsavoury Characters”, a vicious Chicago loan shark named Mr. Celestine is actually an extraterrestrial ‘out-of-towner’ (hence the brain-sucking tendrils that emerges from his mouth) out to amass as much cash as possible with the aid of his TERMINATOR-like henchmen (who go so far as to snap off one deadbeat’s arm). A pair of cops are on the case, there’s plenty of dull gunfire, and it finally peters out without a satisfactory conclusion. The second story, Kevin J. Lindenmuth’s “The Guys in Black” (groan), has a biologist (Arthur Lundquist) kidnapped by men in black suits & sunglasses and taken to “Puerto Rico” [Note the end credit: “Shot entirely in Manhattan”] to capture a ferocious creature called a Chupacabra. After making it back home in one piece, he takes them all on, including his alien duplicate. Though better lensed than the first, the FX are ultra-cheesy (e.g. the fleetingly-glimpsed monster looks like a LOST WORLD hand puppet you’d get at Burger King), while the script is underdeveloped. Complete with a ‘special’ (ha!) appearance by the ubiquitous Conrad Brooks, this whole thing is only 70 minutes long, yet even then, padded out with superfluous b&w sequences of ‘common’ folk describing their alien encounters. Though both stories seem like set-ups for future penny-ante adventures, I’d suggest cutting their losses and moving onto new material altogether.

ASSORTED PLUGS: Back in SC#9 I first mentioned Buddy Giovinazzo’s outstanding sophomore effort, **NO WAY HOME**. Well, in today’s glut of Sundance/Miramax slop, this gritty character piece never made it to US screens, and instead went direct-to-video courtesy of Live Video. Without question, don’t pass this one by. Tim Roth and James Russo star as two brothers; slow-witted Joey (Roth) has just been released from prison, while older-sibling Russo is a dickwad who screws



around on long-suffering wife Deborah Kara Unger (*CRASH, THE GAME*) and is severely overdue on his Mob debts. But even as Joey tries to pull his life back together and Unger lends a sympathetic ear, the self-destructive Russo turns everything around him to shit. Writer/director Giovinazzo (*COMBAT SHOCK*) has a firm grasp on the realities of urban life, ranging from the calmer moments

corrosive...Also turning up in my mailbox recently were several newly released classics from **Englewood Entertainment**, including legendary drive-in hokum like **ROBOT MONSTER** and **FRANKENSTEIN'S DAUGHTER**, plus early studio rarities such as Alice Faye spending a musical **365 NIGHTS IN HOLLYWOOD**. But the most pleasant surprise in the lot was their release of 1950's hilarious **CHAMPAGNE FOR CAESAR**, a longtime favorite of mine, which definitely deserves a look. Ronald Colman stars as self-proclaimed ‘genius’ Beauregard Bottomley, who’s given a miss on a soap company job, and thus, goes on a TV-quizz show hosted by that company with plans of taking them for everything they’re worth. Best of all, Vincent Price co-stars as the crazed soap magnate, and gets to show off his comedic edge by quickly losing his mind as Bottomley slowly wins all of his money. With Art Linklater (in an acting stretch?) as a game show host, this comedic send-up of America’s quiz-show fascination, ‘modern’ corporations, and general greed has never received the recognition it deserves...**THE LOST CONTINENT (Anchor Bay; 1968)** is an increasingly loopy Hammer production, based on a novel by Dennis Wheatley. Eric Porter stars as the short-fused captain of a steamer somewhere on the Sargossa Sea, carrying several desperate passengers and a cache of illegal explosives, while heading straight into a hurricane. As if a crew mutiny wasn’t bad enough, the later half has them entering a strange land full of living (even worse, strangling) seaweed, delightfully hokey rubber mollusks, a graveyard of lost ships, and a religion-crazed



band of Spanish conquistadors who’ve set up their own personal Inquisition. Though we never see more than a couple square yards of this ‘lost continent’, director Michael Carreras keeps it lively, while Anchor Bay offers up a beautiful, letterboxed transfer of the UK cut (eight minutes longer than the US version).

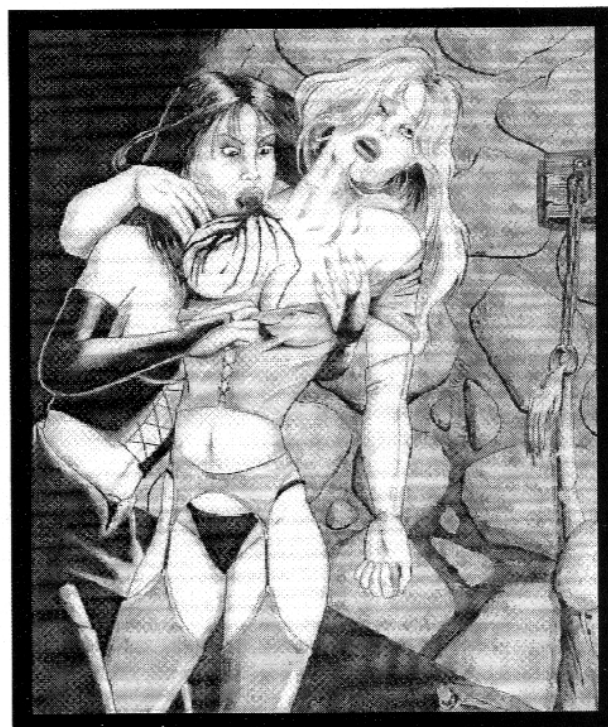
VIDEO DUNGEON

**Specializing in:
Rare and Obscure
Video Madness from
Around the World**

**Now featuring many titles
with FULL COLOR Packaging**

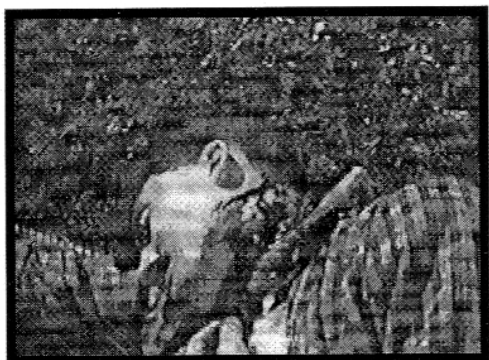
"I've bought alot of import videos from many sources all claiming to be the best, but take my word for it, Video Dungeon delivered the highest quality at the best price."

Ronnie Sortor - Director of "Ravage," and "Sinyster"



Bad Blood : A Time for Change

Starring: Marge Andrews, Karl Berberich and a special cameo by the legendary CONRAD BROOKS



Margo Brant finds herself writing a vampire novel and their connection to time travel. Her story goes through the life of Vladovich when he loses the time key in 1726 and now modern day he is about to find it when Eric Henswich, someone he has long forgotten about returns to seek his revenge on Vlad. But this guy is no longer your usual vampire, after learning witchcraft and other powers of darkness, he is now the beginning of a NEW BREED of vampires who no longer need human blood to survive. The humans are now nothing but GAME to be slaughtered for the Vamp's own amusement and attempt at world domination.

A GORE FILM WITH A DARK & STYLISH ATMOSPHERE - SUB-GENRE
EXCELLENT SPECIAL EFFECTS

\$20.00 + \$3.00 Shipping & Handling

**For fast service, huge selection, and LOW PRICES,
Send \$3.00 for our fully illustrated catalog to:**

P.O. Box 873 • Tarpon Springs, FL 34688

Made payable to: M. Wilson (refundable after 1st order!)

You must be 18 to order, with a signed statement enclosed.

Books AND Zines

WHERE IS THE REVOLUTION... by Bernie Casey (1973).

It's always fun to discover that a favorite actor has hidden talents, and since there's no publisher listed, I can only guess that this thin volume of heartfelt (but often cringe-inducing) poetry was a self-published work. For those whose first response is "Bernie who?", author Casey is best known to moviegoers for his solid supporting gigs in films as diverse as *THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH* and *REVENGE OF THE NERDS* (plus a recent directing gig entitled *THE DINNER*). Still, this was published back while Casey was just establishing

his presence in such blaxploitation gems as *BLACK GUNN*, *HIT MAN* and *DR. BLACK AND MR. HYDE*. Equipped with in-your-face titles like "Fuck Talk" and "Someday They Will Kill Me", this collection of free verse poetry ranges in topic from disillusionment with the country, loneliness, love, and various moments of introspection. Written totally in lower-case letters, the 50 poems range from a couple pages long to only four lines, and come with typos galore. Most important, they're as dead serious as they come. A fave is "The Flag" ["remember the time / we fucked on the flag? / we said we would do it / as a lark / but we were fucking / so hard / that when you came / and i came / the flag came apart.... / just goes to show you / what happens / in this country / when people come to-

gether.]. Or "Nigger Aint" ["niggers aint gonna / sing them songs no more! / aint gonna / do them dances no more! / lessen we gits the spirit, / cause we don't owe / white folks / shit!"]. Unfortunately, not all of Casey's prose hits these extremes, and more often sound like any ordinary introspective slop, lacking a unique voice. Even worse, now that I've gotten you jazzed enough to want to dig up a copy of this 25-year-old book, I doubt you'll be able to find one unless there's a *really* obscure used book store in your area.

MONDO MACABRO by Peter Tombs (St. Martin's Press; \$18.95).

Even though it's early in '98, I'm going out on a limb and proudly proclaiming this one of my favorite film books of the year. A couple years back, Peter Tombs co-authored the equally astounding *IMMORAL TALES*, which plunged readers into the most fascinating niches of European shock 'n' arthouse sleaze. This time around, he sets his sights to the East, and discovers a treasure trove of cinematic dementia that has rarely been covered in English-speaking parts. Movies so ridiculous, in fact, that if I didn't already trust the guy, I'd think he was making them up. Most important, Tombs isn't just a fan of this dreck; he's also a well-researched, intelligent writer who cuts to the heart of the best and most outrageous cinema from Hong Kong, India, Japan, The Philippines, and beyond. There's an entire chapter on kung-fu craziness, detailing outlandish HK outings such as *SNAKE GIRL DROPS IN*. Filipino delights range from supernatural legends to Women in Prison movies like *THE BIG DOLL HOUSE*. In Japan, we go from pink films to porno, and get an overview of their cutting-edge auteurs. Mexico (of course) provides a little masked-wrestlemania; the strange history of José Mojica Marins is the centerpiece of Brazil; and we also get an enlightening glimpse into the delirious outpouring of India's Bollywood. Still, the chapter on the (short-lived) Turkish film boom is the most amusing, thanks to its no-holds-barred copyright-infringement, and includes such jaw-dropping items as *ÜÇ DEV ADAM* (which had a fake Santo joining up with Captain America to battle a villainous Spider-Man), *TÜRIŞT ÖMER UZAY YOLUNDA* (wouldya believe, a Turkish *STAR TREK* parody?) and a cheapjack knock-off of *STAR WARS* which had the balls to 'borrow' special FX clips from Lucas' original. You may never have the opportunity to actually see many of these far-out features, but this incredible, informative volume will have you wishing you could.

THE X-RATED VIDEOTAPE STAR INDEX II by Patrick Riley (Prometheus Books, Amherst, NY; \$22.95).

An excellent reference guide for anyone even mildly interested in the wide world of X-rated cinema, this lists every adult star, both male and female, in A-Z fashion (wisely, according to first name), along with their complete filmographies. Thousand and thousands of performers are covered in its 780(!) pages—from classic porno stars like Spelvin and Reems, to current box-cover babes, to long-forgotten masturbation fodder. Riley includes the various pseudonyms they've used, and in some cases, a brief bio of the performer. He also doesn't mince words when describing these stars, calling them everything from ugly and flabby to criticism of the boob job they get halfway through their career (e.g. On P.J. Sparxx: "By 1995 she has deteriorated facially to hard and worn out and she has put on lots of weight. You have to know when to quit"). Of course, male stars such as Randy West, Peter North and Ron Jeremy have the most impressive sections; and from what I

could tell, Tom Byron remains the record holder, with a career that spans nearly seven full pages of teeny type (a conservative estimate, around 1500 films). Also mixed in are stars better known for exploitation fare, but who also took a brief turn into the hardcore biz, such as Laura Gemser, Uschi Digart and Brigitte Lahaie. Even if you're not a fan of X-rated fare, you'll be astounded by the amount of research that went into this immense volume.

WES CRAVEN'S LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT: THE MAKING OF A CULT CLASSIC by David A. Szulkin (FAB Press; \$25.95).

There are plenty of "Making of..." books on the market, but this one is keeper, since it spins the ragged tale of one of most repellent horror pics of all time (which I first saw on a Times Square double bill with the limp *HOUSE BY THE LAKE*, and years later, caught a screening at the long-defunct Gore Gazette Film Series, with star Fred Lincoln bringing a reel of entrail-packed outtakes). For this amazing chronicle, author Szulkin digs deep into its history, from

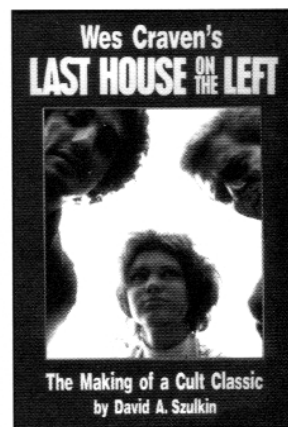
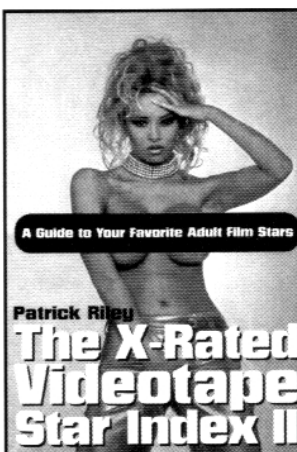
Craven and producer Sean Cunningham's porno roots (meeting during the Marilyn Chambers jism-gem *TOGETHER*), to the script's link to Ingmar Bergman's *THE VIRGIN SPRING*, to the flick's beginnings in '71, in a small Connecticut town under alternate titles such as *SEX CRIME OF THE CENTURY* and *NIGHT OF VENGEANCE*. Along the way, loads of people involved with the film are interviewed, including Craven, Cunningham, David Hess, then-unknown supporting-clod Martin Kove, plus all of the folks whose only claim to 'fame' was this grisly production. Amidst all of their varying recollections, the story takes on a *RASHOMAN*-like appeal—or maybe it's just the cast and crew's fucked-up memories of this seemingly-inauspicious film.

Reveling in gory photos, old ad slicks, censorship problems, and scenes which never made it to theatres (with good reason), it overflows with intimate details that cut to the heart of the pic's chaotic history. Including lengthy sections on make-a-quick-buck rip-offs and filmographies of those involved, this gorgeous volume borders on the obsessive, is definitely worth a read, and will undoubtedly make you take another look at this kill-crazed classic.

WHERE IS THE REVOLUTION...



AND OTHER POEMS...
BERNIE CASEY



VIDEO DISTRIBUTORS

Since most of the movies reviewed in SHOCK CINEMA aren't gonna wind in your local video store anytime this (or the next) century, here's a handy listing of some of the coolest places to purchase these impossible-to-locate videos.

ALPHA BLUE ARCHIVES, Dept. SH, P.O. Box 16072, Oakland, CA 94610. A terrific collection of vintage sexploitation, including softcore oddities and skanky gems from the legends of the sex-pic biz.

BLACKEST HEART MEDIA, c/o Shawn Smith, P.O. Box 3376, Antioch, CA 94531-3376. Featuring some of the nastiest films and products on the planet, as well as video dementia that'll have you laughin' your drunken ass off. \$3 gets you his massive catalog.

BOOTLEG LIFE, P.O. Box 138545, Chicago, IL 60613. These video degenerates are reportedly pretty slow following up on their requests, but give 'em time, because they offer some of the raunchiest XXX-'n'-fetish pics from around the globe.

CREATURE FEATURE VIDEO, P.O. Box 602, Dept. SC, Northford, CT 06472. E-mail: CFVhorrors@aol.com. A collection of all the hottest genres, including obscure EuroTrash, uncut horror, giant monsters, and plenty of sexy babes. Send a postcard for their complete catalog.

EUROPEAN TRASH CINEMA, P.O. Box 5367, Kingwood, TX 77325. Craig Ledbetter has uncovered some of the most insanely obscure EuroTrash delights to ever sneak into US VCR's. His thick catalog (\$3) has my mouth watering with bizarre films even I'd never heard of. Highly recommended.

JUST FOR THE HELL OF IT, Dept. SC, P.O. Box 19, Butler, NJ 07405. J4H1 features the best from the

grindhouse era, Rick Sullivan's old video collection and beyond, including many exclusive items. \$3 gets you their catalog (checks made out to Mike Decker).

LUMINOUS FILM & VIDEO WURKS, P.O. Box 1047, Dept. SC, Medford, NY 11763. E-mail: fred@lfvw.com. One of my faves, offering everything from ultra-obscure European sex pics to unreleased-in-the-US arthouse fare. Excellent quality dubs, and each comes with full color packaging.

PHANTOM VIDEO, P.O. Box 16-3604, Miami, FL 33116. A wealth of ultra-sleazy videos, including gory, uncut EuroTrash, and triple-X dementia from around the world. \$3 gets you their catalog.

SHOCKING VIDEOS, c/o Mark Johnston, HC-77 Box 111, Hinton, WV 25951. A terrific selection of video rarities, from the usual grue, to incredible grindhouse classics that have never made it to legit video (including a several obscurities titles I've never seen anywhere else).

SOMETHING WEIRD VIDEO, P.O. Box 33664, Seattle, WA 98133. Without question, if you're looking for grindhouse-era sexploitation (and beyond), this is the mother load. Unearthing previously lost classics, Mike Vraney is the Kevin Brownlow of 42nd Street cinema.

TAPES OF TERROR, 6226 Darnell, Dept. SC, Houston, Texas 77074. Hitting all the genres, their huge inventory ranges from sleazy rarities and '50s

drive-in schlock, to the tops in Cult Cinema. Send a buck for their updated catalog.

VIDEO DUNGEON, P.O. Box 873, Tarpon Springs, FL 34688. Features an array of rare, uncut schlock—including European horror, Asian weirdness and ultra-sleazy sexploitation. \$3 gets you their catalog (all checks payable to M. Wilson).

VIDEO JUNKIE, P.O. Box 903, San Jose, CA 95106. Overflowing with uncut, cutting-edge releases, plus flicks from genre geniuses such as Argento, Fulci, Naschy, and more! Their catalog is \$3.

VIDEO SEARCH OF MIAMI, P.O. Box 16-1917, Miami, FL 33116-1917. E-mail: VSoM@aol.com. A mix of overseas delights you won't find anywhere else, from rare giallos and spaghetti westerns, to Asian silliness and arthouse rarities. VSoM also subtitles many of their best obscure imports. Write for their mind-blowing, free catalog.

VIDEO VORTEX, 429 Danforth Ave. Suite 414, Dept. SC, Toronto, Ontario, Canada, M4K 1P1. Offering up the most bizarre, uncut films from around the globe; and five dollars gets you their catalog (postal money orders or cash only).

VIDEO WASTELAND, 214 Fair Street, Berea, OH 44017-1554. In addition to their mail-order rental service (featuring 1000's of obscurities), VW sells books, mags, posters, and soundtracks. Their new 160-PAGE review and reference catalog is \$13.

GROSSED-OUT SURGEON VOMITS INSIDE PATIENT! AN INSIDER'S LOOK AT SUPERMARKET TABLOIDS by Jim Hogshire (Feral House; \$12.95).

With 50 million supermarket tabloid readers in the US today, and few of them getting their news from any other source, this slim but engrossing book provides a journalistic history lesson that you'll never learn in school. Filled with humorous, and more often, enlightening anecdotes from the inside of the biz, Hogshire begins with a brief history of the tabloids, from 17th century broadsides (which wrote of sea serpents and witches) to the 1950's *Confidential*, which hung the lives of the rich and raunchy out like fresh wash. Yet rather than ridicule these lurid papers, which would be all too easy, Hogshire promises "to deconstruct tabloids and their sociopolitical meaning", and actually takes their side much of the time—showing that there's really no difference between the respected news media and the tabloids. Hogshire examines the different types of stories which tabloids rely on, from "Courageous Crips" to "Fatness Fetish", as well as the CIA's infiltration of the media, the tabloids' Gulf War propaganda, and even exposes the truth behind beloved *Weekly World News* columnist, Ed Anger. He also digs into various courtroom dealings, when celebrities sue the tabloids; the players who run these papers; plus the weird life of *National Enquirer* founder Gene Pope, who was a reputed CIA-member and Mafia-pal. With quotes from former/current editors and writers, and loads of illuminating disclosures, this entertaining, thought-provoking work opens up the tabloid world for scrutiny (as well as US media as a whole), and give us a look at how this cut-throat business worms its way into the hearts and wallets of supermarket patrons.

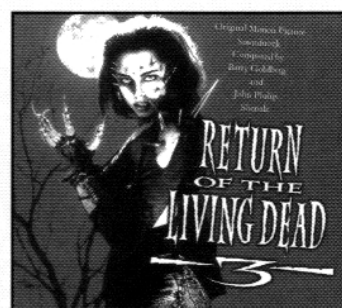
NEKROFILE by Alan Jones (Midnight Media).

This slick, 80-page volume examines 20 of the most imaginatively gruesome horror films of all time, ranging from the usual video nasties like *FRIDAY THE 13TH* and *MANIAC*, to more obscure chunks of celluloid carnage like Mario Landi's *GIALLO A VENEZIA* and Robert Hartford-Davis' *THE FIEND*. Plus, there's nobody better to write about them than Alan Jones, who doesn't genuflect before all of these flicks, but instead, gives each a thoughtful analysis. Best of all, Jones is able to put his own personal stamp on the writing,

mixing his reviews with anecdotes from when he originally saw the films or met the filmmakers, and allows the reader to genuinely understand his enthusiasm for them. Several pages are devoted to each individual movie, with informative profiles on sleaze-a-ramas like *THE HOUSE ON STRAW HILL*, *ANTHROPOPHAGOUS*, and *HOUSE OF WHIPCORD*. Jones also picks one example from each master of on-screen savagery, from Soavi to Cronenberg to Deodato (the exception is Fulci, who gets three of his epics profiled), and while most of these were trashed by the so-called critics when first released, they're now acknowledged as classics of their kind. Beautifully designed by Paul J. Brown, who laces the reviews with bloodthirsty pix galore, this is a fascinating springboard for novices to the grue-soaked genre; and for hardcore fans, an exceptionally well-written, nostalgic trip back to the sick-assed movies which shaped our lives.

Soundtracks: RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD 3 and MANIAC (Southeast Records).

Though very different in tone, these two CD releases offer up a double dose of musical amusement for fans of each film. Jay Chattaway's score to Bill Lustig's grindhouse gem has never sounded better, and is sure to put you in a properly anti-social mood with its unnerving rhythms and snippets of deranged dialogue during "Inner Voices." For Brian Yuzna's fabulous rethinking of the Living Dead genre, composers Barry Goldberg and John Philip Shenale begin on a more traditional horror route, only to rip loose whenever the carnage kicks in. Each CD comes with exquisite, 8-page packaging full of gory highlights, while the *MANIAC* soundtrack can also be purchased as an enhanced-CD for your computer, containing hundred of color stills from the pic, Quicktime scenes, and loads of additional info.



MAGS, ZINES & SMALL-PRESS PUBLICATIONS

Well, folks, I've been inundated with 'zines this time around, both old and new. So please excuse the brevity of some of these plugs, as I attempt to cram as many as I can onto this page.

ASIAN CULT CINEMA #19 (P.O. Box 16-1919, Miami, FL 33116; \$6, or 6 issues for \$30). This essential, digest-sized glimpse into the Asian film scene is packed with info, reviews, pics, and opinions. The latest features lengthy interviews with Nikkatsu actress Naomi Tani and Chow Yun Fat.

BADAZZ MOFO V.2 No.1 (Angziety Productions, P.O. Box 40649, Portland, OR 97240-0649). The first edition of the new 'n' improved BAMF is a treat for blaxploitation fans, including an informative guide (based on an Afro Rating Scale) and an interview with Mr. *Black Belt Jones*, Jim Kelly.

CARBON 14 #12 (P.O. Box 29247, Philadelphia, PA 19125; \$18 for 4 issues). The latest issue of this alternative music mag is crammed with interviews and articles; while Dan Taylor's Exploitation Retro-spect insert has interviews with *Phantasm*'s Reggie Bannister and *El Frenetico*'s Pat Bishow.

CARNAL KNOWLEDGE #1 (573 Mission Street, 3rd Floor, San Francisco, CA 94105; \$24.95 for 6 issues). The premiere issue of this "window on a sex society" offers an eclectic mix of filth and fun, ranging from general sexual advice to a profile of Czech-animator Jan Svankmajer.

CINERAIDER #7 (Richard Akiyama, P.O. Box 240226, Honolulu, HI 96824-0226; \$5). Crammed with lengthy, informative reviews of old and new releases, this digest-sized guide to HK cinema offers solid reading for fans of the Asian scene.

DREADFUL PLEASURES #12 (650 Prospect Avenue, Fairview, NJ 07022; \$16 for 4-issues). Mike Accomando continues to revel in the films and stars of the grindhouse past. His latest recalls the glory days of blaxploitation, contains dozens of reviews and always-amazing ad slicks.

ECCO #22 (P.O. Box 65742, Washington, DC 20035; \$20 for a 4-issue sub). One of the best film 'zines around, this tackles "the world of bizarre video" with a razored-wit and intelligence. The latest focuses on Mondo movies, Hate films and other similarly 'friendly' topics.

EUROPEAN TRASH CINEMA: SPECIAL #2 (P.O. Box 5367, Kingwood, TX 77325; \$6 + \$1.50 postage). An entire issue devoted to influential Italian Horror God Riccardo Freda, including a detailed filmography and well-written essays on his most noteworthy efforts.

THE EXPLOITATION JOURNAL V.2 No.6 (40 South Brush Dr., Valley Stream, NY 11581; \$5 ppd). Highlights of this guide to horror and exploitation include an interview with Jack Hill, a look at Edgar Allen Poe movies, and Leo Gorcey's drunken gig in *Crashing Las Vegas*.

EYE #14 (301 S. Elm Street, Suite 405, Greensboro, NC 27401-2636; \$14 for 6-issues). An excellent mag devoted to fringe culture and media. Ar-

ticles include a look at Killer Redneck cinema, plus the subversive legacy of Hermann Nitsch & Otto Muehl by Flotsam-contributor Henry Covert.

FLESH AND BLOOD #10 (Harvey Fenton, P.O. Box 178, Guildford, Surrey, GU3 2YU, England; \$10 cash only). Highlights of this essential mag include interviews with director Richard Stanley, Jim Van Bebber and *Aftermath*'s Nacho Cerdá, a trip to Fant-Asia '97, and tons of informative reviews.

FROM PARTS UNKNOWN #2 (P.O. Box 3061, New Bedford, MA 02741; \$6). An entire mag devoted to masked wrestlers? Hey, why not! Articles include an appreciation of Blue Demon and an interview with Jaime Hernandez.

GOREHOUND #26 (P.O. Box 178, 00521 Helsinki, Finland; \$5 cash only). This looks like an incredible film mag, even though it's totally in Finnish. Articles include a look at Kenneth Anger's legacy, plus overseas film and video reviews.

GUILTY PLEASURES #2 (Threat Theatre, P.O. Box 7633, Olympia, WA 98507-7633; \$19.95 for 4-issues). Though I disagree with most of their rabid opinions (and this more often feels like one big plug for their bootleg video company and assorted offshoots), they certainly come up with fun interviews, including Paul Morrissey and Larry Cohen.

HEADPRESS 15 (40 Rossall Avenue, Radcliffe, Manchester, M26 1JD, Great Britain; \$10). The latest issue of David Kerekes' incredible "journal of sex religion death" takes on Gerry Anderson's UFO, porn-gangbang humpstress Annabel Chong, and even Jerry Springer.

HUNGRY FREAKS #5 (P.O. Box 20835, Oakland, CA 94620; \$3.50). This issue humorously tackles Saturday morning fare from the past. Highlights include a loving look at the world Sid & Marty Krofft, a Jack Wild centerfold, plus a long-overdue appreciation of Velma from Scooby-Doo.

THE HUNGOVER GOURMET #1 & 2 (P.O. Box 10134, Pittsburgh, PA 15232; \$1 + 32¢ stamp each). A delightful digest devoted to food, drink and travel, with articles such as "Cooking: The Armed Forces Way." Chock full of humorous tidbits and enthusiastically written escapades.

MEDIA SCENE #8 (Media Publications, 2 Leswin Place, London, N16 7NJ, United Kingdom; \$5). Every issue of this British digest features current info on the horror 'n' sleaze scene, while most of the space is devoted to Media Publications' mail order catalog of impossible-to-find 'zines and books.

METASEX #1 (P.O. Box 620, Old Chelsea Station, New York, NY 10011; \$10, checks made out to Michelle Clifford). Don't let the price of this 56-page mag put you off, because this "journal of sexual curiosity" is written by editor Clifford and hubbie Bill Landis—the grand inquisitor of the seminal *Sleazoid Express*. Articles include a lengthy look at the career of Gerard Damiano (*Deep Throat*), "A Night at the Venus," plus grainy photos of Times Square. Without question, some of the best writing on the sleaze-scene currently available.

NEON MADNESS #3 (Andrew Copp, Box 483, Dayton, OH 45404-0483; \$5). Thick, crude and opinionated, this mag is packed with reviews, and covers a wide spectrum—from studio fare and EuroTrash, to *Tonya and Jeff's Wedding Night*.

OUTRÉ #10 & 11 (Outré Subscriptions, P.O. Box 1900, Evanston, IL 60204; \$20 for a 4-issue sub). Each issue just gets better and better, with amazing interviews and articles on film, TV, and "UltraMedia." Meanwhile, their companion publication, FILMFAX (same address; \$30 for a 6-issue sub), is so huge it'll take you a week to finish it. The latest features Bettie Page, Jack Hill, Ed McMahon, and John Saxon.

ROASTING RODERICK #1 (Parker Anderson, P.O. Box 1285, Prescott, AZ 86302-1285; \$3). This low-tech xerox-zine takes a lengthy look at the career of John Carradine, and includes several amusing video reviews.

SAMHAIN #65 (77 Exeter Road, Topsham, Exeter, Devon EX3 0LX, England; \$5.95). The latest edition of "Britain's Longest Running Horror Film Magazine" features interviews with Bill Lustig and Jack Hill, and plenty of video and book reviews.

SCREAM #9 (490 S. Franklin St., Wilkes-Barre, PA 18702-3765; \$24 for a 4-issue sub). The newest dose of Darryl Mayeski's ode to cinematic horror 'n' sleaze includes interviews with Teller (of Penn & Teller) and director Steve Ballot (*The Bride of Frank*), plus lots of videos reviews.

SHE DEMONS #4 (Cesar Souza, Rua Riachuelo 1334-108, Porto Alegre RS 90010-273, Brazil). Though I couldn't understand a word of this xerox-digest from South America, I certainly got the gist of their articles on Debbie Rochan, Traci Lords, and Bettie Page (along with their often-undraped pics).

SINEMA BRUT #1 (Keith Breese, #R-104, 1771 S. Quebec Way, Denver, CO 80231; \$4). This crude but exceptionally well-written film 'zine includes lengthy articles on director Andrea Bianchi, film composer Gianfranco Reverberi, and Italian cannibal movies. Very informative.

STREETCLEANER #4 (1515 N. Town East Blvd., Suite 138-271, Mesquite, TX 75150-4142; SASE). A film-review newsletter which covers an odd array of titles (from *Repulsion* to *Booby Call* to *Pillow Talk*), and also spits venom at several video-stinkers.

THEY WON'T STAY DEAD #31 (Brian Johnson, 11 Werner Road, Greenville, PA 16125-9434; \$2). Thin but always enjoyable mix of record reviews, video oddities, and assorted rantings.

TRASH TIMES #2 (Rich Behrens, P.O. Box 248, Glenview, IL 60025; \$1.50). A thin xerox-digest filled with assorted audio and film reviews (running the spectrum from *Slingblade* to *2000 Maniacs*), plus various short essays and interviews.

ZINE GUIDE #1 (P.O. Box 5467, Evanston, IL 60204; \$4 ppd). The premiere issue of an amazing new 'zine guide, containing info on nearly 2,000 indie publications and covering every possible taste and topic. Thick and invaluable!

As you look through this magazine
you'll see ads for many mail-order video companies
but there's only one #1:

Video Search of Miami is #1

ACCORDING TO AN INDEPENDENT SURVEY CONDUCTED BY THE EDITOR OF *DARK WATERS MAGAZINE*, A RESPECTED ON-LINE NEWS SERVICE,
VIDEO SEARCH OF MIAMI RATED #1 AMONG ALL VIDEO MAIL-ORDER COMPANIES IN THE WORLD. CHECK WEB FOR RESULTS:
<http://super.zippo.com/~drkwatrs/resources/mailorder.html>

Video Search is the Largest & Best Mail Order Company In America*

*as recommended by **FANGORIA, PSYCHOTRONIC, SHOCK CINEMA,
VIDEO WATCHDOG, BRUTARIAN, AXCESS, SHOCKING IMAGES and WIRED!**

plus VSoM is also acclaimed by **VIDEO HOUND MOVIE GUIDE,**
the **WHOLE EARTH CATALOG** and **COUNTER CULTURE HANDBOOK!**
and Video Search Of Miami is the *ONLY* underground mail-order company
endorsed by **LEONARD MALTIN** in his **MOVIE & VIDEO GUIDE BOOK!**

*If you're looking for
films of Jean Rollin...*



***...VSoM has an exclusive deal
with Director Rollin himself!***

#1 in SELECTION

THE LARGEST SELECTION IN THE USA!
MORE THAN 12,000 TITLES IMPORTED FROM
EVERYWHERE IN THE WORLD

#1 in SHIPPING

VSoM IS THE MOST RELIABLE IN AMERICA,
VIDEOS ARE ALWAYS SHIPPED WITHIN 2 DAYS
NO EXCEPTIONS

#1 in SERVICE

VSoM IS NOT A FACELESS COMPANY;
PERSONAL TELEPHONE CORRESPONDENCE
AVAILABLE DAILY FROM NOON TO 6 PM

Michael Weldon says
in *Psychotronic Video Guide*:
"This is the first place to look for
rare and uncut foreign horror,
exploitation and music videos."

E-MAIL: VSOM@aol.com

Video Search of Miami

PO Box 16-1917 Miami FL 33116 (888) 279-9773

TOLL FREE NUMBER

"IF IT'S NOT IN ENGLISH, WE'LL SUBTITLE IT!"

VSoM accepts all major credit cards
VISA, DISCOVER, MASTERCARD
and AMERICAN EXPRESS

WRITE, CALL or E-MAIL FOR FREE 70 PAGE CATALOG
CHECK OUT OUR WEBSITE: [HTTP://WWW.VSOM.COM](http://www.vsom.com)

SOMETHING WEIRD VIDEO®

SINEMA CLASSICKS AVAILABLE EXCLUSIVELY FROM AMERICA'S #1 CRACKPOT VIDEO COMPANY!

For the very best in Exploitation and Sexploitation! Uncut and Uncensored!

All transferred from the original film prints and negatives and are licensed exclusively to SWV! Why settle for crummy dubs when you can have the optimum authorized viewing experience!

DAVID F. FRIEDMAN

The King of Exploitation!

- #4010 The Acid Eaters
- #4012 The Adult Version of Jekyll & Hyde
- #4047 The Big Snatch
- #4055 Brand of Shame
- #4057 The Brick Dollhouse
- #5238 Bummer!
- #4130 The Defilers
- #4132 Diamond Stud
- #4142 The Erotic Adventures of Zorro
- #4150 The Fabulous Bastard from Chicago
- #4199 The Headmistress
- #4228 Joys of Jezebel
- #4249 The Lustful Turk
- #4263 Mr. Peter's Pets
- #4285 The Notorious Daughter of Fanny Hill
- #4362 The Ramrodder
- #5002 She Freak
- #4404 A Smell of Honey a Swallow of Brine
- #4407 Space Thing
- #4410 Starlet
- #4426 A Sweet Sickness
- #4438 Thar She Blows
- #4451 Trader Homee

HERSCHELL GORDON LEWIS

The Godfather of Gore!



- #5324 Blood Feast
- #5325 Two Thousand Maniacs
- #5326 Color Me Blood Red
- #5003 The Gore Gore Girls
- #5159 Gruesome Twosome
- #5152 The Wizard of Gore
- #4624 A Taste of Blood
- #5156 Just for the Hell of It
- #5157 The Adventures of Lucky Pierre
- #4033 Bell Bare and Beautiful
- #4975 Daughter of the Sun
- #4053 Boing
- #5160 Living Venus
- #4378 Scum of the Earth
- #5254 She Devils on Wheels
- #4625 Blast Off Girls
- #5155 Something Weird
- #4627 Teenage Strangler

HARRY NOVAK



The Sultan of Sleaze!

- #4014 Agony of Love
- #4034 Below the Belt
- #4102 Convict's Women
- #4106 Country Cuzzins
- #4108 Country Hooker
- #4141 Erika's Hot Summer
- #4143 Exotic Dreams of Casanova
- #4170 The Girl with the Hungry Eyes
- #4174 The Godson
- #4652 I Drink Your Blood
- #4877 Indian Maid, Indian Raid
- #4232 Kiss Me Quick
- #4250 Mantis in Lace
- #4283 The Notorious Cleopatra
- #4352 The Pigkeeper's Daughter
- #4354 Please Don't Eat My Mother
- #4380 The Secret Sex Life of Romeo and Juliet
- #4696 The Sinful Dwarf
- #4406 Southern Comforts
- #4414 Street of a Thousand Pleasures
- #4446 Tobacco Roody
- #4450 The Toybox
- #4468 Wanda, The Sadistic Hypnotist
- #4472 Wham! Bam! Thank You Spaceman

DORIS WISHMAN

Grand Dame of the Grindhouse!

- #4019 The Amazing Transplant
- #4022 Another Day Another Man
- #5130 Bad Girls Go to Hell
- #4050 Blaze Starr Goes Nudist
- #5126 Deadly Weapons
- #5127 Double Agent 73
- #5125 Diary of a Nudist
- #5128 Gentlemen Prefer Nature Girls
- #5129 The Immoral Three
- #4223 Indecent Desires
- #4229 Keyholes are for Peeping
- #4234 Let Me Die a Woman
- #4245 Love Toy
- #4267 My Brother's Wife
- #5124 Nude on the Moon
- #5123 Sex Perils of Paulette
- #4432 A Taste of Flesh
- #5122 Too Much Too Often

VIDEO UNDERGROUND!

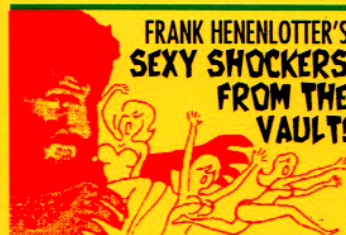
- #6331 Night Owl
- #6520 Red Spirit Lake
- #5523 Teenage Tupelo
- #5599 Shatter Dead

The Degenerate Duo MICHAEL & ROBERTA FINDLAY!

- #4173 The Curse of Her Flesh
- #4448 The Touch of Her Flesh
- #6330 The Kiss of Her Flesh
- #6485 The Lusting Hours
- #4373 Satan's Bed
- #5140 The Sin Syndicate
- #5109 Take Me Naked
- #4001 A Thousand Pleasures
- #4519 The Ultimate Degenerate

SEXO-A-GO! GO!

- #4487 The Bizarre Ones
- #5526 Bunny Yeager's Nude Camera
- #5168 Bunny Yeager's Nude Las Vegas
- #4154 Flesh & Lace
- #4217 Hot Blooded Woman
- #5001 Love Camp 7
- #4563 Massacre of Pleasure
- #5976 Nymphs Anonymous
- #6332 Primitive Love starring Jayne Mansfield
- #4971 Sex Rituals of the Occult
- #4399 Sin in the Suburbs
- #4405 Sock It to Me Baby
- #6495 Touch of Sweden



- #4026 The Awful Dr. Orlof
- #4430 Bloody Pit of Horror
- #6480 Confessions of a Psycho Cat
- #4111 The Curious Dr. Hump
- #6489 Deadly Organ
- #4139 Ecco
- #4351 The Girl and the Geek
- #5538 Godmonster of Indian Flats
- #4209 Horrors of Spider Island
- #4518 House on Bare Mountain
- #5068 Necromania
- #5108 Olga's House of Shame
- #6201 The Playgirls and the Vampire
- #5328 Psyched by the 4-D Witch
- #4532 Room of Chains
- #4372 Satan in High Heels
- #6517 Seeds of Sin
- #4384 The Sex Killer
- #4391 Sexy Proibitissimo
- #4397 She Mob
- #5110 White Slaves of Chinatown

Starring Legendary Pin-Up Girl

BETTIE PAGE!



- Teaserama
- #4116 Varietease
- #4119 Striporama
- #6154

Roadshow & Burlesque!

- #4556 Buxom Beautease
- #4561 Because of Eve
- #6401 Street Corner
- #4416 Striptease Girl
- #5012 Lili's Wedding Night
- #4235 Love Moods/Bedroom Fantasy
- #5198 Paris After Midnight
- #5203 Dream Follies
- #5468 Garden of Eden

Johnny Legend's Untamed Video!

- #6526 Disk-o-tek Holiday
- #5134 Girl Gang
- #6521 Jacktown
- #4225 Jailbait
- #4258 Mondo Mod
- #4517 Pin Down Girls
- #4355 Pot, Parents & Police
- #5131 She Man
- #4434 Teenage Gang Debs
- #6523 Thunder in Dixie
- #4467 The Violent Years
- #5531 Wild Women of Wongo
- #4403 Sleazemania on Parade
- #4437 Teenage UFO Rock & Roll Monster Show
- #4048 Bikers, Blondes & Blood

COFFIN JOE JOSE MOJICA MARINS THE BRAZILIAN MASTER OF HORROR!

- #4095 At Midnight I'll Take Your Soul
- #4607 This Night I Will Possess Your Corpse
- #4098 Strange World of Coffin Joe
- #4096 Awakenings of the Beast
- #4097 Hallucinations of a Deranged Mind

THIRD SEX SINEMA!

- #5218 Song of the Loon
- #5217 The Meatrack
- #6513 Inside AMG (The Athletic Model Guild Story)

ALL VIDEOS \$20 EACH!

\$5 shipping for first video, \$1.25 each additional video. Overseas add \$8 per video, Canada & Mexico add \$6 per video. Foreign catalog requests send \$10.

SWV SPECIAL: 10 videos for \$169.95 (postage paid - U.S. only)!

All videos recorded in SP mode on high quality tape in full-color packaging (our videos have SWV printed on the side of the cassette so you know it's from us!)

Send \$5 for our HUGE catalog of over 2,000 rare videotapes!

Please state with signature that you're 18 or older with orders and catalog requests.

SOMETHING WEIRD VIDEO

PO BOX 33664 SEATTLE, WA 98133
(206)361-3759 FAX (206)364-7526

www.somethingweird.com

VISA & MASTERCARD ACCEPTED!